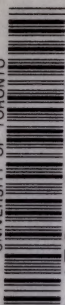


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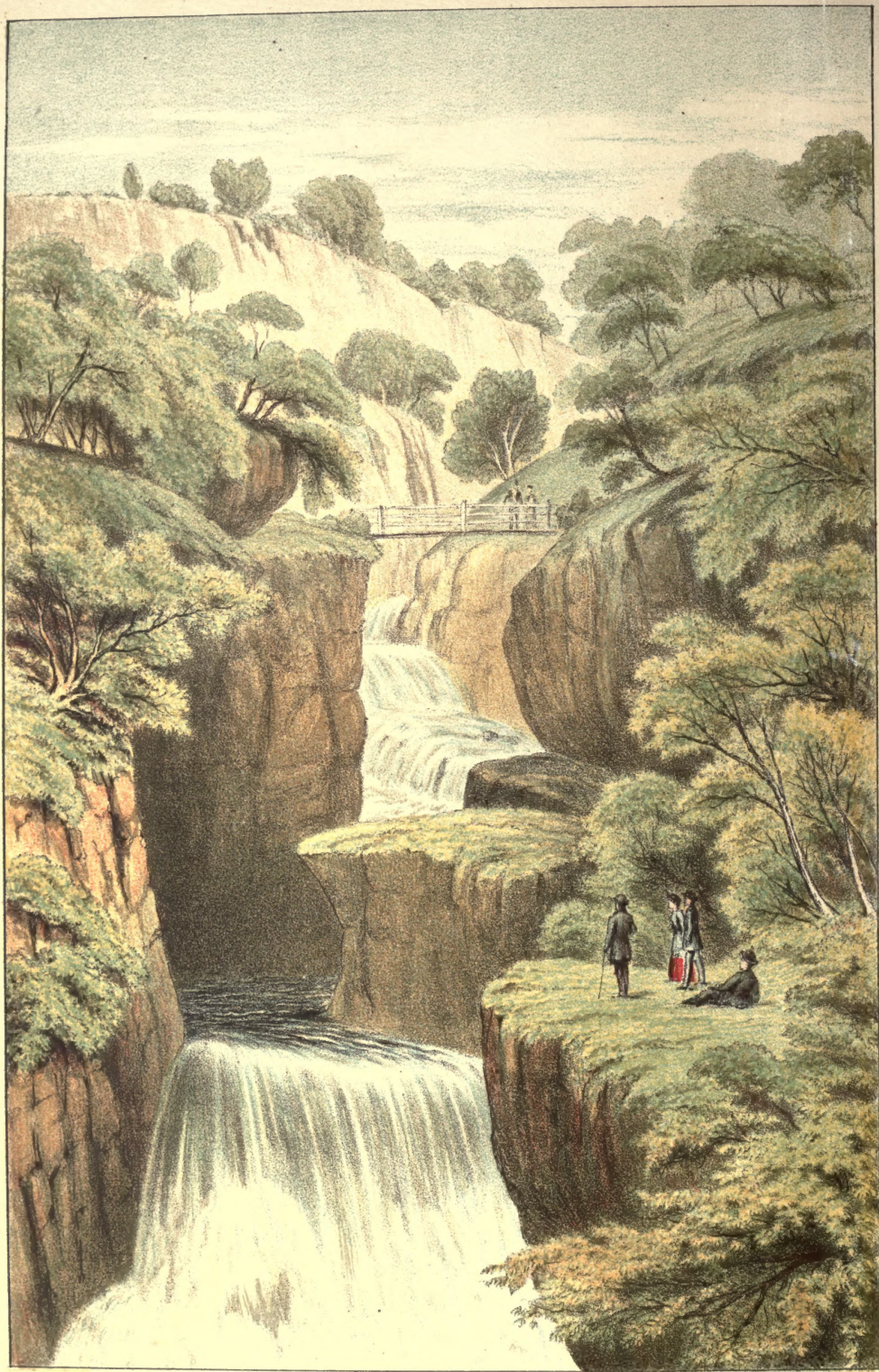


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IN LAY AND LEGEND, SONG AND STORY.



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PICTURESQUE

SCOTLAND:

ITS

ROMANTIC SCENES AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

DESCRIBED IN

LAY AND LEGEND, SONG AND STORY.

BY

FRANCIS WATT, M.A., AND THE REV. ANDREW CARTER, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED WITH COLOURED PLATES,

And over One Hundred Wood Engravings.



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LONDON AND NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.



HIS Book is an attempt to describe, in a popular manner, the great landmarks of Scottish scenery in reference to the historical events with which they are connected, and the literary and legendary associations of which they are the centre.

In following out this plan it was necessary to touch upon subjects such as the Stewarts, the Covenanters, the character of Burns, which, though different, have this in common—that they have been and still are matters of impassioned controversy. The compilers have tried to treat such subjects in a strictly moderate manner, and to use, in a popular form, the results of recent criticism.

Whilst it is hoped that the volume may find some favour in the eyes of many who are interested in Scotland, it is, perhaps, specially suited for those whom some distance of space or time separates from North Britain, and to whom the features of Scottish scenery and Scottish life are matters of memory or tradition, not of experience.

There are many omissions. The reader will understand that the space of one volume was far too small for the full treatment, or even mention, of all the various objects that presented themselves. The compilers take this opportunity of acknowledging the assistance they have received in passing this book through the press from Mr. C. W. REDIN.

It only remains to add that Articles 13—15, 30—38, 40—73, 97, 102—110, and 114 inclusive, are the work of the author first mentioned below, and the remainder of the volume of the second mentioned.

FRANCIS WATT.
ANDREW CARTER.

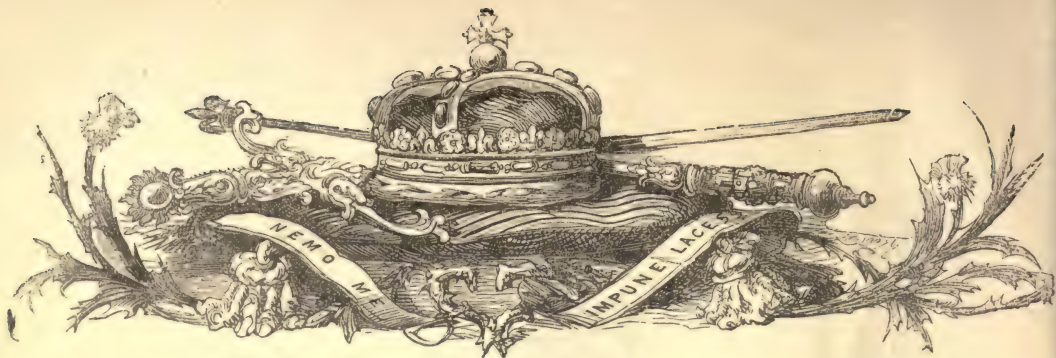
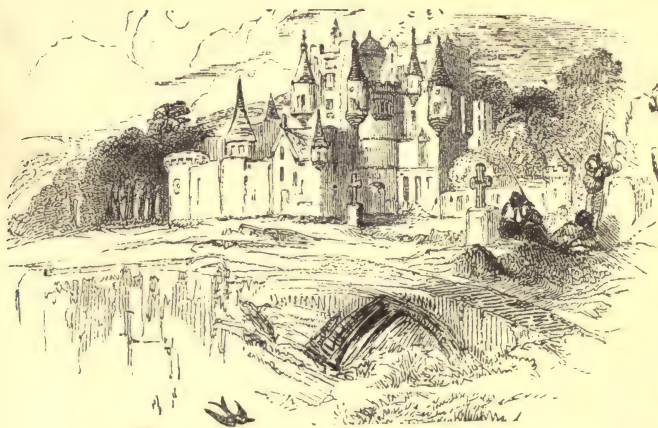


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OLD SCOTTISH MANOR HOUSE.



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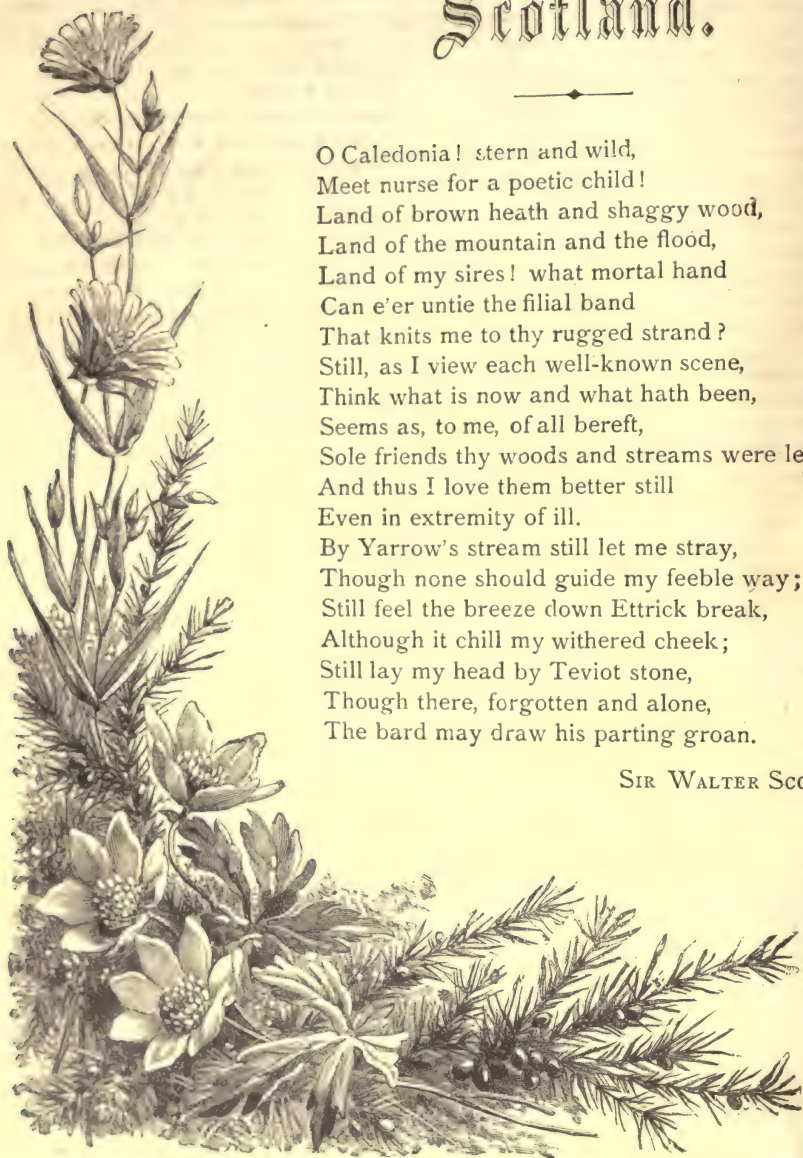


BEN CRUACHAN.

Scotland.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.





HOLYROOD CHAPEL, EDINBURGH.

PICTURESQUE SCOTLAND.

“EDINA, SCOTIA'S DARLING SEAT.”



THE City of Edinburgh, like that of London, lies by no means in the heart of the country of which it is the metropolis; and this cause, with others, may be supposed to have made it in several respects less representative of Scotland as a whole, than it would otherwise have been. Many of our excellent readers, born within the sound of Bow bells, who have never ventured farther than Margate or Brighton, and who know Scotland mainly through occasional pictures in “Punch” or through the newspapers, will be surprised to know that the inhabitants of Edinburgh do not wear “kilts,” nor do they play the bagpipes. Indeed, the aspect of Edinburgh generally is much like that of the better class of English

cities, only with a greater suggestion of uniform culture and refinement; with just that peculiar aroma of pride and haughtiness which seems to hint that it has seen better days. For, after all, in some measure the glory has departed from it, and, politically and socially, it is not what it once was. You cannot walk through it without feeling this. The Castle frowns over you from its grey height; for is it not turned into soldiers' barracks, and does not the crown, with many another ensign of royalty, rest within its walls, a thing for tourists to look at, and for historians to dream over! Holyrood, once the scene of many a merry gathering, knows nothing of its old grandeur, scarcely recognising it even in the shows and levees of the "Lord High Commissioner" during the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland: and the squalid courts of the Canongate and the grimy closes of the High-street tell only by carved doorways here, and chiselled coats-of-arms there, of the days that have been. Is it wonderful, then, that the children of this mother-city walk her streets with an air of dignity, as those who claim a long lineage and a grand history?

But, unlike many cities which one could name, Edinburgh has not contented herself with sitting in the dust and singing a *Miserere* over departed glories; accepting the fact that the old cannot come again, she has built a "new town" for her children on her northern side, and the gay and bright—shall we not say matchless?—promenade of Princes-street looks across its gardens (once the Nor' Loch) toward the ancient town, as if to challenge the complaint that "the former days were better than these." And thus, in Edinburgh, old and new have come to stand face to face, the one beautiful even in decay, the other fresh and fair, to offer to many a quiet student studies in that law according to which "the old order changeth, giving place

to new." It makes us think of the two well-known rows of stained-glass windows in the great Cathedral of Cologne, the one old and grand with a manner of stiff, yet simple, majesty; the other born of these latter days, not indeed so grand, not even so beautiful, yet withal bright and rich in colour.

We cannot refrain from quoting here the beautiful lines of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Not here need my desponding rhyme
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
Since, on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent,
By bulwarks, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone,—but not so long,
Since, early closed and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern, then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-edin! O how altered now,
When safe amid thy mountain-court
Thou sitt'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
For thy dark cloud, with umber'd bower,
That hung o'er cliff and lake and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day."

The mention in these lines of "Dun-edin," however, recalls us to the more prosaic work of asking how Edinburgh got its name, a matter upon which antiquarians are considerably exercised, and upon which, therefore, we cannot do more than express a very hesitating opinion. Professor Daniel Wilson, of Canada, himself a son of Edinburgh and an eminent antiquary, says that "it has successively been derived, both in origin and name, from Saxon, Pict, and Gael, and in each case with sufficient ingenuity to leave the subject more in-

volved than at first." The common supposition is just as probable as any, and seems simpler than most—that "Edinburgh" or "Dun-Edin" is "Edwin's Burg or Hill." Edwin was the

"An' it please you," we shall now proceed to make some pilgrimages through this Janus of a city, with its wrinkled, withered, yet grand old face turned toward the Lothians and the

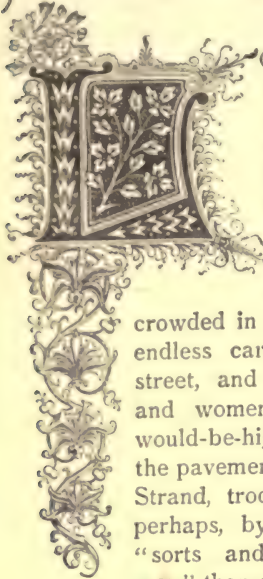


CLOSE, CANONGATE.

sovereign of Northumbria, one of the divisions of the Anglian heptarchy, in the seventh century; and since it is on record that he repaired the place, it may be that from that time forward it was so called in memory of his name.

sunny south, as if in need of gentler breezes in its old age; and with its fresh, smooth, youthful face turned fearlessly toward the sea and the biting north wind, strong with the strength of prime.

EDINBURGH—A WALK ALONG PRINCES-STREET.



LONDON with all her just boasts, can boast no street like Princes Street; she has her Regent Street, rich in gay shops, and crowded in the season with endless carriages in mid-street, and countless men and women of high and would-be-high degree upon the pavement; she has her Strand, trodden each day, perhaps, by more various "sorts and conditions of men" than any other street in Europe. But she has no street which men could be content day by day to tread—not for the sight of grand equipages and visions of nobles and snobs, and not for the sake of studying varieties of human face and figure, but—for its own sake: and this can be said of Princes-street. Go along Regent-street or the Strand before the traffic is begun, why, it will seem as dull and uninteresting as a drawing-room when the company has gone, or as Brighton the day after an Easter Review. But Princes-street is always attractive, partly from its situation, which looks across fair gardens to the high-built town of other days,—partly from its handsome buildings, partly from its facing the sun, partly from its length, which makes it the measure of a delightful promenade. Take these altogether to explain it, if you will; for ourselves it seems as if there was some *genius loci* who was always there to make it pleasant. If we may choose our time, however, for a "saunter," let us take the afternoon, and make our pro-

menade of Princes-street about four o'clock. We shall then have the opportunity of seeing the citizens; for from time immemorial, the ladies of Edinburgh and their beaux have taken their "constitutional" about this time; the numerous lawyers and bankers have left the court or the office for the day, and have strolled along hither to sniff the pure air, to see and to be seen, perhaps to smoke a cigar.

Starting at the east end, we must tarry a moment or two to look around. Two large and handsome buildings are close by, the one the "Register House," as it were, the "Somerset House" of Edinburgh; the other the General Post Office, which might well be called the premature monument of the lamented Prince Consort, who laid the foundation-stone in October, 1861, only a few weeks before his death. The equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, which stands in front of the Register House, may be said to mark, like the well-known "Duke" in the City of London, the centre from which or to which all the people are moving. Westwards omnibuses and cars are running—to Morningside, to Corstorphine, to Dunfermline; eastwards they are making their way to Leith and Portobello; southwards the coaches are starting for Dalkeith, Lasswade, Liberton, sometimes for some such far-off place as Lauder in Berwickshire. And within a few yards, on our left hand, is the Waverley Station, the centre of North British Railway traffic, which brings to "Auld Reekie" from far and near, during the summer season, tourists, guide-book in hand, ready to begin their Scottish tour. As we begin our walk, our attention is arrested by some of these pilgrims who have just arrived perhaps fresh from London, young men with faint

suspicion of beard and moustache, with fingers gorgeously beringed, and faces marked by that strange combination of smartness and intellectual slightness with which one grows to be so familiar. You can see that they are *patronising* Edinburgh, and all of Edinburgh that pays them any attention is amused. They have got "Scotch caps" on, and have not yet had time to learn that even those elegant chimney-pots which they left in *Hislington* would not have looked so strange as these Balmorals. Their talk is equally impressive:—"Come, 'Arry, let's look at the guide-book! ah!—er—ere's a monument; ain't it a poor thing when you think o' the Griffin and *the* Monument in Eastcheap? Whose is it? Ah, it's Sir Walter Scott, him as wrote them dry old novels that Miss Braddon has been making down into pennyworths for us." But enough of Harry and his brethren, for we have indeed come to the monument of Sir Walter Scott. It stands in the East Princes-street Gardens, and is the most elegant structure of its kind in Scotland, or, some partial admirer might venture to say, within the United Kingdom. Its style is Gothic, and the arches in the lower and more massive portion are so striking in their resemblance to certain portions of Melrose Abbey, as to have suggested to many the conjecture that the architect was full of Melrose Abbey when he formed his plan. In the various niches are placed statuettes of the chief characters celebrated in the *Waverley* novels; and under the canopy sits Sir Walter himself, with his favourite dog, Maida, at his feet. Thus, like a father among his children, the old man sits among his creations; historic figures and figures of romance, as real to us as if they were historic, are here to do him filial reverence, and to remind us that he, who left no son to bear his name, and founded no dynasty, has left behind him in the world of letters a dynasty more potent, and a "house" more certain of survival, than many a prince or

noble could boast. There is something to us, too, in the general structure of this high pile, ending in a pinnacle 200 feet high, which impresses us with its wonderful truth to its subject. Broad at the foot, vaulted and groined, more slender in build and more delicate in tracery as it rises, ending at last in a pinnacle pointing heavenwards, it reminds one of the build of his best novels. They are generally broad and even massive in their beginning; gradually as the building rises, we are less conscious of breadth and massiveness, more of the endless interest of detail, the beauty of figure, the play of fancy, and, last of all, we reach the top of the building in our contemplation, wondering at its exquisite completeness, and not seldom, it may be, looking away into that unseen world into which Sir Walter did not forget to gaze.

The architect was one George Kemp, a young man for whom, had he lived, a great future had no doubt been in store; but this one work was to be his one memorial, and he died soon after its completion in 1844. The sculptor of the statue, an admirable work, was Sir John Steele.

By a winding stair the tourist can reach the top, from which a fine view of the city is obtained; but as we purpose to look upon Edinburgh from Calton Hill, we shall not be tempted from our walk to go the giddy round of steps. We have not all heads so good as that sailor of whom one so often hears in Edinburgh, who, accustomed to the mast-head, not only went to the highest gallery of the monument, but mounted the pinnacle and stood upon that—if we mistake not—upon one foot. But there is something at the base of the monument which interests us almost as much for the moment as any possible view from the top. It is this inscription placed upon a plate in the foundation-stone, from the pen of Lord Jeffrey:—

"This graven plate, deposited in the

base of a votive building on the fifteenth day of August, in the year of Christ 1840, and never likely to see the light again till all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a larger class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakspeare alone, and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers should be forgotten."

On the one side of Scott's monument stands, at a little distance, the bronze statue of David Livingstone, an explorer scarcely less great in other regions than those of romance; on the other, we note, proceeding westwards, another statue, also in bronze, to the memory of Mr. Adam Black—a man held in high esteem by his townsmen, and known throughout the world as the publisher of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Still moving westwards, we are next arrested by two Grecian-looking buildings, stretching from the left of us to the foot of the *Mound*, as the hill is called on which stands the Old Town of Edinburgh—the *Royal Institution*, and the *National Gallery of Paintings*, of which we shall have more to say by-and-by. Enough to say that these imposing buildings give, even to the passer-by, that suggestion of ancient Greece which reminds one of that vaunting title, "Modern Athens," which is sometimes attached to it. On either side of the Royal Institution stand two more statues, one in East Princes-street Gardens, the other in the more select West Princes-street Gardens, which skirt the base of the castle-rock. The former is that of John Wilson, far better known as

"Christopher North," the friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of De Quincey and of Scott; the other is that of Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd,"—like Wilson, a poet, but with more of a poet's fire, a man indeed of fine genius, the soft pastoral beauty of whose work lifted him into the foremost rank of Scottish song.

But we have almost forgotten—in these dreams of departed greatness—that we are on Princes-street at the fashionable hour, and that living men and women are about us. The mid-street is full of carriages, cabs, and hansoms; and the pavement is crowded with a more mingled mass of human beings. Now we meet, perhaps, several hearty-looking, well-fed, well-bred men walking arm-in-arm—a fashion more *possible* than in London—perchance an "advocate" who has done with his clients for the day, linked to some well-known local divine, who has spent the morning in his study, and comes out before dinner to meet his friends and talk of doings in kirk and state. Anon, it is a pair of straight-up, stiff-collared youths, not yet out of their teens, each with that appearance of *hauteur* which promises that the next generation of Edinburgh men is destined to be as proud as that which is passing away. Of couples there are many,—elderly merchants and their wives, young clerks and students with their sweet-hearts, perhaps a new married pair here and there, marked out by their studied determination not to be noticed, who have come to Edinburgh to spend a part of their honeymoon. Of laughing school-girls and hobbledehoy schoolboys there are not a few, just at the stage which a facetious friend describes as "noticing," who have got their lessons over, and, half by stealth, have found their way to Princes-street to play at being men and women. We dare not speak of the dresses. The ladies are seldom gorgeous in their attire; good taste—even severe taste—is the law in

Edinburgh, and showiness is regarded as manifest vulgarity. And thus it chances that, while at Brighton and many other places, more gaiety and grandeur far may be seen, you will not probably see a greater proportion of well-dressed people anywhere than here. What pleases us least is the average expression upon the people's faces. It is not pleasant; it is not genial. Many of these people will show that they have rich stores of wit and humour this very evening, as they mingle in their circle of friends; but they use all their arts to hide it, for the present, as a thing to be ashamed of.

But as we pass along, studying our brothers and sisters, we near the west end of Princes-street, having already passed the corner of Castle-street, in which, at No. 39, Sir Walter lived half a century ago. Moving on, we hear sounds of music from the Gardens opposite; and if we were to look inside them, we should find just such another stream of people wandering back and forward along the grassy walks, talking with more animation and looking more full of soul than those we have seen, since the sound of music has, as always, drawn out Nature's kindlier and tenderer side. This is an institution in Edinburgh, and a pleasant one.

At length we come towards the end of our promenade. We have had to miss much as we have gone on, and time failed us to mark the beautiful shops on the street, the linendrapers', the jewellers', and the rest; the handsome Edinburgh

Hotel, with others scarcely falling behind it; the clubs; the art galleries, and the like; and the little arcade, which has in it more of suggestion than achievement. We must not fail to speak, however, of the two churches, standing side by side at the very end of the street, upon the side of the Gardens, St. Cuthbert's or the "West Kirk;" and St. John's, one of the chief Episcopal places of worship in Edinburgh. They seem placed together by way of contrast, as if to illus-

trate the difference between the strict simplicity of Presbyterianism and the adornment which "Prelacy" is supposed to love. St. Cuthbert's has, indeed, a poor appearance, but it is rich in history and association, for its foundation carries us back to the times of the holy monk of the borders whose name it bears, and even in its present form its echoes have been waked up by the voice of some of the greatest preachers of the time. St. John's is associated in the minds of Edinburgh



QUEEN MARY'S BATH.

people with the name of the late Dean Ramsay, known over the whole island through his delightful book of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character;" known also, and kept in cherished memory in his own city as a lover of good men, a patron of good works, and a perfect Christian gentleman. The parish of St. Cuthbert's is the largest in Edinburgh, and this brings to mind an amusing—and perhaps true—story. A large number of "cries," or marriage proclamations are made every

Sunday morning just before the service by the session-clerk, and at two seasons of the year these are specially numerous—namely, in the end of April and the beginning of June. Scotch ladies will not, as a rule, be married in May, from some idea that it is “unlucky,” and hence the crowded lists before and after it. Upon one last Sunday of April, or first Sunday of June, so the story goes, the session clerk began his “cries” about the usual time; at eleven o’clock the minister entered the church, but the clerk informed him that he had not nearly finished; accordingly the minister sat down to wait until his turn should come; but a quarter-past eleven, half-past eleven, twelve o’clock came, and still the interesting “I publish the banns,” etc., went on. At length it came to an end, but it was too late to begin a service, and the people were dismissed to digest at leisure the catalogue of names which had formed their morning’s meditation.

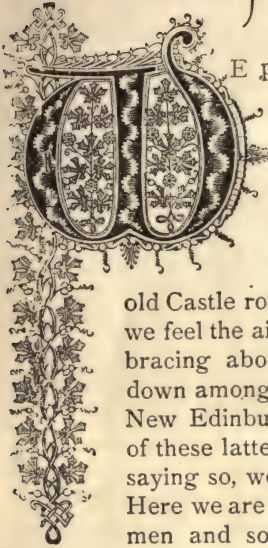
As we end our walk, we look back to see again this pleasant street, with its

fine houses, its handsome hotels, its attractive shops, on the one side, and its fair gardens and monuments upon the other, and we dream of other days, and wonder what the ancient denizens of the Old Town would think of it all; how the burghers of the day of Flodden would find their fears gainsaid, and would tune their tongues to some happier, if not finer, tune than the “Flowers of the Forest;” how Queen Mary would, perhaps, think her olden capital had become like the gay Paris which stole her heart; how John Knox, whom, with all his ruggedness, Scotland has never failed to venerate, would turn once more into restored St. Giles’s to mourn perhaps somewhat over “sleeker times” and “smoother men,” but, most of all, to make its walls ring again with brave words of truth and righteousness; and how the old “dean,” whom Jenny Geddes so signally surprised, would find, not in the new Cathedral of St. Mary only, but even in the church of St. Giles’s and elsewhere, things more to his liking.



THE GRASSMARKET, EDINBURGH.

THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.



WE pass now from gay, picturesque—we might almost say *statuesque*—Princes-street, and we stand upon the grey old Castle rock. Truth to tell we feel the air more pure and bracing about us here than down amongst the citizens of New Edinburgh; and if any of these latter grumble at our saying so, we cannot help it. Here we are amongst greater men and so far in grander times; and we are going to carry our readers back into the old days when Princes-street Gardens were a sheet of water, and the street itself was nowhere.

The Castle stands 300 feet above the highest part of the new town, and about 383 above the sea; and the rock upon which it is built is so precipitous, that it is best to reach it by way of the Castle-hill, which is the continuation of the High-street, and the reader will for the present be good enough to take for granted that we have followed that route, and have now passed through the beautiful Esplanade into the fortress itself. We shall take a general "walk through" first, and talk of the history of this castle. In its modern form it is not, after all, so very old, save in some small part. For it was destroyed almost to the foundation in 1572, and it is only by a figure of speech that we speak of it as identical with the old stronghold, the history of which carries us back into ancient times, and which is well described by Dr. Daniel Wilson as having been the "nucleus around which the town has gradually risen." This, no doubt, was the famous

"Castrum Puellarum," *Castle of the Maidens*, in which the "daughters of the Pictish kings and chiefs were kept and educated, till they were married, this being considered a necessary safeguard in those barbaric ages." It links us on also to the days of Edwin of Northumbria, of whom we have already spoken, and who restored—rather refounded—it in the year 626. It stands there now as it were a silent witness, in its own historical identity and yet changed estate, of the progress of the race, ever changing in its forms, ever reforming and being reformed, and yet in root ever the same.

It was unhappily due to the many feuds which raged in Scotland between party and party that this noble building was destroyed in the year 1573. The unfortunate Mary was then, as all who are acquainted with Scottish history will remember, the centre around which the feuds revolved; and the immediate cause of the attack upon Edinburgh Castle was the civil war which broke out between the adherents of Queen Mary and those of the "King," *i.e.*, of her own infant son James, in whose favour it had suited the ambition of a party to force the Queen to abdicate. This war had lingered on through five weary years, when Queen Elizabeth, who took, as it were, a stepmotherly interest in Scottish affairs, thought the time had come for her interference. Let us hear the story as it is told by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather" :—

"After these hostilities had existed for about five years, the Duke of Chatelherault, and the Earl of Huntly, the two principal nobles who had supported the Queen's cause, submitted themselves to the King's authority, and to the sway of the Regent. Kirkaldy of Grange, assisted by the counsels of Maitland of



THE CASTLE, EDINBURGH.

Lethington, continued to maintain the castle of Edinburgh against Morton. But Queen Elizabeth, who became now desirous of ending the Scottish dissensions, sent Sir William Drury from Ber-

wick with a considerable number [1,500] of regular forces, and, what was still more needful, a large train of artillery, which formed a close siege around the castle of Edinburgh. The garrison were,

however, much more distressed for provisions than by the shot of the English batteries. It was not till after a valiant defence, in the course of which one of the springs which supplied the fortress with water was dried up, and the other became choked with ruins, that the gallant Kirkaldy was compelled to capitulate.

After a siege of thirty-three days he surrendered to the English general, who promised that his mistress should intercede with the Regent for favourable treatment to the governor and his adherents. This might the rather have been expected, because Morton and Kirkaldy had been at one time great friends. But the Regent was earnest in demanding the life of his valorous opponent; and Elizabeth, with little regard to her general's honour or her own, abandoned the prisoners to Morton's vengeance. Kirkaldy and his brother were publicly executed, to the great regret even of many of the King's party themselves. Maitland of Lethington, more famed for talents than integrity, despaired of obtaining mercy where none had been extended to Kirkaldy, and put a period to his existence by taking poison. Thus ended the civil wars of Queen Mary's reign, with the death of the bravest soldier, and of the ablest statesman, in Scotland; for such were Kirkaldy and Maitland.

From the time of the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, 29th May, 1573, the Regent Morton was in complete possession of the supreme power in Scotland. As Queen Elizabeth had been his constant friend during the civil wars, he paid devoted attention to her wishes when he became the undisputed ruler of the kingdom."

It was impossible that Edinburgh could remain long without its castle, and in 1574 steps were taken for its restoration. Ere long the fortress was reared again, and as it then became so it remains substantially now, save for the wear of time.

Having now in imagination wandered about the old place and talked a little about its past, let us come back again to the "portcullis," and start from this point on our expedition to the various special points of interest. Here, first of all, just close by the gate, is the State-prison, which we are well enough pleased to pass under, not to enter. This prison has acquired an interest mainly from the remarkable men who have had their sad abode within its walls,—amongst them, as is supposed, the Marquess of Argyle and the Earl of Argyle, who were executed, the one in the reign of Charles II., the other in that of James II.; and certainly many of the Pretender's followers after their defeat in 1746, and Watt and Downie, two political offenders noteworthy in their time, in 1794.

We pass onwards into the palace yard, and enter what is called the crown-room, where are kept the *Regalia*,—the crown, the sceptre, the sword of state, and my Lord Treasurer's rod.

The story of the *Regalia* is a very interesting one. After the union of the English and Scottish Parliaments in 1707, these insignia, along with the treasurer's mace, were placed in a huge oaken chest, and put in the "crown-room," the window of which was secured by very strong gratings. The entrance to the room was also secured by two doors, one of iron, the other of oak, both being provided with the strongest possible bolts and locks. Some time afterwards, since they were no longer exhibited to public gaze, a panic arose, and it was freely hinted that in jealousy the *Regalia* had been removed to England. Even Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, took up the cry, and insisted that if the officers of the Government and the Castle would not make inquiry whether the *Regalia* were in the Castle, the public would be "entitled to conclude that they were not there."

The excitement seems to have died down; but in 1794, while the crown-room

was being searched for another purpose, the oaken chest was, says Scott, the only object to be seen, and that "the Commissioners had no authority to open." So the mystery remained; but in 1817, George IV., then Prince Regent, issued a warrant empowering the officers of state to open the room and make search for the royal insignia. Amongst the names of the commissioners appointed to perform this duty we find Walter Scott, General Hope, and Thomas Thomson. Scott thus describes their proceedings:—"It was with feelings of no common anxiety that the commissioners, having read their warrant, proceeded to the crown-room; and having found all there in the state in which it had been left in 1794, commanded the King's smith, who was in attendance, to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain. The general persuasion that the Regalia had been secretly removed, weighed heavy on the mind of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer; and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine, felt at the moment the probability of disappointment, and could not but be sensible, that should the result of the research confirm these forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront and injury had been sustained, for which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain any redress. The joy was, therefore, extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the Regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in the year 1707. . . . The reliques were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable, restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years, were so peculiarly calculated to excite. The discovery was

instantly communicated to the public by the display of the royal standard from the Castle, and was greeted by the shouts of the soldiers in garrison, and of a multitude of persons assembled on the Castle-hill; indeed, the rejoicing was so general and sincere, as plainly to show that, however altered in other respects, the people of Scotland had lost nothing of that national enthusiasm which formerly had displayed itself in grief for the loss of these emblematic honours, and now was expressed in joy for their recovery."—Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*.

And now it may be worth our while to look into a curious little room near to the crown-room, and like it close by the old palace hall, which, by an odd irony of changeful time, is now the barrack hospital. This room is little more than a closet, but it has some measure of interest to every Englishman and every Scotchman; for here, on June 19, 1566, Queen Mary gave birth to that son James, in whom, as James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, the sovereignty of the two countries was to unite. Very quaint are the words which are inscribed upon the wall of this chamber—

"Lord Jesu Chryst, That crounit was with Thorne,

Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne successioun, to Reigne still,
Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy will
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proceed
Be to Thy Honer and Prais, sobied.

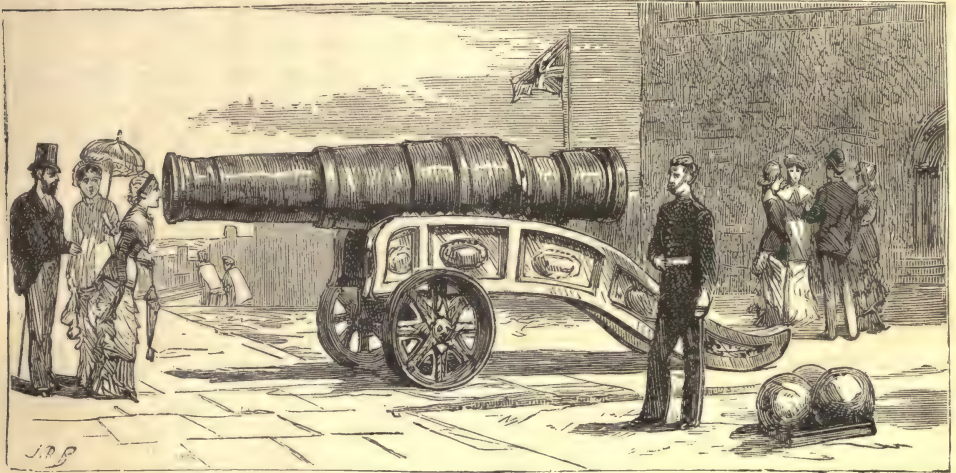
19th Junii, 1566."

Had we time to tarry there were much more to see about this grand fortress: we should stand awhile in awe before old "Mons Meg," the battered looking cannon whose history, though definitely given, really goes back into indefinite history; we should go through the place and say, 'Here walked James IV. before the battle of Flodden; here Queen Jane found her son, James II., and had him conveyed away to safer quarters,' and so on, until the whole place would seem to be

crowded with men and women who had indeed their share in life's conflict, but have long had done with this mortal strife.

But we linger only to listen to the beautiful description given by an ardent son of Edina of the view which he saw from the windows of the palace, now, alas! a palace no longer :—

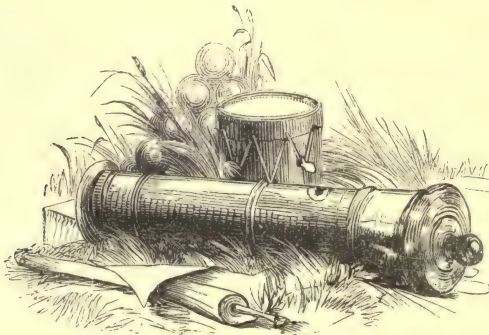
voice of life and industry : while beyond a gorgeous landscape is spread out, reaching almost to the ancient landmarks of the kingdom, guarded on the far east by the old keep of Craigmillar Castle, and on the west by Merchiston Tower. Between these is still seen the wide expanse of Borough Muir, on which the fanciful eye of one familiar with the



"MONS MEG," THE BIG GUN AT THE CASTLE.

"The view from the windows of the palace is scarcely surpassed by any other in the capital. Immediately below are the picturesque old houses of the Grassmarket and West Port, crowned by the magnificent towers of Heriot's Hospital. From this abyss, the hum of the neighbouring city rises up, mellowed by the distance into one pleasing

national history will summon up the Scottish hosts marshalling for southern war; as when the gallant Jameses looked forth from these same towers, and proudly beheld them gathering around the standard of the 'Ruddy Lion,' pitched in the massive 'Bore Stane,' still remaining at the Borough Muir Head."



FROM CASTLE TO PALACE.



LET us now take a quiet walk, or "dander," as they say in the North, from the grand old castle down the castle-hill, through the High-street and the Canongate to Holyrood. Here we shall see much to remind us of bygone times; and as we pass the now poor-looking houses and glance at the slatternly dames and ragged, dirty children who are all about, we shall gladly go back in imagination to when these houses were homes of lords and ladies, of scholars and divines, and when the very *élite* of old Scotland here made promenade.

We are just leaving the wide Esplanade when, look, here on the left hand is an odd eight-sided house facing the New Tower and the sea,—the house, surely, of some eccentric man who yet loved to look out on something more than his neighbour's cabbage-yard. Here in the last century lived Allan Ramsay, of whom we have already spoken. He had busily devoted his earlier days to trade, and had made a small fortune which enabled him—unlike his more gifted, but less wise brother poet, Robert Burns—to spend his life's evening in circumstances of worldly comfort, with "honour" and with "troops of friends" about him. Many a joke was made at the expense of Ramsay and his house; it was so very ugly, as much so as some of those "Queen Anne" residences with which modern Londoners are now so familiar. It used to be called a "goose-pie," and concerning this Robert Chambers tells a good story. One day Ramsay had been showing Lord Eli-bank all its excellences with a little of the pride, perhaps, of *nouveaux richesses*,

and he had referred to the nickname which wicked neighbours were giving it. "Well, Mr. Ramsay," said the lively judge, "now that I see you in it, I think they are not very far wrong!" Here Ramsay died in 1757, just a little while before Burns was born.

Near at hand was another house, said to have been once the city residence of the "Laird o' Cockpen," who is celebrated in Scottish song. And now we reach the point where stand on either side the way, like rival claimants for ecclesiastical regard, the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, and the "New Assembly Hall," where year by year the two great "ecclesiastical Parliaments" meet. For three hundred years and more the old Assembly has held its gatherings, oftentimes in old days amid strife and clamour, not seldom in the face of tyranny and priestcraft. Its first meeting in 1560 was attended by John Knox, and marked the establishment of Protestantism in Scotland; in later days it caused its voice to be heard for national honour and Presbyterian simplicity when Charles the First reigned, and Laud caused the beautiful Liturgy of the Church of England to be brought into contempt by his untimely pressing of it upon the people. In still more recent times it has lived in calmer weather, save when, in 1733, and again in 1843, bands of its members went forth to vindicate what they regarded as the cause of spiritual freedom and independence. The noble building in which it now meets has been mainly a witness of quiet times; the Lord High Commissioner, representative of the Queen, comes to it in state year by year with no fear of more bitter dispute to ruffle his dignity than when some venerable father rises in hot indignation to declaim against the budding heresies

of some "advanced" younger clergyman. The New Assembly Hall symbolises the great Disruption of 1843, when men like Chalmers and Candlish and Thomas Guthrie went forth from the Church of their fathers and set up a Church which was to mark one of the most splendid triumphs of unendowed religion which modern times have known. Here also, year by year, a gathering—still greater than the former—is convened; and it is no unusual thing to see the great building packed "from floor to ceiling," from a May sunset till wellnigh grey morning, with eager listeners, hanging upon the lips of the leaders of debate, as they discuss, perhaps, the state of their Church, or on occasion argue *pro* and *con* the vexing question of a "kist of whistles." Strange to say, this Hall was built upon what was believed to have been a royal palace. Here dwelt Mary of Guise, mother of "Queen Mary," and it is conjectured that the latter took refuge in this house after the murder of Rizzio, fearing—and not without some reason—the bloodthirstiness of her lords. At the time of its demolition it is said the mansion still bore traces of departed glories, in handsome fireplaces, in richly-dight pillars, and recesses carved in door and panel.

"A portion of this building," says a recent writer, "accessible by a stair near the head of the close, contained a hall, with other apartments, all remarkable for the great height and beauty of their ceilings, on all of which were coats armorial in fine stucco. In the decorated chimney of the former were the remains of one of those chains to which, in Scotland, the poker and tongs were usually attached, to prevent their being used as weapons in case of any sudden quarrel. One chamber was long known as the queen's *Deid-room*, where the individuals of the royal establishment were kept between their death and burial. In 1828 there was found walled up in the

oratory an infantine head and hand in wax, being all that remained of a *bambino*, or figure of the child Jesus, and now preserved by the Society of Antiquaries. The edifice had many windows on the northern side, and from these a fine view must have been commanded of the gardens in the immediate foreground, sloping downward to the loch, the opposite bank, with its farm-houses, the Firth of Forth, and Fifeshire. 'It was interesting,' says the author of 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' 'to wander through the dusky mazes of this ancient building, and reflect that they had been occupied three centuries ago by a sovereign princess, and of the most illustrious lineage. Here was a substantial monument of the connection between Scotland and France. She, whose ancestors owned Lorraine as a sovereignty, who had spent her youth in the proud halls of the Guises in Picardy, and had been the spouse of a Longueville, was here content to live—in a close in Edinburgh! In these obscurities, too, was a government conducted, which had to struggle with Knox, Glencairn, James Stewart, Morton, and many other powerful men, backed by a popular sentiment which never fails to triumph. It was the misfortune of Mary (of Guise) to be placed in a position to resist the Reformation. Her own character deserved that she should have stood in a more agreeable relation to what Scotland now venerates, for she was mild and just, and sincerely anxious for the welfare of her adopted country. It is also proper to remember, on the present occasion, that in her Court she maintained a decent gravity, nor would she tolerate any licentious practices therein. Her maids of honour were always busied in commendable exercises, she herself being an example to them in virtue, piety, and modesty.

The demolition of this mansion brought to light a concealed chamber on the first floor, lighted by a narrow loophole opening into Nairne's Close.

The entrance had been by a movable panel, affording access to a narrow flight of steps wound round in the wall of the turnpike stair. The existence of this mysterious chamber was totally unknown to the various inhabitants, and all tradition has been lost of those to whom it may have afforded escape or means of refuge."

laboured so nobly, is but a short way off in Ramsay-lane, and no doubt many of the bairns to whom he was such a benefactor came from the "lands" and "closes" of the neighbourhood. Guthrie was no less famous as a preacher than as a philanthropist; and no one who ever heard him can forget the benign countenance, the genial tone, and the



IN HIGH-STREET.

Close beside the old Assembly Hall stands St. John's (Free) Church, where for many a year Dr. Guthrie and his gifted colleague Dr. Hanna, the biographer of Chalmers, laboured together. Here Guthrie stood, as it were, in the midst of his great work; for the Ragged School, which he founded and for which he

natural, unconstrained eloquence which went to make his preaching what it was. Proportioned to the size of the city, the crowds which used to gather in Free St. John's were no less wonderful than those which throng Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, or fill the immense space of St. Paul's when Canon Liddon is the preacher.

Just beside this church the West Bow used to bend toward the Grassmarket. Down this West Bow the unfortunate Captain Porteous was borne, in 1736, by an angry mob, angry at first because of some executions which had taken place in circumstances of great barbarity, and then infuriated by Porteous's commanding his soldiers to fire upon the people

many a martyr sealed his testimony with his blood.

Now at length we are in the part of the High-street known as the "Lawnmarket." They tell how once upon a time—it was in the year 1640—this place was the scene of one of the silliest incidents in the silly annals of duelling. It happened that one Major Somerville



GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.

when the execution was over. They carried him to the Grassmarket, and there hung him, where, alas! many a better man had perished before him; for the Grassmarket has well been called the "Smithfield" of Edinburgh, having been, like the latter, at once the scene of busy trade, and the spot where

was at the head of the Covenanting regiment which then held Edinburgh Castle, and upon the day in question an officer, named Captain Crawford, who held no command, demanded admittance at the castle-gate. He was refused, or at least was told that Major Somerville must first know his name and rank;

whereupon he exclaimed in wrath that the Major was neither soldier nor gentleman, and challenged him to meet him "without this gate and at a distance from his guards." Having delivered himself of this brave speech he turned away, and went down the castle-hill; but he was not to escape so easily. Major Somerville followed him, armed with a rapier, and upon reaching him told him that he must accompany him a little way: so the two went to the Greyfriars' churchyard as the quietest spot in the neighbourhood. But Crawford's bravery ran more to words than deeds, and he had no sooner bid him draw than he doffed his hat and begged pardon. The Major was astonished and disgusted, and calling Crawford a "coward and a fool," left the ground. Crawford was chagrined at his own poltroonery, and finding his courage blown upon, he determined in his own style to vindicate it. Meeting Somerville one day afterwards in the Lawnmarket, he went up to him, bared his sword and dagger, and said, "If you be a pretty man, *Draw!*" Somerville, nothing frightened, first warded his attack with a cane which he carried, and then, taking his sword, he thrust at his opponent. Crawford was driven back, and Somerville drove him gradually but surely down the Lawnmarket, and after a long struggle with no doubtful advantage, he took the heavy end of his sword, and knocked him down. Meantime some of Somerville's soldiers appeared on the scene, and would have made short work of his foe; but Somerville saved his life. The man, however, was imprisoned for an attack upon an officer, and, as he well deserved, was sent to prison.

On the north side of the Lawnmarket is a court called James's-court, which claims special remark as having been the locality in which both David Hume the historian, and Boswell the biographer of Johnson, had for a time their dwelling. Here, too, dwelt Sir Ilay Campbell, Lord President of the Court of

Session in the latter half of last century, who, on his return from London after the decision in favour of the defendant in the romantic Douglas case, received an almost royal reception. The horses were taken out of his carriage, and he was drawn to his home by exultant crowds. The mention of Boswell's name recalls the fact that in 1773 might have often been seen in this court a face and figure which seem as familiar to us to-day as the name and fame of the man who owned them—Samuel Johnson. And it may be as well to say something here about the visit of the great lexicographer to the city in the company of his "man Friday," Boswell, whom we have just named. Our talks about Edinburgh would not be complete without some reference to this visit, although it may appear to us to have been less an honour to Edinburgh and more a privilege to Johnson to have seen its beauties and mingled in its society than it appeared to Boswell. It is indeed amusing to find the latter writing to Robertson the historian in this strain:—"Our friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, is in great health and spirits, and, I do think, has a serious resolution to visit Scotland this year. *The more attraction, however, the better;*" and to the poet Beattie in these terms:—"I wish that every power of attraction may be employed to secure our having so valuable an acquisition, and therefore I hope you will without delay write to me what I know you think, that I may read it to the mighty sage with proper emphasis." Boswell then tells how a certain Mr. Justice Chambers gave him a convoy to Newcastle, and how a Mr. Scott, an Oxford man, acted as minister in attendance thence to Edinburgh; and so says Boswell proudly, "with such propitious convoy did he proceed to my native city." One reads with tongue in cheek, and asks, How more exultingly could this clever showman have written of the advent of Socrates or Plato?

No matter: Johnson came to Edinburgh, came to Scotland which he had so much maligned. Boswell had preceded him, and was overjoyed to receive a note from him on the 14th of August, 1773, dated from "Boyd's Inn," at the head of Canongate, saying that he had arrived. "I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially; and I exulted in the thought that I now had him actually in Caledonia." Boswell carried him off at

of the Edinburgh of that time, when foul water was thrown out upon the street, and growling to his companion, not without an almost Scotch grimness of humour, "I smell you in the dark!" At length they arrive at Boswell's home; and Mrs. Boswell regales Johnson with tea, and so wins his heart. Her husband "gratefully mentions" also that she insists on giving up her bed-chamber to his friend, she herself taking a



HOUSES IN HIGH-STREET.

once to his house in James's-court. Behold, then, dear reader, these two men, on a dusky evening in summer, walking up the High-street arm-in-arm. Johnson is now telling how nasty are Scotch ways as evinced by the waiter in his hotel, who had taken a bit of sugar between his fingers to put it in his lemonade, which he of course grandly threw out of window; now "sniffing" the "evening effluvia"

poorer one for the time; and this favour Johnson of course accepts. One family incident we must here record. Veronica, Boswell's daughter, at this time four months old, "had the appearance," he says, "of listening to him. His motions seemed to her to be intended for her amusement; and when he stopped she fluttered, and made a little infantile noise, as a kind of signal for him to begin

again. She would be held close to him : which was a proof, from simple nature, that his figure was not horrid" (*sic.*) "Her fondness for him endeared him still more to me, and I declared she should have five hundred pounds of additional fortune."

While in Edinburgh, Johnson met with most of its most notable men, with Robertson, Sir William Forbes the famous banker, Adam Ferguson, Dalrymple of Hailes, Dr. Gregory, Murray of Henderland, Dr. Webster, and other worthies; but here at least we cannot dwell upon his interviews with these. Let us cull, however, from Boswell's Journals the story of Johnson's walk through the Edinburgh streets. As we are making this walk ourselves, it may do us good to tarry awhile in James's-court, and learn what Johnson saw, and how he saw it.

"We walked out that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to show at Edinburgh. We went to the Parliament House, where the Parliament of Scotland sat, and where the ordinary Lords of Session hold their courts; and to the new Session House adjoining it, where our Court of Fifteen (the fourteen Ordinaries, with the Lord President at their head) sit as a Court of Review. We went to the Advocates' Library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view, and then to what is called the Laigh, or Under Parliament House, where the records of Scotland, which have a universal security by register, are deposited till the great Register Office be finished. I was pleased to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson, rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was by this time a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition, and how a man can write at one time and not at another. 'Nay,' said Dr. Johnson, 'a man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it.' I here began to indulge in old Scottish senti-

ments, and to express a regret that by our union with England we were no more—our independent kingdom was lost.

Johnson: 'Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to death, without even a pretence of justice, without your even attempting to rescue her; and such a queen too, as every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for.'

Worthy Mr. James Kerr, Keeper of the Records: 'Half our nation was bribed by English money.'

Johnson: 'Sir, that is no defence; that makes you worse.'

Good Mr. Brown, Keeper of the Advocates' Library: 'We had better say nothing about it.'

Boswell: 'You would have been glad, however, to have had us last war, sir, to fight your battles.'

Johnson: 'We should have had you for the same price though there had been no union, as we might have had Swiss or other troops. No, no, I shall agree to a separation. You have only to go home.'"

"Just as he had said this," says *parody* Boswell, "I, to divert the subject, showed him the signed assurances of the three successive kings of the Hanover family to maintain the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland. 'We'll give you that,' said he, 'into the bargain.'

We next went to the great church of St. Giles, which had lost its original magnificence in the inside by being divided into four places of Presbyterian worship. 'Come,' said Johnson jocularly to Principal Robertson, 'let me see what was

* Johnson was here poking fun at the proverbial unwillingness of the "London Scottish" to go North. Their prosperity in the South had made Johnson patriotically jealous. One recalls the good story of Frank Buckland, the naturalist, who settled a dispute whether a certain crab was of Scottish origin by saying that it was impossible: "for it had a backward movement."

once a church.' We entered that division which was formerly called the 'New Church,' and of late the 'High Church,' so well known by the eloquence of Dr. Hugh Blair. It is now [1785] very

'Clean your feet!' he turned about slyly and said, 'There is no occasion for putting this at the doors of your churches.'

We then conducted him down the



COWGATE.

elegantly fitted up, but it was then shamefully dirty. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time, but when we came to the great door of the Royal Infirmary, where upon a board was this inscription,

Post-house stairs, Parliament-close, and made him look up from the Cowgate to the highest building in Edinburgh (from which he had just descended), being thirteen floors or stories from the ground

upon the back elevation; the front wall being built upon the edge of the hill, and the back wall rising from the bottom of the hill several stories before it comes to a level with the front wall. We proceeded to the College, with the Principal at our head. Dr. Adam Ferguson, whose *Essay on the History of Civil Society* gives him a respectable place in the ranks of literature, was with us. As the college buildings are indeed very mean, the Principal said to Dr. Johnson that he must give them the same epithet that a Jesuit did when showing a poor college abroad: '*Hæc miseriæ nostræ.*' Dr. Johnson was, however, much pleased with the library, and with the conversation of Dr. James Robertson, professor of oriental languages, the librarian. We talked of Kennicott's edition of the Hebrew Bible, and hoped it would be quite faithful.—*Johnson*: 'Sir, I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth.'

I pointed out to him where there formerly stood an old wall inclosing part of the college, which I remember bulged out in a threatening manner, and of which there was a common tradition similar to that concerning Bacon's study at Oxford, that it would fall upon some very learned man. It had some time before this been taken down, that the street might be widened, and a more

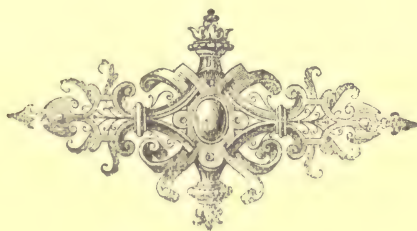
convenient wall built. Dr. Johnson, glad of an opportunity to have a pleasant hit at Scottish learning, said, 'They were afraid it would never fall.'

We showed him the Royal Infirmary, for which, and for every other exertion of generous public spirit in his power, that noble-minded citizen, George Drummond, will be ever held in honourable remembrance. And we were too proud not to carry him to the abbey of Holyrood House, that beautiful piece of architecture; but, alas! that deserted mansion of royalty, which Hamilton of Bangour, in one of his elegant poems, calls

'A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.'

I was much entertained while Principal Robertson fluently harangued to Dr. Johnson upon the spot, concerning the scenes of his celebrated '*History of Scotland.*' We surveyed that part of the palace appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, as keeper, in which our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered, and also the state rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things, serious and comical. I overheard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone, a line of the old ballad, 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night':—

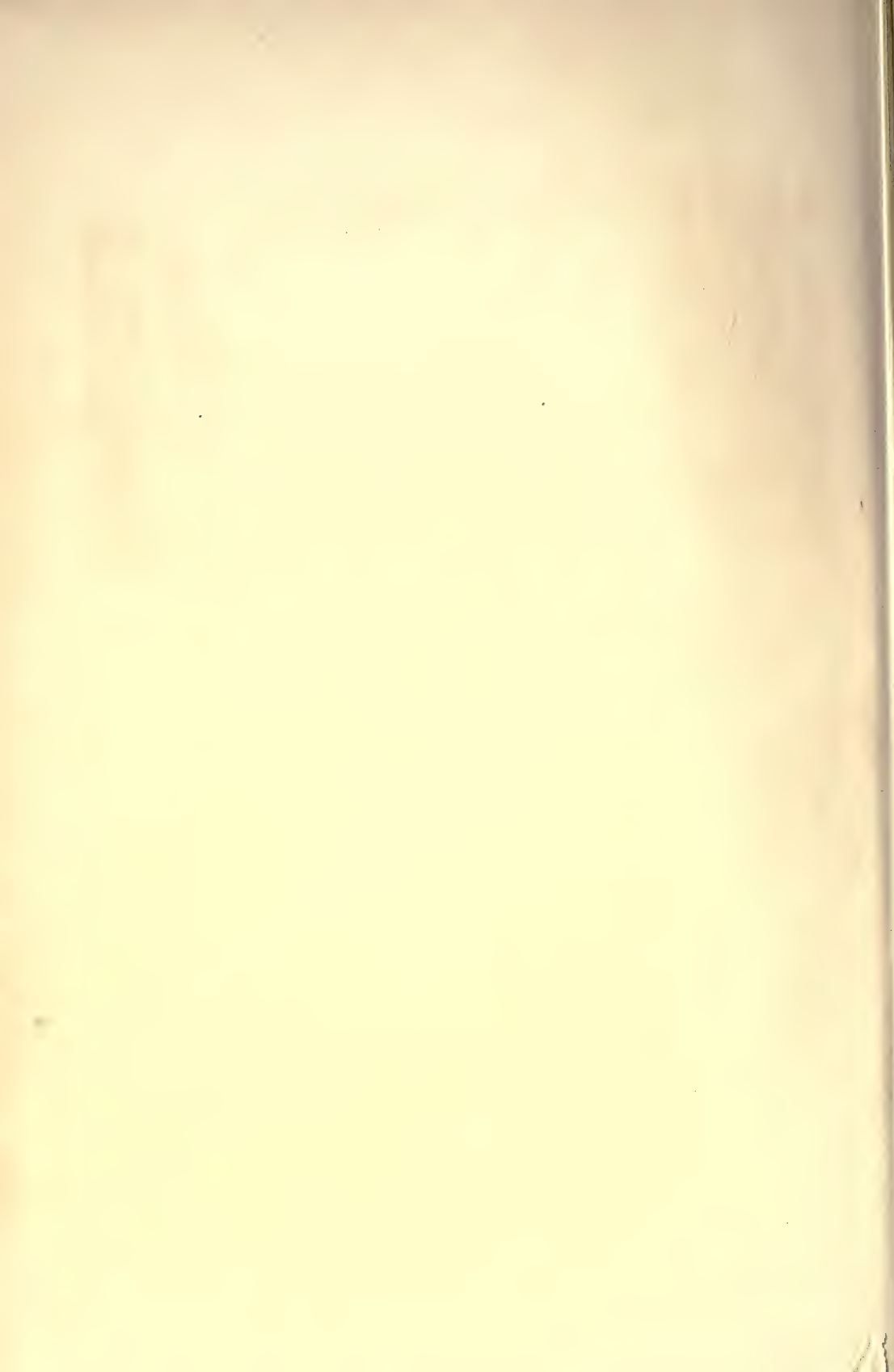
'And ran him through the fair body.'"





THE OLD TOWN, EDINBURGH.







UNIVERSITY, EDINBURGH.

FROM CASTLE TO PALACE

(CONTINUED.)



WE had got so far as St. James's-court when the shades of Johnson and Boswell saluted us, and we could pass no further for the time. Let us return now to our own inspection of the High-street and Canongate, not without memories of the "great lexicographer" as we come to spots where, as we see, he has been before us.

Close by James's-court, and still in the Lawnmarket, is Baxter's-close, where, as we have had occasion to mention elsewhere, Robert Burns was joint occupant of a very humble room, having (to use Allan Cunningham's words) "his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed, at eighteen-pence a week." It was little more than his sleeping-place, and, perhaps, had the grand folk who liked to have the poet's company at dinner and in their drawing-

rooms, taken a little interest in securing for him a better home in Edinburgh, he would have been less tempted to spend late evenings and early mornings—after his dinners—with drinking cronies at Buccleuch Pend, and so to confirm the moral disease of which he may be said to have died.

Near to this point is a break in the ancient street, Bank-street striking downwards toward the New Town, and George IV. Bridge, in an opposite direction toward Lauriston; and then we come to what may well be named the heart of ancient Edinburgh—to what, indeed, Scott has called "The Heart of Midlothian." Here is the Parliament House, here the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, and the Tolbooth, which Scott has made immortal.

The church of St. Giles is the old parish church of Edinburgh, and thus we are carried back to very early days, when Edinburgh was a small garrisoned

town, gathered round its castle. The kirk was dedicated to St. Giles, an abbot and confessor, who is supposed to have lived about the seventh century, and to have been born at Athens. In early life he left his native country, and settled in the solitude of a forest in the diocese of Nismes; but how the people of Edinburgh came to select him as their patron saint no one knows. There is no trace, at least, of his ever being on English or Scottish soil, though his name is perpetuated both in London and in Edinburgh; and the only thing that was ever seen of him in the latter was his "arm," which was brought to the city by Preston of Gorton, in the time of James II., "thankfully received," we are told, "and honourably requited." Preston was privileged thenceforward to carry the relic in all coming processions; and, after his death, a chapel was founded to his memory, and a priest appointed to say mass yearly for his soul. The "arm," however, we may say in passing, did not survive the Reformation—at least as a church property.

In 1553, Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, wrote these lines against it, and against the pomps of the procession in which it was carried:—

Fy on you fostereris of idolatrie !
That till ane *deid stok* does sik reverence
In presens of the pepill publicklie :
Feir ye nocht God, to commit sik offence,
I counsell you do yit your diligence,
To gar suppress sik greit abusioin ;
Do ye nocht sa, I dreid your recompense,
Sall be nocht else, but clene confusion.

In 1558, a "protestant mob," says Chalmers, "raised a tumult, in the midst of which the sanctity of St. Giles was violated, and his images broken, and his arm derided." So ended the honour of St. Giles's arm, and in 1562 the practical citizens of Edinburgh sold its ornaments to provide a fund for repairing the church.

"As the parish church of the town of

Edinburgh," says Chalmers in his *Caledonia*, "St. Giles's church is often mentioned, from the 12th to the 16th century. In 1384, the Scottish barons met in St. Giles's Church and resolved on war with England. In 1385, St. Giles's Church and the town were burnt by Richard II. It was probably damaged rather than destroyed, and it was soon repaired.

Before the reign of James III. many altars and chaplainries were founded by persons and corporations, and were consecrated to their favourite saints. Besides the endowments of the founders, for those altars and chaplains many persons gave private donations, which were occasionally granted by well-meaning individuals. When St. Giles's Church was made collegiate in 1466, the revenues of those altars and chaplainries were allotted for the new establishment. Beside all those chaplainries there were in Edinburgh various other chapels and oratories. In 1559 all those altars were demolished, and the chaplainries were disused. After this ancient church had been despoiled [so Chalmers phrases it], it was mechanically divided into various apartments, which were set aside for different purposes; either for preaching, for the administration of justice, for teaching, for a prison, for a workhouse, for the town-clerk's office, and for other purposes of less importance and dignity. The principal division which had been formed out of the choir, was fitted up in 1663, and called the *New Church*; in it were erected the seats for the king, for the magistrates, for the judges, and from such appropriations, it was denominated afterward the *High Church*."

Four churches, in all, were made out of the edifice after the Reformation, and John Knox, as parish minister of Edinburgh, used often to be heard in the High Church in those stirring times. The grave of the great reformer, we may mention, is in Parliament-square, once the churchyard, where a stone has been

placed, with the legend "I. K., 1572," to mark the spot under which rests, till the resurrection, all that was mortal of the man "who never feared the face of men."

Many scenes have taken place in St. Giles's, in more modern times, which we cannot stay to mention, but we must not forget the famous Jenny Geddes and her *faldstule*. In 1633, Charles I. and Laud,

we may add, where it differed from the English Prayer Book, differed in bearing a greater likeness to the service of the Roman Church), and Scott thus describes the scene:—

"The rash and fatal experiment was made, 23rd July, 1637, in the High Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, where the dean of the city prepared to read the



ST. GILES'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

pursuing their fatal course, erected Edinburgh into a bishopric, and made St. Giles's a cathedral, the chief minister being made Dean of Edinburgh. The time for such changes was ill-chosen, and the indignation of the citizens only waited for some fit occasion to express itself. This occasion was found in the attempt made to introduce Laud's Liturgy (which,

new service before a numerous concourse of persons, none of whom seem to have been favourably disposed to its reception. As the reader of the prayers announced the Collect for the day, an old woman, named Jenny Geddes, who kept a green-stall in the High-street, bawled out—'The deil colick in the wame of thee, thou false thief! dost thou say the

mass at my lug!' With that she flung at the dean's head the stool upon which she had been sitting, and a wild tumult instantly commenced. The women of lower condition [instigated, it is said, by their superiors] flew at the dean, tore the surplice from his shoulders, and drove him out of the church. The Bishop of Edinburgh mounted the pulpit, but he was also assailed with missiles, and with vehement exclamations of 'A Pope! a Pope! Antichrist! pull him down, stone him!' while the windows were broken with stones flung by a disorderly multitude from without. This was not all: the prelates were assaulted in the street, and misused by the mob. The life of the bishop was with difficulty saved by Lord Roxburgh, who carried him home in his carriage, surrounded by his retinue with drawn swords."

We live to-day in "sleeker times with smoother men." Even to many Scotchmen a Liturgy, separated from the associations which made it an object of detestation in the days of the Covenanters, is an acceptable form of worship; but we cannot help for all that sympathising with those stern folk of other times, who, in fighting against Charles's policy, felt that they were vindicating their own religious freedom.

To-day the Scottish people are turning towards St. Giles's with longings to see it restored to something of the beauty alike in architecture and in service which one associates with the name of a cathedral. There is an organ now in St. Giles's; the service altogether has grown more ornate; the miserable restorers of 1829, whose prosaic patchwork left little more than the grand old crown-shaped campanile to tell the tale of what the place had been, have been superseded. And now, chiefly at the instance and through the generosity of Dr. William Chambers, the building is being converted once more into one undivided and beautiful church as it was in the days o' auld langsyne.

Of the Parliament House we shall not stay to say much. It was built in the first half of the seventeenth century, but has been greatly altered since those days. To a visitor now the portion which is probably of most interest is the great hall, which measures 122 feet by 49, and the roof of which is a specimen of beautifully carved oak. Upon the walls hang many portraits of distinguished Scotch legal luminaries, and around the room are also many statues of departed judges and advocates,—Forbes of Culloden, Dundas, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and others. Here, from day to day, and "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," well, till late afternoon at least, the lawyers make their promenade in gown and full-bottomed wig. One fancies how many a young advocate looks with hopeful aspirations upon those portraits and statues which seem to stare at him at every step, and there kindles within him a new light of expectant fame. Old stagers, too, are here, who began with like hopes, and for whom all such things are past; briefless and fortuneless, they cannot leave the old haunt, which has for them a strange fascination. And here, too, in intervals of labour, you may see the men upon whom fortune has smiled: men who have come from a "case," and who have a brief space for a walk and talk until the next comes on. And away in the corners and on the side-benches you may note "advocates" and agents in close consultation, evidently going over the points of a case and arranging a line of pleading *pro* or *con.*, or, perhaps, some client in search of the man who is to pull him through the courts.

Striking off from this hall are the various courts, those of the "ordinaries," or judges of first instance, which combine to form what is called the "Outer House," while the "Inner House," in which sit the Lord President, the Lord Justice-Clerk, and the senior judges, is in the same part of the building, and the

High Court of Justiciary, the chief Assize Court of Scotland, is also held in the Parliament House. Beneath the hall are the Advocates' and Signet Libraries, the former one of the largest and most valuable collections in the United Kingdom.

This Parliament House, especially the hall in which the National Assembly was held, has many historical associations connected with it, between the years of 1639 and 1707. The first meeting of the Legislature which was held in it was in the former year, when King Charles and his Scottish subjects were at variance, and it was characterised by bitter wrangling and disputes. The heart of Scotland was sore; the people were indignant at the attempts made to tyrannise over them in matters of religion: and, in short, a habitually loyal people had become estranged. Writing of this time, a curious author says:—"I am come hither on a very convenient time; for here's a National Assembly and a Parliament, my lord Traquair being his majesty's commissioner. The bishops are all gone to rack, [ruin,] and they have had but a sorry funeral. The very name is grown so contemptible, that a black dog, if he hath any white marks about him, is called Bishop. Our Lord of Canterbury is grown here so odious that they call him commonly in the pulpit the priest of Baal and the son of Belial." And as we read the Scottish history onward, and follow the meetings of the "Estates," we seem to see this hall and its corridors all astir, animated debate going on within, while much tortuous scheming and machination are done without. We fear that the cause of "Home Rule" in its broadest sense would scarcely be furthered were the inner history of Scottish parliaments between 1639 and 1707 to be written in full.

Previous to the building of Parliament House, the Estates met in the old "Tolbooth," which afterwards became a

prison, as every reader of "The Heart of Midlothian" well knows. "Was it not for many years," Scott makes a gossiping lawyer say, "the place in which the Scottish parliament met? Was it not James's place of refuge when the mob, inflamed by a seditious preacher, broke forth on him with cries of 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon—bring forth the wicked Haman?' Since that time how many hearts have throbbed within these walls, as the tolling of the neighbouring bell announced to them how fast the sands of their life were ebbing: how many have sunk at the sound—how many were supported by stubborn pride and dogged resolution—how many by the consolation of religion?"

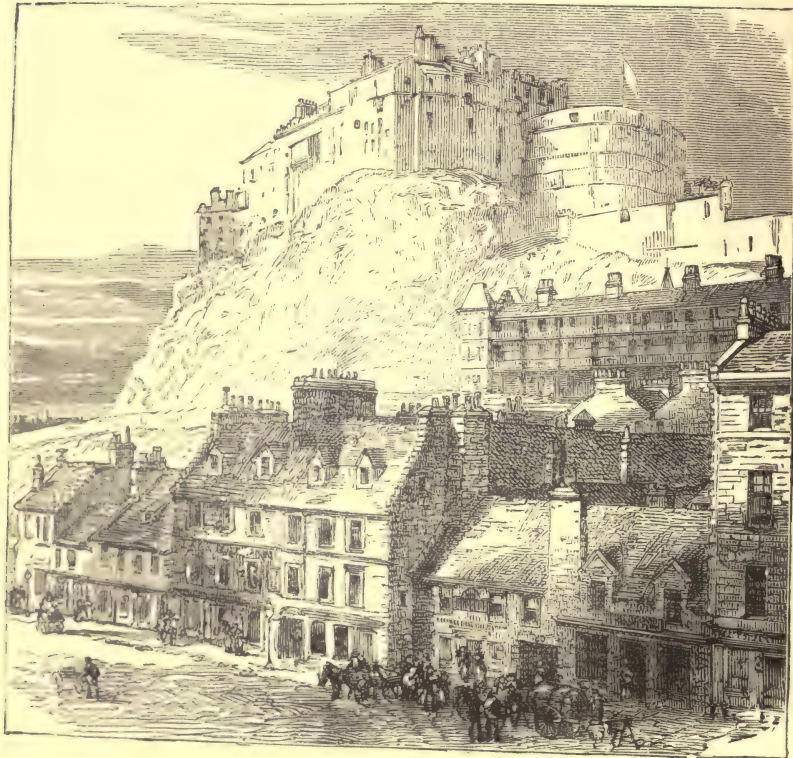
To us the Tolbooth, though now passed away, is very real from its association with Scott's account of the Porteous mob, and with the story of Effie Deans. We seem to see it standing there as of old at the northwest corner of Parliament-square, as we read the following description of it as seen by Reuben Butler on the night of the mob:—"I stood now before the Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, which, as is well known to all men, rears its front in the very middle of the High-street, forming, as it were, the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow, crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old church upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of the Krames), a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it

seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests—bearing about the same proportion to the building—every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger, enchanted by the rich display of hobby-horses, babies, and Dutch toys, arranged in artful and gay confusion, yet half scared by the cross

looks of the withered pantaloons by whom these wares are superintended. But in the times we write of the hosiers, glovers, hatters, mercers, milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in this narrow alley."

Such was the neighbourhood of the Tolbooth, itself a "high and antique building, with turrets and iron grates,

'Making good the saying odd,
Near the church and far from God.'"



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASS MARKET.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

FROM CASTLE TO PALACE

(CONCLUSION.)



UT we must pass on, and, noticing the Tron Kirk as we go, where, on the last night of the year, crowds are wont to gather, as in London in front of St. Paul's, waiting the stroke of twelve, and then drinking each other's health, and wishing all round a Happy New Year. A little further down is John Knox's house, an ancient house jutting out into the street, which was the reformer's "manse" or parsonage from 1559 to

1572, when he died. The following inscription is upon the door:—

"Lofe . God . above . al . and . yovr . nichtbovr .
as . yr : self."

We have something to say of Knox elsewhere, but we cannot forbear to linger a little at this ancient dwelling, and witness how this great spirit took its departure from the world. Says one of his biographers:—

"The attendants looked every moment for his dissolution. At length he awaked as if from sleep, and, being asked the

cause of his sighing so deeply, replied, 'I have formerly, during my frail life, sustained many contests, and many assaults of Satan; but at present that roaring lion has assailed me most furiously, and put forth all his strength to devour and make an end of me at once.

. . . . The cunning serpent has laboured to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministry. But blessed be God who has enabled me to beat down and quench this fiery dart. . . . Wherefore I give thanks to my God through Jesus Christ, who was pleased to give me the victory; and I am persuaded that the tempter shall not again attack me, but, within a short time, I shall, without any great bodily pain, or anguish of mind, exchange this mortal and miserable life, for a blessed immortality through Jesus Christ." On the evening on which he died, prayers were read at ten o'clock, and he praised God for them as for a "heavenly sound." An hour afterwards he was heard to heave a deep sigh, and to say "Now it is come." They were his last words, and, holding up one hand in answer to an inquiry whether his mind was at peace, with a sigh his spirit passed unhindered to where there is no sighing any more, where "loyal hearts and true stand ever in the light."

The scene makes this quaint old house sacred, and many a noble palace there is which would draw from us far less reverential regard than this manse of John Knox.

We are now at the Netherbow, of old the chief gate of the city, and passing into the Canongate. Amongst all the scenes witnessed here, one of the most memorable and nationally characteristic is that of the grand reception accorded to one John Durie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in 1582. Durie had given some offence to one of King James's favourites, and that "most high and mighty prince" had had him suspended

and dismissed for the time from the city. In 1582 Durie returned to the city, and he was met at the Netherbow Port by the "haill toun" as a token of welcome. The great multitude followed him up the High-street, with their heads uncovered, and sang the while this grand old version of the 124th Psalm:—

Now Israel
may say, and that truly,
If that the Lord
had not our cause maintained,—
If that the Lord
had not our right sustained,
When cruel men
against us furiously
Rose up in wrath
to make of us their prey;
Then certainly
they had devoured us all,
And swallowed quick
for aught that we could deem,
Such was their rage
as we might well esteem.
And as fierce floods
before them all things drown,
So had they brought
our souls to death quite down.
The raging streams,
with their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
o'erwhelmed in the deep.
But bless'd be God
who doth us safely keep
And hath not given
us for a living prey
Unto their teeth,
and bloody cruelty.
Ev'n as a bird
out of the fowler's snare
Escapes away,
so is our soul set free:
Broke are their nets,
and thus escaped we.
Therefore our help
is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth
by His great power did frame.

It is thus that throughout—at least, ever since Reformation days—and, most of all, in the 16th and 17th centuries, the religious and the political life of Edinburgh have been closely interwoven. To this various causes have contributed: amongst others, the policy of the

Stuarts, which involved questions of royal prerogative and of national honour with those of religious liberty. Presbyterianism became bound up with the nation's liberty, and many a man who otherwise might have been a mere politician, was made to think about religion.

We pass now to speak of the Canongate, which gained its name from being the *gate* or *road* by which the *canons* of the Abbey of Holyrood passed into the city. The abbey and abbey lands having many privileges attached to them, many people began to settle in the neighbourhood, and thus the Canongate rose to the dignity of a parish and a burgh. It became the home of many of the nobility and gentry, and some few traces remain upon the old houses of the grandeur of earlier days. It seems like a link to the past that until very recently a baronet of venerable stock had his residence in "Chessel's-court, Canongate." Amongst the most notable buildings is the Canongate Tolbooth, a curious French-looking building, disfigured by a singularly ugly clock, and bearing the rather incongruous motto—" *Sic itur ad astra*," "such is the way to heaven." It is the Holyrood motto, but stuck upon a court-house it suggests rather what the aim of justice should be than what it is.

Turn into the graveyard beside the Canongate Church, and you will see there the graves of Adam Smith, of the philosopher—once so famous—Dugald Stewart, and of Ferguson, the poet, to whom Burns owned his own inferiority.

And now we have come to Holyrood. Round us, as we pass into the open space, are the poor houses in which debtors have often been fain to take refuge, the precincts of the Abbey being a sanctuary in which the man who owes is safe from his creditor. No doubt many of these men could have told a curious tale, could we but hear it.

Glad are we to stand once more in the open space; for the Canongate is dingy and dirty, and for all our memories of departed greatness and their fragrance, the odour of the place is not fragrant: indeed, truth to tell, the very scum of Edinburgh, in more senses than one, seems to find its level amongst the remains of Scottish nobility. And thus it is refreshing to breathe the pure air, and even to be looking at the pure water as it pours from the fountain which stands in front of Holyrood.

Our next business will be to enter the palace itself, and dream of some of its ancient glories: of days when kings and queens held court in it, and when its halls rang with music and merriment. Changed days these, when the only semblance of royalty which is seen here is when the Lord High Commissioner proceeds in his state-carriage, attended by his officers and his lackeys, from the old palace, by the way which we have traversed, up the Canongate, through the Netherbow, first to St. Giles's to hear the opening sermon of the General Assembly, and then to proceed to the Assembly Hall, and give a royal sanction to its proceedings.





HOLYROOD PALACE.

HOLYROOD.



LAS! how much must be left undone in our talks about Edinburgh; but, whatever is left, Holyrood cannot, must not, be. Who that has ever looked upon it, as it stands there, at the foot of the grimy Canon-gate, as it were aside from all other buildings, and clad in an ancient glory which time has only enhanced, can ever forget it? Even the castle itself wakes up fewer memories far than this. As we look upon it, we hear once more the sounds of merry men and women as they come and go; we think of banquets and of feasts; we hear, perhaps, now and then, by way of deadly contrast, the serpentine whisper of conspirators, and the murmur of intrigue; but, most of all, it speaks of Scottish life in its gayest form, when kings and queens held court in Edinburgh, and when lords and ladies came from Highland and from Lowland to sun themselves in royal favour. "The tender grace of a day that is dead" is that which seems, most of all, to encircle it.

The following interesting description of Holyrood, as it stood in the last century, as compared with the Holyrood of early times, is given by Arnot:—

"This building has undergone various changes. None of what now remains can lay claim to antiquity, the ruins of the chapel excepted. The north-west towers were built for a royal residence, by James V., whose name is to be seen at the bottom of a niche, in the north-west tower of the palace. It was burned by the English in the minority of Mary Queen of Scots, but was speedily repaired. It then became a larger building than the present, and consisted of five

courts. The westmost, which was the outermost court, was larger than all the rest. It was bounded on the east by the front of the palace, which occupied the same space with its present front, and also extended further south. The three remaining sides of the outer court were bounded by walls, and at the north-west corner there was a strong gate, with Gothic pillars, arches, and towers, part of which has been pulled down within these last thirty years. The next court occupied the same as the present central court of the royal palace, and was surrounded with buildings. On the south there were two smaller courts, also surrounded with buildings; and there was another court on the east, which was bounded on the north by the Chapel Royal, on the west by a line of buildings covering the same space as the present east front of the palace, on the south, by a row of buildings which are now demolished, and on the north by a wall which divided it from St. Ann's yards. Great part of this palace was burned by Cromwell's soldiers. It was ordered to be repaired at the Restoration. Accordingly, the present magnificent fabric was designed by Sir William Bruce, a celebrated architect in the reign of Charles II., and executed by Robert Mylne, mason.

The Palace of Holyrood bears a resemblance to that of Hampton Court. It is of a quadrangular form, with a court in the centre, surrounded with piazzas. The front is two stories high, and flat in the roof; but at each end where the front projects, and is ornamented with circular towers at the angles, the building is much higher; the rest of the palace is three stories high."

The reader must not forget that

Holyrood was first an abbey, and after that a palace; or, rather, that the palace is a mere addition to the more ancient abbey. The latter was founded by King David I., and hereby hangs a pleasant tale. David was then living in the castle, round which, in those days, there was a great forest, full of harts, and every creature which could fill a

Church, eminent for his holiness, but it was of no avail: the king he would a-hunting go. But in the course of the day he was attacked by a stag, which overbore both him and his horse in its rage, and was just at the point of putting an end to David's life, "when, lo!" so runs the story, "an arm, wreathed in a dark cloud, and displaying a cross of



DOOR—WESTPORT.

hunter's heart with delight; and upon "Rood Day," in the fourth year of his reign, the desire for sport became so powerful in the king's mind, that, holy day as it was, David, as a dutiful son of the Church, having been to mass, sallied forth, like a very undutiful son, to the hunt. Earnest dissuasions were practised upon him by a dignitary of the

the most dazzling brilliancy, was interposed between them, and the affrighted animal fled to the recesses of the forest in the greatest confusion. This having put an end to the chase, the monarch repaired to the Castle of Edinburgh; where, during the night, in a dream, he was advised, as an act of gratitude for his deliverance, to erect an abbey or house

for Canons regular, upon the spot where this miraculous interposition had taken place."

Thus the abbey was founded, and dedicated to the Holy Rood, or Cross, which, though he had made so light of it, had rescued him in his hour of danger. Its history, like that of the castle, has been a chequered one; it was despoiled by the soldiers of Edward III. in 1332; it was burnt by Richard II. in 1385, and again in 1544, under the attack of the Earl of Hertford. In 1547, after the battle of Pinkie, English soldiers stripped off its roof and carried off the bells; in 1567 it was desecrated by the Earl of Glencairn. Here Charles I. was crowned in 1633; and here that pious son of Mother-Church, James II. of England, caused mass to be celebrated. The city which could not tolerate Liturgy-reading in St. Giles's half a century before, was little likely to bear patiently with the Roman service in Holyrood; and the mob, which does not measure its anger, or pay due heed to fretted roof and chiselled pillar when its blood is up, laid the "holy and beautiful house" once more almost in ruins. It probably remained in a dilapidated state onwards until the latter half of the next century, when it seems finally to have suffered at the hands of its friends, for, in order to prevent it from going to ruin, the Barons of the Exchequer ordered a new roof to be put on the building. The mason was unwise enough, however, to put on a heavy roof of stone, forgetting the shaky condition of the walls; and, as a natural consequence, roof, walls, and gallery fell in, leaving but, as it were, a shadow of the old abbey to tell its tale. "Thus fell," says an old-fashioned writer, "thus fell the beautiful monastery of *Sanctae Crucis* or *Holyrood*, after braving the fury of its enemies for nearly seven centuries."

The small portion now standing has mainly a monumental interest. So much of the architecture as can be traced, tells

of a beauty and grace which contemporary art cannot restore, and, let us hope, will not try. The tombs call back the memory of some illustrious dead, and, as we dream amongst them, we think of the varying services held within these walls—Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic again; we hear now the simple melody of Scottish psalms, now the fascinating music of the mass; we recall the sadly alternating scenes of mirth and tumult in the adjoining palace. The while we look up into the blue sky which there is no roof to hide, and glad our hearts with thoughts of that Land into which tumult never enters, where joy is unmingled, where malice and envy cannot come, where the very name of conspiracy is unknown,—the "Land o' the Leal."

As to the palace, it seems somewhat uncertain when it was begun. From very early times indeed, kings found an asylum within the walls of Holyrood, but probably at the first they were only accommodated as guests of the monastic body; gradually the necessity would be felt for something like a royal dwelling; and it may be that in this way first a little addition was made to the abbey, then a larger, and so on. But it is enough that by the time when Queen Mary began to reign, there was a palace of Holyrood, and—as everybody feels—it is Holyrood as the home of Queen Mary which keeps its memory green. It was here that she came to reside upon the 19th of April, 1561, immediately after her return to Scotland; and here that, on July 29, 1565, she was married to Lord Darnley in the church of the abbey. It was here that David Rizzio was murdered in March, 1566; and here that Mary was married to the Earl of Bothwell on the 15th of May, 1567,—but three months after the murder of Darnley, whom she had professed to love, and whose son was still but a baby in arms.

There is not, after all, very much that

is now shown in the palace. It is generally thought to be the right thing to spend a large amount of time in the great room called the "Picture Gallery," and we think we have seen many people there with anxious visages trying to admire the hundred and eleven portraits of the Scottish kings which hang around the walls. Where the portraits of the earliest of these kings—rather mythical personages they are—were got, we have no means of knowing, unless we say that, like the famous German with his system, the artist evolved these portraits from his own inner consciousness. In any case, it can scarcely be said that either history or art, kingship or loyalty, are here greatly ennobled. One is but forced to recall the rich collection at Hampton Court to be impressed by comparison with the poverty of this quasi-historic lot of pictures.

A little way from the room in which these are contained, are the apartments of Queen Mary. The chief of these is that called the presence-chamber, where the Queen used to give audiences. It was here that she most likely sat when she held her famous conference with John Knox about a week after his arrival in Edinburgh. The interview was not a pleasant one, and was not even a profitable one; it only showed the impossibility of the maintenance of friendly feeling between the good-hearted, yet rather fickle and light-hearted Queen, and the stern, Elijah-like, dogmatic, and not very patient preacher of the Scottish Reformation. Says an Englishman, writing from Edinburgh in those days:—"Mr. Knox spoke upon Tuesday to the Queen. He knocked so hastily upon her heart that he made her to weep, as well you know that some of that sex will do for anger as well as grief, though in that the Lord James will disagree with me."

But let us believe that many another interview of a more pleasing kind took place in this presence-chamber; although

we should be glad to think that those who made the walls ring with merriment had been more worthy of Mary's regard.

Passing now through the Queen's bed-chamber, we come to a little closet, a sort of "snuggery," which has come to be memorable in history. It was the 9th of March, 1566, and Queen Mary was sitting at supper in this little room, attended by the Countess of Argyle, David Rizzio, and a few other of those whom she recognised as private friends. The night, no doubt, went merrily on, for Mary was gay, and mirth was her native element; while the strains of Rizzio's music fascinated all. This man had come, it is supposed, with the Piedmontese ambassador in 1561, and he seems, almost from the very first, to have attracted the favour of the Queen. Coming from the valleys of Northern Italy, he carried with him that gift of music which we recognise as part of the very nature of his race; and Mary called him into service as her minstrel, and as the musician of her private chapel. By-and-by, he filled other offices for her, and at last he appears to have been a kind of confidential secretary. In short, Queen Mary had that weakness for a "favourite" which was the bane of several of her descendants; and the recipient of this unlucky "favour" was Rizzio. The nation had viewed his promotion with aversion, and even disgust; and the chief nobles especially could not brook the sight of this man, without personal attractions, of no family, a foreigner—and an Italian foreigner, who enjoyed a confidence in which they did not share. Knox and the reforming party must have had the additional objection to him that he was of the Roman faith, and, as an Italian, a very Roman of the Romans. At last things came to a crisis; and upon this 9th of March, Rizzio's hour had come. Just when the merriment was at its height, a trap-door opened, and Lord Darnley, Mary's husband, first of the conspirators, entered

the little room. Lord Ruthven came next, "in complete armour," says Scott, "looking pale and ghastly, as one scarcely recovered from long sickness," with one foot in the grave, indeed, yet thirsting for blood; others followed. Their threatening looks soon indicated their mission, and Rizzio, who was not much of a man, crept behind the Queen. He was soon seized, however, and his craven murderers hurried him to the principal staircase, where they completed their deed with brutal ferocity, tradition recording that his body was covered

with fifty-six wounds. The "noble" Ruthven tarried behind with the Queen, and bravely helped himself to a cup of wine to refresh him after his heroic work!

They point you still to some marks upon the floor at the head of the staircase, which they say are the marks of Rizzio's blood, and they tell you that no washing will wash it out. From the tablets of history, at least, it is ineffaceable, and there are no annals of Scotland which do not record with shame the murder of David Rizzio.



THE MEN OF EDINBURGH.

It would be easy to occupy pages upon pages with reminiscences of the "men of Edinburgh," but our space for talking of this interesting theme is somewhat limited. Our book, however, would be incomplete without some mention of them, and some little sketch of their doings and their ways. The old streets have been trodden by many whose names will never be forgotten; and, as we have already seen, there are houses still standing, some of them inhabited by busy humble folk to-day, whose walls enclosed some of the greatest souls whose influence has been felt in the social and political and religious history of Great Britain.

With whom can we begin more fitly than with John Knox, than whom there was three hundred years ago no more prominent figure in Edinburgh? Prominent, yes, and yet in one sense not so; for the imaginary portrait of him which we call up as a great brawny man, strong of muscle and commanding

in height, is altogether a mistake. One writer says of him:—"I know not whether there ever was a greater mind enclosed in so frail and weak a body." Let us give M'Crie's description of his appearance:—"He was of small stature and a weakly habit of body; a circumstance which seems to give us a higher idea of the vigour of his mind. His portrait seems to have been taken more than once during his life, and frequently engraved. It continues still to frown in the antechamber of Queen Mary, to whom he was often an ungracious visitor. We discern in it the traits of his characteristic intrepidity, austerity, and keen penetration. Nor can we overlook his beard, which, according to the custom of the times, he wore long, and reaching to his middle; a circumstance which I mention the rather because some writers have gravely assured us that it was the chief thing which procured him reverence among his countrymen." You must picture to yourself, then, this man of might as a man whose bodily presence was weak: and as we recall his name we come thus to wonder again

at the staying power which lies in great souls, and almost seems to defy the dying bodies which hold them confined. We seem to see him as he stood of old in the pulpit of St. Giles, and sent forth

and fear, with a furring of marticks about his neck, a staffe in the ane hand, and gude, godlie Richart Ballenden, his servand, 'halden up the uther oter [arm-pit], from the abbey to the parish-kirk, and by the



ST. GILES'S CHURCH FROM PRINCES-STREET.

his words of stern denunciation with Elijah-like vehemence and severity. "I saw him," says an old writer, who used to take notes of his sermons—"I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulie

said Richart, and another servand, lifted up to the pulpit, whar he behovit to lean at his first entrie; bot, ere he haid done with his sermone, he was sa aud vigorous, that he was lyk to ding the pulpit

in blads, and flie out of it." Since those days no preacher in Scotland has wielded such influence, and none has done such gigantic work; he gave the Protestant movement a character and consistency which, for lack, perhaps, of such a man it never reached in England; the mincing of matters, the diplomacy, the hesitancy, which marked the Reformation in the south was simply impossible to him; and "fearing not the face of men," he vindicated for the Church of Scotland a spiritual independence which has remained her choice heritage to this hour. Nor did his influence end here; for to him also Scotland owes her high position in matters of education; her parochial schools, which have been a tower of strength to her, were instituted at his suggestion; and thus it has come about, through his instrumentality, that for Edinburgh and for Scotland that scandal is meaninglessly which declares that the Church is the enemy of all liberal education.

Naturally a great many of the associations which gather around the name of Edinburgh are connected with clergymen and lawyers, for the two centres of Edinburgh life may be said to be the ecclesiastical and the legal. As to the former, it is not only that Edinburgh is pretty full of churches, and therefore of ministers, but that year by year in the month of May the three chief Presbyterian churches hold their annual gatherings,—the Established Church meeting in its Hall in the High-street, the Free in the new Assembly Hall on the Mound, and the United Presbyterians in the Synod Hall, just below the Castle Rock. During the month probably a thousand clergymen visit the Scottish capital; and the sombre aspect of Princes-street during the hours of promenade in May has become proverbial. That the legal profession should be so identified with Edinburgh is a matter of course. The great Scottish tribunal, the Court of Session, sits in the Parliament House; and this may

be said to be first the training-school, then the scene of professional labour, of all Scottish "advocates." And thus as we turn to such books as Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences," Dr. Rogers's "Traits of Scottish Character," Cockburn's "Memorials," and the like, the pages seem to bristle with *ana* of lawyers and divines. Amongst the latter one of the most notable in his day was Dr. Webster, one of the "ministers of Edinburgh." He belonged to the more evangelical section in his church, and was in high repute for piety; moreover, the great exertions which he made to institute a Widows' Fund made him a lasting name. But Dr. Webster, like most of his neighbours in those days, was a man fond of society and of convivial life, a deep drinker of claret, the fashionable beverage of the time in Scotland; and though by no means a drunkard, he was a notorious tippler. Yet, so far as appears, his repute as a *bon vivant* did not reach his congregation, and hence an amusing story about him. He was wending his way home one Saturday night from some lively gathering, and was finding the street rather broad for him. To use a Scotch distinction, "he was na fou", but he had a drappie in his ee." Just as he was making the best of his way homewards, his beadle met him, and accosted him. "Eh, Dr. Wabster, what wad yer Session think gin they saw ye the noo?" "Nae thing, Jeems," answered the Doctor; "they would na believe their ain een, man."

Another good story is told regarding two other notable Edinburgh ministers, the one Dr. Henry, author of "Henry's History of England," the other Dr. Macknight, whose name lives even yet amongst well-read theologians as the author of a "Harmony of the Gospels." Henry was a great wag, if not a great preacher; Macknight was neither. One day the latter came into the vestry wet through, having been overtaken by a heavy shower. Dr. Henry was there, and

was amused to hear his colleague go on repeating, "Oh, but I'm wat (wet): oh, I wish I was dry; d'ye think I'm dry yet? will I get dry sune?" "Never fear," said the waggish listener, "ye'll be dry eneuch when ye get into the pu'pit."

But more notable amongst the post-Reformation divines of Edinburgh are such names as George Gillespie, Principal Robertson, Hugh Blair, Sir Harry Moncrieff, Chalmers. Gillespie was one of the greatest ornaments of the Scottish Church; and even those who by no means sympathise throughout with his views are constrained to honour and love his memory. He was born in 1613, and became a Bachelor of Arts in his seventeenth year. Scarce had he attained his majority when he became chaplain to Lord Kenmure, and he was but twenty-nine when he was called to be one of the clergy of Edinburgh. He appears to have been a man of mark from his earliest time; his scholarship, his zeal, and his wisdom, seem alike to have accorded to him a place which was given but to few of his years; and thus it was that he was sent as commissioner to the Westminster Assembly in 1643. The quaint old letter-writer, Robert Baillie, whose account of that assembly and the men who took part in it gives us the best picture which we have of it, says of him:—"We got good help in our assembly debates of Lord Warriston, . . . but of none more than the noble youth, Mr. Gillespie. I admire his gifts, and bless God, as for all my colleagues, so for him in particular, as equal in these to the first in the assembly." There can be little doubt that his single mind contributed largely to the formation of the doctrinal standards of the Presbyterian Church. Robertson still lives among us in his *History of Scotland*, his *Life of Charles V.*, and his *History of America*; and whilst these remain as monuments of long and careful labour and of refined style, we must re-

member that, by a rare combination of gifts, he was no less notable a master in pulpit oratory and in debate than in the arts of authorship. He was indeed one of the central figures in the Edinburgh of his day, and his company seems to have been courted alike by his fellow-citizens and by those who visited the town.

In the General Assembly of the Church he took a prominent place, as the leader of the "Moderate," or, as we should say, "Broad" party in his time. And it is remarked that he made one of his earliest appearances as a leader of debate in defending the cause of Home, the author of the *Tragedy of Douglas*. But even all Robertson's eloquence on Home's behalf availed only to abate somewhat the vigour of Scottish ecclesiastical wrath, for Home, although not deposed, had to retire from the ministry of the Church.

It may be as well here to say a word of Home himself, for he also was a notable literary character in Edinburgh society. This man was certainly a member of the Church Militant in a peculiar sense, for in the same year in which he was licensed to preach (1745), he offered his services against Prince Charlie, and, in 1746, he was actually amongst those who were taken prisoners at Falkirk. In this same year he was presented to the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, the parish in which Robert Blair had ministered. But it cannot be said that his enthusiasm lay toward his sacred calling; and the quiet of a country manse seems to have been hailed by him mainly as a means for indulging that dramatic gift which lay so close to his heart. His first tragedy was completed in 1749, and, fairly endowed with ambition as he was, he set out for London with it,—no small journey in those days; but London, in the person of Garrick, gave him a cold reception. Home could not bear this; and there are on record some fine, but self-over-

rating lines which he addressed to the "Image of Shakspeare" upon the occasion.

He was not, however, to be daunted by one rebuff; so back he came to Athelstaneford once more—this time to write his tragedy of *Douglas*. This also he took to London, but Garrick would have none of it, and declared it "totally unfit for the stage." So he must needs have his play tried in a more circumscribed sphere, and by kindlier critics. Arrangements were accordingly made for having it produced at Edinburgh, where it was played for the first time, 14th December, 1756. The scene of the play was of national interest, as were the characters; the talent of the dramatist was high; his manner and tone were high and pure as compared with his contemporaries; and the success of the Edinburgh *début* was complete. Edinburgh society rang with praises of Home; and there is a good story of one exuberant Scotchman who, with rather too hasty expression of national pride, exclaimed, 'Whaur's yer Wull Shakspeare noo?' It was even whispered that in one of the careful rehearsals of the tragedy some leading divines had taken part, and that Robertson, of whose championship of Home we have just spoken, was among them. But Home's was, as we have seen, a perilous success; and its result was his being cast upon the world in search of a new profession. The proverbial "beggary," however, to which men who are thrust out of the Church are supposed to be committed, was not his portion; for his influence obtained him, first, a post of whose duties we confess utter ignorance—that of "Conservator of Scots Privileges at Camprere"—but the income of which was certainly £300 a year. To this was afterwards added an annuity of £300 from the privy-purse—so that he was soon in what for those days was, even for a gentleman of birth and education, a position of comfort. His later years were spent,

first in the neighbourhood of the Scottish capital, and latterly in Edinburgh itself, and were passed in the enjoyment of "literary leisure" and congenial society. His house was kept full of guests, and his table was surrounded by the chief writers and wits of his time. David Hume, the historian, was one of the chief amongst his friends, and there are some playful stories told of their friendship. Upon one occasion the two were having a warm debate over their common patronymic, which the historian had changed in his case to Hume. Hume proposed that they should draw lots to decide which was the proper name. "Nay," said Home, with true national persistency, "for' you gain either way; if you lose, you get what is your true name; if I lose, you keep the name you have." It will not add much, perhaps, to our respect for great minds to know that another point of dispute between the historian and the dramatist was as to the comparative merits of certain wines, Home holding port in special abhorrence. He wrote an epigram upon the subject, which became famous:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried,—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

We have spoken of Hugh Blair, a man whose name is always associated with the Edinburgh of the last century, and yet of whom few people know anything. It is no part of our purpose to sketch his life here; and we only mention his name to speak of him, as, perhaps, the most notable preacher of his time, although probably his sermons would now be a weariness to listen to. They were characterised by great elegance of diction and soundness of phrase; they called attention to those moral aspects of Christianity which had been too much left out of sight; they were, indeed, after a sort, models of pulpit eloquence. But, after all, Blair,

as a preacher, was little more than a sacred rhetorician; and his sermons were rather blocks of marble than things of life.

Of Thomas Chalmers and his associations with Edinburgh we cannot speak adequately, and therefore it will probably be better that we should not speak at all. Probably he wielded a greater personal influence upon ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland than any man since the days of John Knox. It was not that other men with equally great possibilities had not been given to the Church of Scot-

tive ability which led him to do so much for the lower classes of society. Later years have brought to Edinburgh other men, whom we cannot tarry to characterise at length: in the Church of Scotland, such men as the cultured, sensitive Robert Lee; in the other churches of the city, the genial, ever-fresh, ever-hearty Thomas Guthrie; the strong, rugged, warlike Candlish; the graceful and popular John Brown of Broughton-place; the beloved Dean Ramsay; the tender and gifted Hanna, and shall we name, as a living repre-



land: it was that the times were ripe for one great soul to move, and the soul was that of Chalmers. It was his to carry the Church of Scotland up to the crisis of 1843, and his, humanly speaking, then to lay the foundation of a Free Church: and he laid it so well that the building which has been reared upon it has stood unshaken the test of time. We go into no ecclesiastical politics: and in speaking thus, we speak only of the man. But to him Scotland all round owes much; to his massive intellect, to his holy enthusiasm. to that administra-

sentative of a band of notable men, most of whom have been taken, William Lindsay Alexander?

But to speak of the "men of Edinburgh," we have said, is to speak largely of lawyers, of judges, and of advocates. The Scotch judges, designated always Lord So-and-so, and taking their judicial title at discretion, either from some family estate, as in the case of Lord Monboddo, Lord Braxfield, Lord Eldin, Lord Meadowbank, or from their family name, as in the case of Lord Cockburn, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Moncrieff, were pro-

bably more famous as social magnates in former days than they are now, if not more eminent in legal knowledge. They were often men of ancient family, and of limited means, who had taken to law as the profession most suited to one who desired to spend his old days in society or in the life of a country gentleman. But to us most of them are chiefly memorable from some quaint saying or some amusing story which tradition has handed down to us. (Dean Ramsay's book and others of a like kind bristle with such stories.

Some of the best are told regarding John Clerk, a distinguished lawyer, who afterwards became a judge under the title of Lord Eldin. He was a lawyer of great smartness and skill, and seems to have been regarded as one of the most money-making, and at the same time money-spending, men who ever practised at the Scottish bar. But it is the memory of Clerk as a "good fellow," as a wit and humorist, which is preserved in Edinburgh. He has been described as "the plainest, the shrewdest, and the most sarcastic of men." Once when pleading before the House of Lords on a case concerning the use of a mill-stream, he had occasion to use the word "water" very often, and he invariably pronounced it as if it were written *watter*. "Mr. Clerk," inquired the English judge, little knowing how unsafe it was to twit him, "do you spell 'water' in Scotland with two t's?" "Na, my lord," said Clerk, "we dinna spell *watter* wi' two t's, but we spell *mairners* wi' twa n's." They tell, too, how once, when apologising on behalf of a young advocate who had given mortal offence to the judges by saying that he was "astonished" at some decision of theirs, he cleverly turned the apology against "their Lordships," whom he was never tired of rallying. "My Lords," said Clerk, "my client has expressed his astonishment at what was done; if he had known this court as

long as I have, he would be astonished at nothing." Probably one of the best known stories told regarding him—whether true or not we do not know—is that about his having come in among a company of friends one evening somewhat *shaky*, and saying:—"Freends, an extraordinary thing has happened to me: as I was comin' along, the ground actually rose up and struck me i' the face."

Memorable amongst these judges was Lord Monboddo, mainly as an early exponent of the development theory, which subjected him to many jokes amongst his compeers. The following is one of the number:—"On some occasion of their meeting, Lord Monboddo was for giving Lord Kames the precedency. Lord K. declined, and drew back, saying, 'By no means, my lord: you must walk first, that I may see your tail.'" Says Lord Cockburn, in his "Memorials," "Classical learning, good conversation, excellent suppers, and ingenious though unsound metaphysics, were the peculiarities of Monboddo."

One of the most brutal judges, probably, who ever disgraced the Scottish bench was Lord Braxfield. He was a man apparently of great intellectual force, and to this his promotion was no doubt largely due; but he was essentially coarse—coarse in his jokes, coarse in his judgments. Can any one conceive of such a story as this being true of a man who claimed to sit in judgment?—When Muir, one of the political prisoners of the times of the French Revolution, was on his trial, a Mr. Horner, one of the jury, happened to pass Lord Braxfield's chair. Lord Braxfield knew him, and whispered as he passed—"Come awa', Maister Horner, come awa', and help us to hang ane o' thae — scoundrels." Once after a poor prisoner had pleaded eloquently on his own behalf, Braxfield made this cheering speech: "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

Jeffrey was a man of rare gifts, and, though now remembered largely as the man who did not appreciate Byron and Carlyle, he must have been one of the most cultivated Scotchmen in his time. And when we consider how abjectly the flunkeys of literature have bowed before Carlyle, copying what was weakest in him,—his peculiarities of style suited only to his own thought, deplorable when imitated; his growl at contemporaries, and often at things in general, not to speak of his ungenerous criticism of individuals, we are inclined to think a little more of Jeffrey, who clung to older and better English models. Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, and one or two others, were the originators of the *Edinburgh Review*; and the days in which the former was a contributor to its pages were certainly its brightest. Jeffrey was also an eminent lawyer, and latterly a distinguished judge, while in society he was always a centre of attraction; Cockburn sums up all by saying of him at the time of his death,—“he was our sun.”

But apart from men who were divines, or who were in practice as lawyers, what striking men of Edinburgh rise before our view—David Hume, Robert Burns, Allan Ramsay, John Wilson, Walter Scott.

Hume is supposed to have lived first in the Lawnmarket, and it was here, in a block of houses called *Riddel's Land*, that he began to write his *History of England*. By-and-by he removed to a block named Jack's Land, in the Canon-gate, and there the history was completed. Of this strange dwelling of a man of letters, Robert Chambers writes:—“It is, in reality, a plain, middle-aged fabric, of no particular appearance, and without a single circumstance of a curious nature connected with it, besides the somewhat odd one, that the continuator of the *History*, Smollett, lived, some time after, in his sister's house precisely opposite.” And in 1762 he bought a house in James's-court—“the eastern

portion of the third floor in the west stair.” “This was such a step,” says Chambers, “as a man would take in those days as a consequence of improvement in his circumstances.” Hume himself liked this latter place well, for he writes even from brilliant Paris, whither he had gone as secretary to the Embassy, saying that he wished himself in his “easy-chair in James's-court.” Latterly, upon finally settling in Edinburgh, he had a house built for him in the New Town in a street called then new, which was named St. David-street. It is said that when the street was in the making, and when Hume's house had been built, some one wrote with chalk on the front of it, “St. David-street.” Hume's servant girl, indignant at the offence done—as she thought—ran in, upon discovering it, and told him how he had been mocked. “Never mind,” was Hume's answer, “many a better man has been made a saint of before.” It is rather remarkable that whilst Scotland has never been able to claim a very great historian for herself, she has given to England a Hume, a Smollett, and a Macaulay. Hume formed a prominent figure in Edinburgh society, but this, we may safely say, was due neither to his personal graces nor to his religious opinions—or rather want of religious opinions. His infidelity, indeed, seems to have been recognised and borne with, and in this case toleration and acquiescence must be regarded as two very different things. But it was impossible that his great gifts, his charming manner, his unfailing geniality, should have missed the heartiest recognition. In personal appearance he seems to have been strangely unprepossessing. One who met him in Turin has left on record a description of it. “His face,” says he, “was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility; his eyes vacant and spiritless; and the corpulence of his whole person was far

better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher. His speech in English was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scottish accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom, most certainly, never

for the house of the author of that tender song, "The Flowers of the Forest," in Crichton-street, we cannot think that even the little children could see him without feeling that some one "by-ordinar'" was passing them. Scotland mourns to this day his pronounced unbe-



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb." Well, well, it was a plain body that cased so strong a mind; but the mind was strong none the less. And as we think of Hume, wending his way through the Edinburgh streets, turning out of Jack's Land, and making, perhaps,

lief, more even than England to-day mourns that of any of her gifted children, from Lord Herbert to John Stuart Mill (who, by the way, was by family a Scotchman, too), but this has never hidden from any generation of her sons the greatness of David Hume. A monu-

ment, with the most laconic of inscriptions, has been reared over his grave in the Calton burying-ground.

Contemporary with Hume was the eminent economist, Adam Smith, who lived in a "close" or passage near to the parish church of Canongate during his later years. Smith came, however, to Edinburgh after the "Wealth of Nations" was completed, and the "lang toon o' Kirkcaldy" and not Modern Athens can boast itself the birthplace of his immortal work. He appears to have led a quiet, unpretending life in the capital. He was, strange to say, a very unpractical man, correct as he was in his theories; and it was remarked that he, who could teach nations how to husband wealth, could not trust himself to purchase even corn for his horse. He was also very absent-minded and eccentric in manner; on the street he walked like a man not quite sound in mind; and, upon one occasion, two fish-wives were heard discussing him. The meaning of one of the overheard remarks was unmistakable, "Hech, sirs, an' he's well pat on tae!" She was pitiful that one so evidently a gentleman should have so completely lost his senses.

The name of Robert Burns has also memorable associations connected with Edinburgh, though we rather think of him in his early home in Ayr so in his later home in Dumfries, than in his Edinburgh sojourn. The mother city, however, marks a phase in his life; and the year 1786, the year in which his first volume of poems made him famous, was in some sort a red-letter year to Robert Burns. He was fêted and flattered by lords and ladies, by the gentlefolk and the learned men of Edinburgh generally, who marvelled at the gifted ploughman, and probably took some credit to themselves by paying him attention. Yet all this time they probably forgot—or did not know—

that he was sharing a bed in a Lawnmarket garret with an acquaintance, the joint charge being three shillings a week! A flattery so meaningless and so shallow could not last long, and when Burns retired to the country to marry "Jean," and to settle at Ellisland, his poems were still read, but the man was shabbily neglected. There is indeed not much in the story of Burns's Edinburgh visit to ennoble him who studies it; the city showed its really worst side to the poet finally, and proved to him, what he had suspected all along, that its regard was only skin-deep. And for the poet himself, he learned, also, if he had not done so before, to find refuge from this canting gentility in the society of boon companions, and so confirmed a habit which was finally to master him and bring him to his grave.

But we might go on in this garrulous fashion to talk of Edinburgh men till we had neither time nor space for aught else. Why, we must leave whole volumes unsaid; and, even as we pass to other themes, great names crowd upon the mind. Would that we could talk awhile of Samuel Johnson's visit, on which we have only been able to touch; would that we could picture the *noctes Ambrosianae*, and talk of "Christopher North," more poet than professor, more man than either; of De Quincey; of the "Ettrick Shepherd!" Fain would we say something, too, of Alexander Smith, whose fine poetic genius as seen not only in his poems, but exquisitely in his "Summer in Skye," was taken so soon from Scotland and from literature; of the genial author of "Rab and his Friends," alas! but now taken from us, whose benign countenance and genial talk no one who was happy enough to meet with him can ever forget. But this "crack" about Edinburgh men has lasted long enough already; we must be going.



ST. ANTHONY'S WELL AND ARTHUR'S SEAT.

HEIGHTS AROUND EDINBURGH.



MUCH of the beauty of Edinburgh lies in its setting amongst the hills. Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Calton Hill, Craig Lockhart, the Braids—why, if we do not stay our

hand in enumeration, we shall begin to prove that her hills are seven, and so call up the horror of all ultra-anti-Papists. As one approaches it from certain points, especially from the sea, one is peculiarly struck with this; it lies there calm and secure at the foot of their grassy slopes, as if it were shut in from the great world's rude contact by the mountain and the sea.

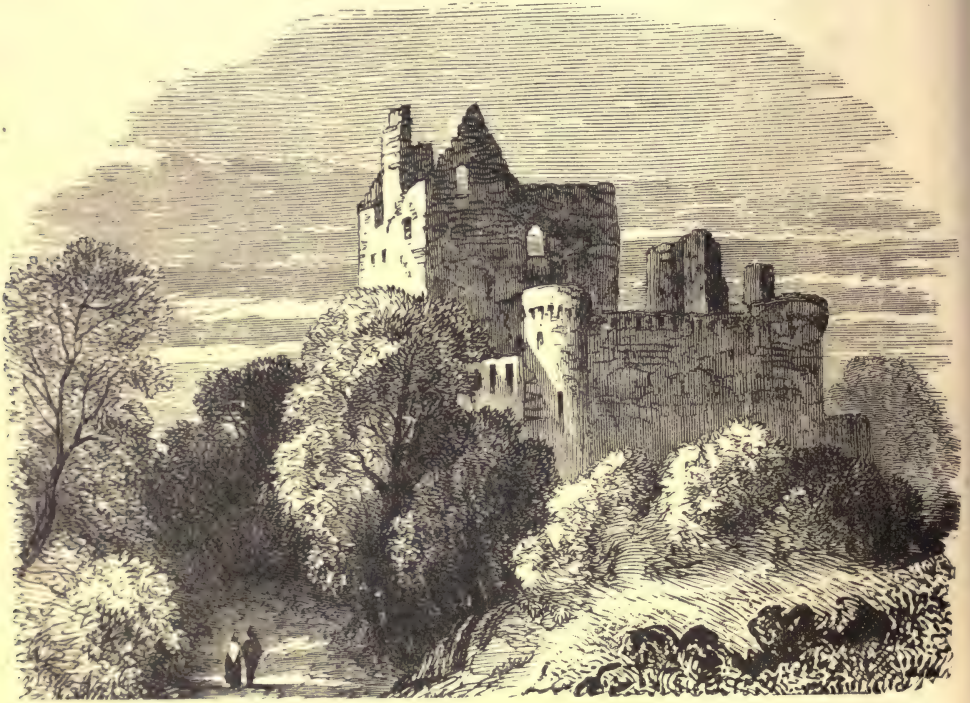
Arthur's Seat would, in the more level south, be reckoned for a consider-

able mountain, as it rises to a height of 820 feet. As you look at it from the Edinburgh side, let us say from Holyrood or from the district called St. Leonard's, there is but little of a slope to detract from the sense of its size; and this may explain why it is often looked upon as a considerable undertaking to ascend to the summit. It seems probable that Arthur's Seat gained its name from the famous King Arthur of the "Round Table," but how or why we do not know; some say because he surveyed the surrounding country from its height. Well may we say, at least, that if he did so, he saw a view well fitted to be a feast for king's eyes, though to us it is fraught with still greater interest than it could be to him. The city lies at our feet; beyond, to-

wards the north, lies the town and port of Leith, with the pretty little villages of Newhaven, Trinity, Wardie, and Granton stretching along the shore of the Firth; then there is the Firth of Forth itself, covered with many a sail; and on a clear day, the eye from Arthur's Seat will discern the hills and the smiling villages of Fife. You look now towards the south; there, close by, is the pretty sheet of water named Duddingston

the resort of sea-bathing folk all through the summer months; Musselburgh, which gained its name, we suppose, from its possession of a rich bed of "mussel" fish, and which presses a more dignified claim upon our attention in the old lines:—

"Musselburgh was a broch
When Edinbroch was nane,
And Musselburgh shall be a broch,
When Edinbroch's gane."



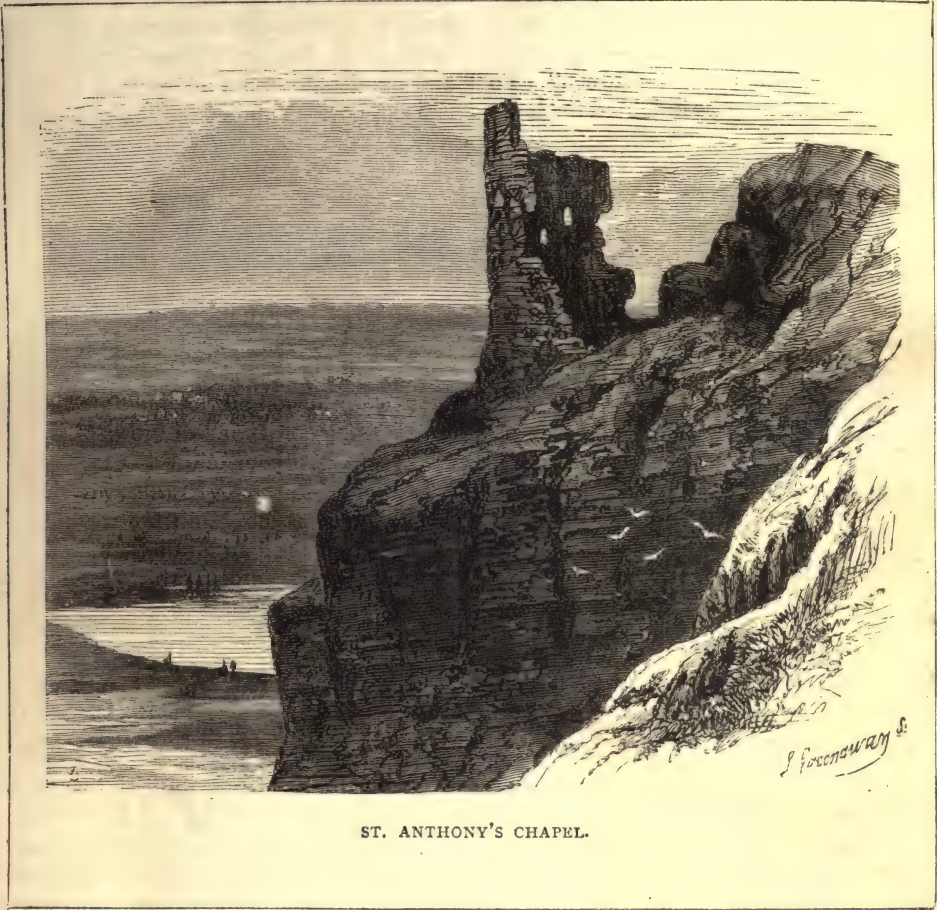
CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

Loch, in summer the home of swans and ducks in abundance: in winter the delight of Edinburgh skaters, who may be said to cover the whole lake on a frosty day. Then there is the village of Duddingston, interesting as the spot near which Prince Charlie's army encamped, while he was holding Court at Holyrood. Then the view stretches away to the sea, and the eye turns to the various places which skirt along its coast,—Portobello,

Near Musselburgh is Pinkie, where the Scottish army sustained a terrible defeat at the hands of the English in 1547, ten thousand Scotch being said to have fallen, and but about 200 English. Beyond Musselburgh, the visitor to Arthur's Seat can see a long way; he sees Prestonpans, so-called from the salt "pans" which used to make it the local emporium for salt, but more mark-worthy as the village beside which a

famous battle was fought between Sir John Cope ("Johnny Cope") and Prince Charlie, in 1745; and then the eye reaches away along the sea-coast till, in the distance, 'like two of Nature's fortresses, rise North Berwick Law and the "Bass." Looking more inland from Arthur's Seat again, we survey a great

grandeur about them which even to this day few Englishmen know, and much nearer lie the grassy slopes of the Pentlands, while the lower heights of Blackford, Craiglockhart, and Corstorphine, hide the western and north-western view. To get, indeed, from one point a view which will within its single circuit re-



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

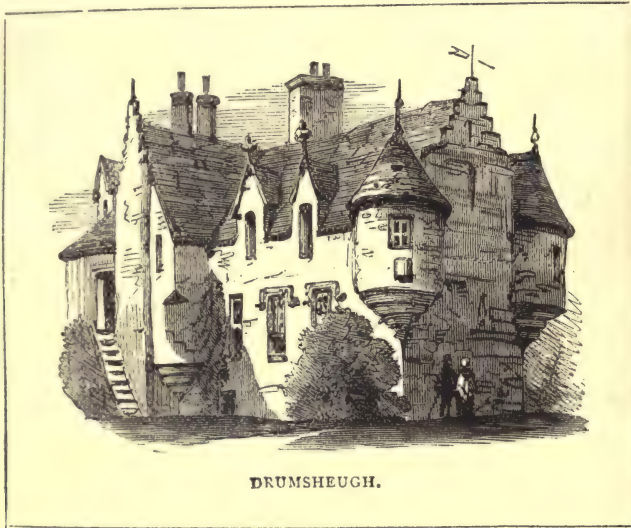
stretch of "pleasant land," with village churches here and there, lifting their towers to the sky, and manor-houses nestling amongst ancient trees. In the midst of this landscape stands Craigmillar Castle, now a ruin, of which more anon. Yonder, again, on the edge of the horizon, are the Lammermoor Hills, with a wild

present all that is fair to see in lowland Scottish scenery, you cannot do better than go to Arthur's Seat.

We shall not stay to speak of Salisbury Crags, twin height to Arthur's Seat. Grey and grim, we know them well; but for us they have none of the leonine grandeur of the latter. Yet we may not

forget that the author of "Waverley" used to tread the winding path around the Craggs morning by morning, when he wished to study some favourite author, or when within his fertile brain there was some new novel or new poem in the making: Perhaps for him one of the great attractions of this walk was the view which it afforded him of the greater beauty of Arthur's Seat; and another was, no doubt, the opportunity it gave him of looking down from an easy height upon his "own romantic town." To these walks we may be indebted for some

stranger who wishes to study the arrangement of the streets, and the symmetry of the whole, will find his desire accomplished by taking his way up Waterloo-place and by the Calton prison to the top of this little hill. Turning your face to the west, your eye scans the whole length of Prince's-street. Scott's monument is before you once more, and on in the same line, a little to the left, and further west, rises the lofty spire of St. Mary's Cathedral, the new and handsome home of modern Scottish Episcopacy. Yonder, too, is the round



of the finest thoughts in the "Heart of Midlothian." For yonder, on a spur of the hill, stands the lonely-looking ruin of St. Anthony's Chapel, a ruin without any real history, but immortalised through its introduction in that fascinating, yet melancholy novel: and down there below you on a little rising ground called St. Leonard's Hill, is the spot where Scott placed the cottage in which dwelt Jeanie Deans.

But let us turn now to Calton Hill, which, rising to a height of 355 feet, bounds the city on its eastern side. The

dome of St. George's, one of the most famous parish churches of Edinburgh, where, half a century ago, the popular Dr. Andrew Thomson used to draw admiring crowds, and where the well-known church musician, R. A. Smith, used to lead the song; where, too, in the early days of his ministry, the eloquence of Dr. Candlish began to make him a notable figure in Scottish ecclesiastical life. Near to you is the Calton burying-ground, where lie the remains of David Hume, the historian, and in which is a somewhat imposing

monument to the memory of Muir and the other "political martyrs" with whose names Scotland was ringing now well-nigh a century ago; and away beyond, on your left, rises the Castle-rock, and to the left of that the spire of the Assembly Hall and the crown of St. Giles. Away beyond the city you look toward the Braid and Pentland Hills, and very clear-sighted people, we are told, upon a very clear day can discern Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi. Turning round somewhat, your eye falls upon a view which we have already seen—the Firth of Forth and the "shores of Fife."

"Traced like a map the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide;
There Pentland's green acclivities;
There ocean with its azure tide;
There Arthur's Seat; and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dun-Edin-blue!
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range are seen;
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters."

But one of the great features of the Calton-hill is the large number of monuments clustering around its summit. Nelson's monument, rising a hundred feet above the highest point of the hill, is the most prominent, but certainly not the most elegant. "More ponderous than elegant," says one cautious writer; another puts it more plainly: "Architecturally, it is unworthy of its prominent site, having very much the appearance of a huge blacking-bottle." Let us not be too hard upon Nelson's monument, however,—least of all, any of us who have seen the awful spectacle which

marks in London the site of Temple Bar. After all, it is useful, if not ornamental, for it serves the purpose of a time-signal, the ball which falls from the top of the flagstaff at one p.m. communicating with the time-gun at the castle. The "National Monument," which stands near, and which rejoices in the popular nickname of "Scotland's Folly," is a splendid fragment of a Temple of Fame which the country intended to rear to the memory of its great heroes. But money was not forthcoming to complete it, and there it stands, a row of massive pillars, waiting the time when it will look sufficiently grey and ruinous to be the delight of future antiquarians, who will find in it all that remains of some splendid building in which, year by year, the ancient inhabitants met to commemorate the mighty dead, but of which, unfortunately, they can find no record in history.

Not to mention other monuments upon the Calton, we may refer for a moment to that of Burns, erected upon the slope of the hill. It is a handsome and striking building, circular in form, and is said to be an exact copy of that erected to the memory of Lysicrates in Athens. But, by a kind of fatality which seems to have attended the Calton-hill memorials, it happens also to be incomplete; for it was intended to contain a statue of Burns by Flaxman, which has long ago found a home in the National Gallery in Princes-street. "The best of a bad job" has been made by filling up the interior with a "Burns Museum," in which numerous relics and mementoes of the great national poet are exhibited.



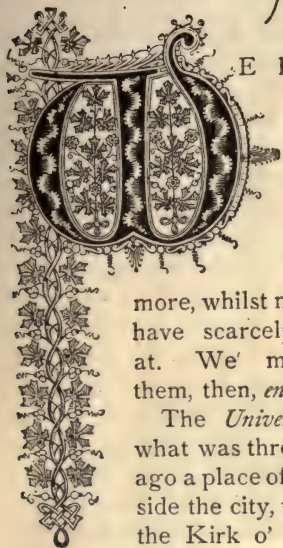


ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

The Cathedral of St. Mary's was designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott in the Early Pointed style. The plan consists of a choir, transept, and nave, with north and south aisles; a lofty spire at the intersection of the transepts, and two

western spires. The two latter are only projected—not yet erected. The length of the edifice is 262 feet, and the breadth of the west front 98 feet. The central tower and spire to the top of the iron cross is 295 feet.

AROUND AND ABOUT EDINBURGH.



E have grown so enamoured of some old scenes in Edinburgh, that we have left ourselves short of space to visit many

more, whilst modern buildings have scarcely been looked at. We must now take them, then, *en bloc*, as they say.

The University is built in what was three hundred years ago a place of green fields outside the city, where once stood the Kirk o' Field, the scene of Lord Darnley's murder.

"The Edinburgh University, like the other Scottish universities, is simply what would be called in Oxford or Cambridge a college, though it has the functions of a university in the conferring of academical degrees and so forth. It was founded in 1582. King James gave it a charter, but nothing else. For its permanence it has had to depend upon the benefactions of the Scottish people and the fees of the students. Its poverty has not prevented its success. Every year the number of students increases, and also the number of professional chairs, of which there are now forty-four. Edinburgh has long been famous as a medical school, and students in medicine and surgery come from all parts of the world to attend the college and extra-mural lectures and demonstrations. Many of the Scotch students are poor, and if they do not literally adopt Sydney Smith's proposed motto for the *Edinburgh Review*, and 'cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal,' they continue, by private teaching and other means, to sustain themselves for years on what most

Oxonians would reckon too little for a single session. There are no dwelling apartments connected with the College here; the students lodge where they please, and the arrangement has no bad effect on the discipline of the school. There are no 'town and gown' riots, for there are no gowns or other distinctive dress, except for graduates. An occasional snowball fight, or torch-light procession, is the extent of their license. A dining club and numerous debating societies give opportunity for free intercourse. The quadrangle is the finest part of the building. It has a marble statue of Sir David Brewster, the late principal, at the west end. The multiplication of chairs and students, and the growing demands for increased accommodation for the modern materials for instruction, has compelled a great extension of the University, now in progress a few hundred yards off. A Government grant in aid has been received, but the cost is chiefly met by voluntary contributions. A very large subscription—the largest intimated—has been withdrawn in consequence of the odium thrown upon one or more of the professors as demonstrators of vivisection, and is understood to be now intended for the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. One of the professors does not scruple to denounce a colleague publicly for his inhumanity to the lower animals. There is more harmony among the students than among the professors. They have a flourishing musical association, and assiduously attend the organ recitals of the Music Professor, Sir Herbert Oakley, in the fine music hall erected in connection with the college.

Outside the Senatus Academicus there are the Royal College of Physicians, the

Royal College of Surgeons, the School of Medicine, and societies of specialists in medicine and surgery. Connected with the University there is a Museum of Science and Art, second only in importance to the South Kensington Museum, and formed on the same model. It extends its spacious and handsome *façade* to Chambers-street. The College of Surgeons has also a valuable Museum of Comparative Anatomy and Pathology in the building with the fine Grecian portico in Nicolson-street. The Phrenological Museum in Chambers-street is on a large scale. George Combe gave an impetus to this science, or pseudo-science, in Edinburgh."*

Behind the University is the handsome Museum of Science and Art, the "South Kensington" of Edinburgh; and, away behind this again, at the Lauriston end of the Meadows, is the Royal Infirmary, a noble building resembling St. Thomas's Hospital in London in its plan. It consists of eight pavilions and thirty-one large wards, and forms the largest hospital in the kingdom. It covers twelve acres of ground, and was built at a cost of £350,000. Alongside of it are the new medical class-rooms of the University.

We have already spoken of the Royal Institution buildings at the foot of the Mound. Here, every year in the spring, is held the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, and though it cannot boast equality with its sister exhibition at Burlington House, it can show every year fruits of Scottish genius, of which the country has no need to be ashamed. Many Scottish-born artists, now drawn to London, send their pictures to adorn its walls; and there are not a few who cling to the old home—Noel Paton, Waller Paton, Herdman, John Smart, and others—of whose artistic skill any country might be proud. The National Gallery of Paintings, which is also in

these buildings, has many fine pictures; and lovers of antiquities will find much to interest them in the neighbouring Antiquarian Museum.

We have said a great deal about monuments already; but we must not omit to notice the elaborate and really fine memorial to the Prince Consort, which stands in Charlotte-square. It is the work of the veteran Sir John Steele, and is not unworthy of comparison with the more ambitious—but surely rather over-gilded—Memorial in Kensington.

In addition to the churches which we have mentioned already, we must name St. Mary's Cathedral, in the west end, built mainly from funds left by some ardent lovers of the Scottish Episcopal Church. It was built according to the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott, and is a magnificent structure of the pointed Gothic type. The Free Church has several notable places of worship, amongst them, St. George's, once the scene of Dr. Candlish's labours, and now of those of his eminent successor, Dr. Whyte; Barclay Church, near the large park named Bruntsfield Links, and others; whilst the United Presbyterians have built a handsome church in Shandwick-place, and the Congregationalists another upon George IV. Bridge, of which Dr. Lindsay Alexander, the "Bishop" of Scottish Independency, was formerly minister.

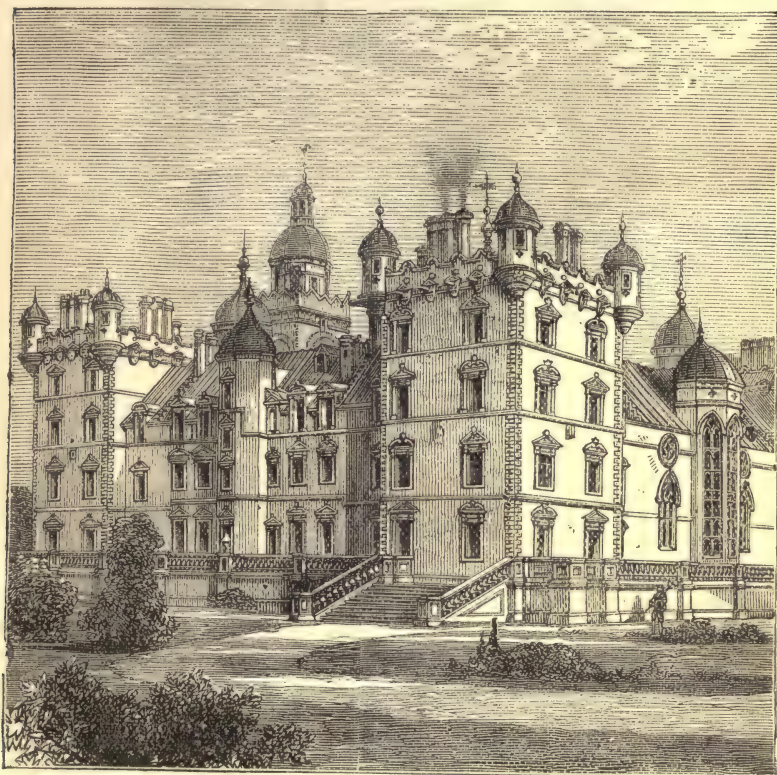
Edinburgh is rich in schools. The High School, occupying a Grecian building, built in imitation of the Temple of Theseus, and famous alike for its eminent rectors, Adam, Pillans, Schmitz, and Donaldson, and for the distinguished pupils it has sent out; the Edinburgh Academy, a comparatively new institution, but boasting amongst its *alumni* several distinguished names, among them the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and the late Frederick Robertson, of Brighton; Fettes College, a "public school" after the English model; George Heriot's Hospital, the Christ Church Hospital of Edinburgh, founded by King James's *canny*

* This concise account is taken, as well as some other brief quotations, from an interesting series of papers in the *Graphic* for 1879.

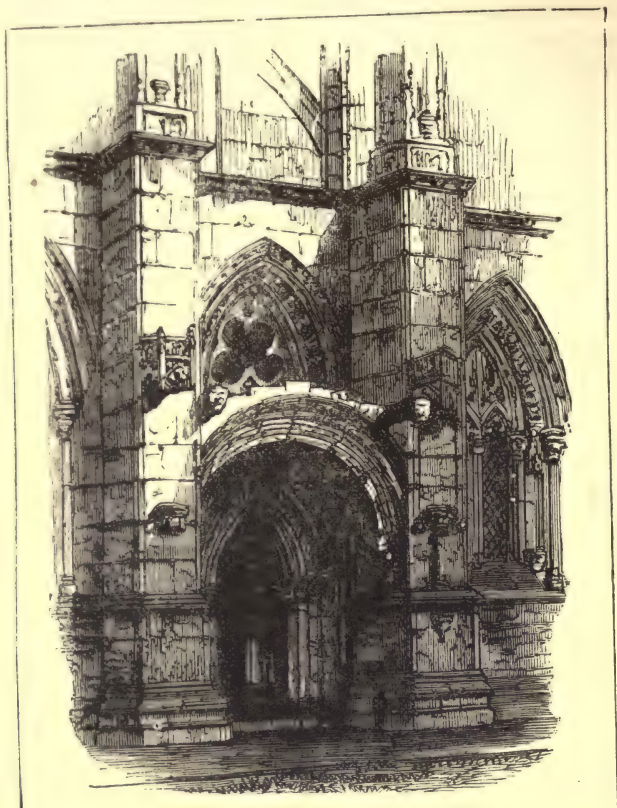
and obliging jeweller; Donaldson's Hospital—to name these is but to name a few of the most prominent.

And now we pass from Edinburgh. Many places we have not seen at all, some of these no doubt very important; but we have to go through Scotland's length and breadth, and we must proceed. Moreover, dear reader, we are not writing a guide-book; if you want that, you must betake yourself to "Black's," or "Murray's," or "Nelson's," all of them very good. For our part, we

are but going the round of Scotland with you in pleasant talk, and passing oft interesting places as we go to sketch a scene, to look in the face of some departed worthy, to tell a good tale, to recite a verse or a ballad. And, truth to tell, we think we have kept you long enough about Edinburgh; its cool citizens are ready, no doubt, to speed the parting guest, and we must remember that Scotland has not stored all her good things in her capital. Therefore, by your leave, let us move on.



HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.



NORTH DOOR OF ROSLIN CHAPEL.

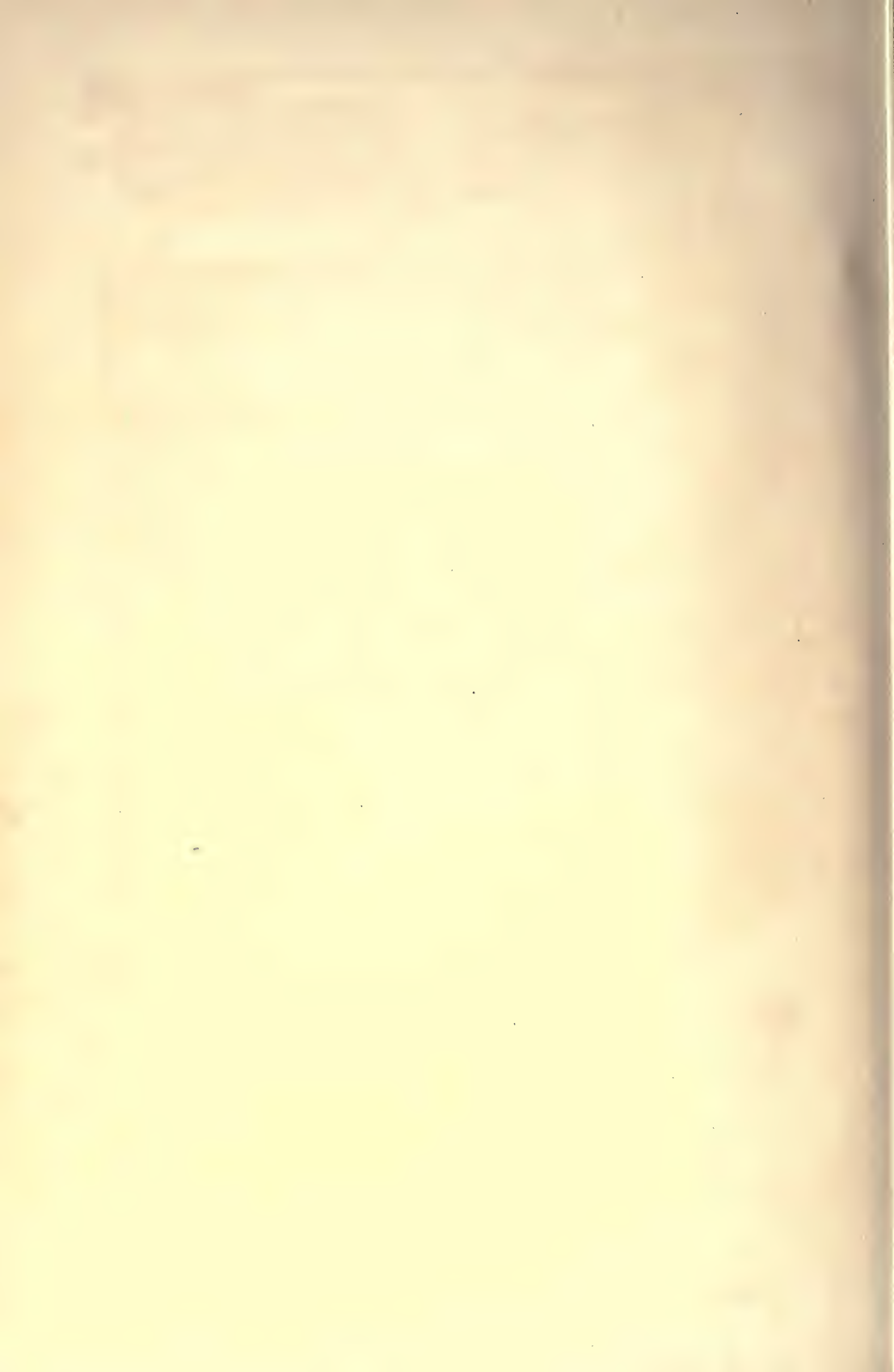
ROSLIN AND HAWTHORNDEN.

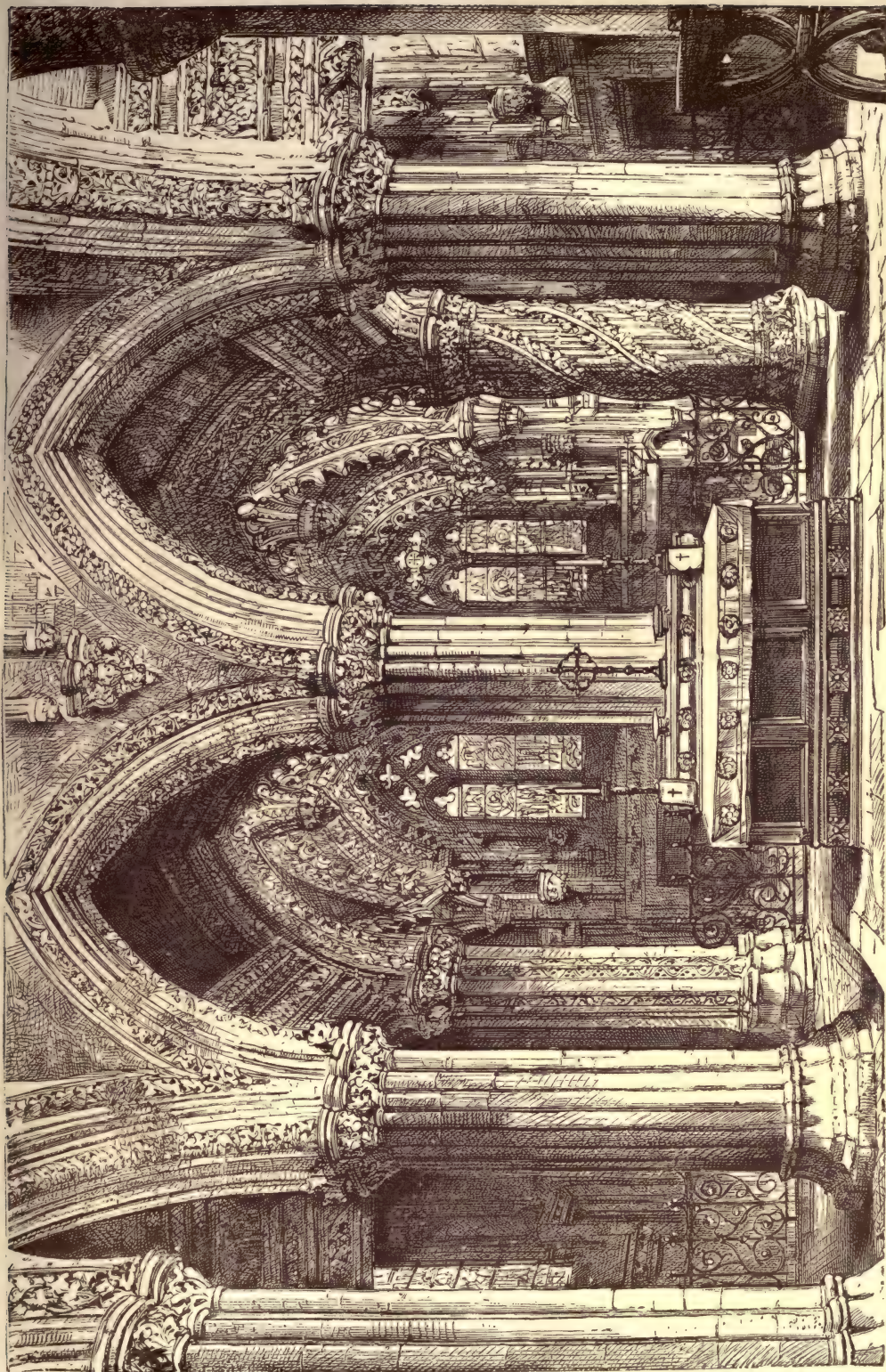


FEW who know anything of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh have failed to hear of Roslin; and, indeed, the little place has become so famous that our American cousins, when they come to Scotland, very frequently make an excursion to Roslin and Hawthornden. There is a charm about the landscape which it is difficult fully to define; its secret lies in the combination of gentle, smiling stream, the many-leaved trees,

a peaceful glen, with ancient associations and memories of men that are gone. Here we have none of the ruggedness of Highland scenery, none of the grandeur which the untravelled so often associate with Scotland as its one characteristic; but we have a soft, gentle beauty, not unlike that which one might see in the sunnier south. Given a bright day, and you will have here a "glint" of Paradise; but please do not look at the colour of the stream, which tells of mills near at hand, and so belies your Paradise. One of the chief attractions at







ROSLIN CHAPEL.



Roslin is the Chapel. This ancient building was intended to be, when completed, not a mere chapel, but a collegiate church, with "a provost, six prebendaries, and two singing boys;" but it was never finished, and it remains

In the interior, two rows of aisles extend along the sides, having their ceilings thrown into the form of Saxo-Gothic arches. The pillars forming these aisles are only eight feet high, but the workmanship is very rich, and the capitals are



ROSLIN CASTLE.

now a splendid fragment of what might have been. "Outside and inside," says a writer in "Chambers' Gazetteer," "it is a truly beautiful object, and is not the less interesting from the outer mouldings being rounded and worn by the weather.

adorned with foliage and a variety of figures, generally of a scriptural character."

In this chapel there is, as in not a few others, a "Prentice Pillar," around which are festooned wreaths of stone-

work,—around which also, in history, has been entwined an interesting legend. They tell how the master mason who conceived the design grew dissatisfied

Meanwhile, an apprentice whom he had left at home was attracted and fascinated by the thought of this pillar; and, seeing how he himself could carry out



HAWTHORNDEN.

with his own unaided skill as unequal to the completion of such a fair design, and took a journey to Rome to study more deeply the mysteries of sculpture.

the design, he had finished it ere his master's return. The pillar was a perfect piece of workmanship; but the master, coming back, could not brook

that an apprentice should have robbed him of the honour which he had laid by in store for himself, and in his wrath he murdered the apprentice. It is an old story this, and may probably be as true of Roslin Chapel as of any other.

There is nothing very much to tell of Roslin Castle. An old legend tells how one William St. Clair, ancestor to the present Earl of Rosslyn, had boasted in presence of his king, that his two hounds, "Help" and "Hauld," could run down a stag which the king's dogs had hunted in vain, before it reached a certain point. A challenge was given, and St. Clair staked his life on the issue; a furious run was made, and, at the risk of his neck, the ancient gentleman had the satisfaction of seeing his dogs "do their duty." The king owned his defeat, and, in recognition of his liege's prowess, gave him the lands amid which the run was made. This is the chief element of romance which gathers around Roslin Castle. But far better than romance is the marvellous beauty of its position: standing there on its rugged rock over the glen of the Esk, it is a spot never to be forgotten. It is like a bit out of fairyland: the little stream, the thick foliage of the trees, the murmur of the deep glen, accompanied by the song of the birds and the happy voices of the many travellers who find their way to it each summer day; and the old fortress on its crag: a picture it is for every painter—a theme for any poet. We have been to many a fair spot in Scotland, and in England too; the glories of Glenlyon and Glenalmond we know; the fair scenes around Ambleside and Grasmere live as dear memories with us; aye, and many a fair spot in the valleys that run among the hills of Switzerland lives in joyous recollection; but give us this scene at Roslin Castle, with the sun to shed its light and throw its shadows in a summer's afternoon, and we are content.

And Hawthornden, gifted with so sweet a name, stretches its beauty into the

same glen to enhance its loveliness. Like Roslin, its castle stands upon a height commanding a view of the stream; but of this castle we care to know little save that it was the home of Drummond, the poet, and that here Ben Jonson came to visit him. We dream of the meeting of these two men, and the high thoughts which were born in them amid these lovely scenes; how proudly Drummond led his guest into his castle; how he showed him, as it were, the spring at which his poetic fancy had earliest drunk; and how the genial, laughing Ben—"rare Ben Jonson"—was touched and elevated, and went home to lay fairer garlands at the feet of his beloved poesy.

And all about here are spots of gentle beauty which we cannot stay to talk about—the woods of Dalhousie, the old Abbey of Newbattle, the Palace of Dalkeith, the home of "bold Buccleuch," and how many more we cannot tell. Let us hear Scott sing of them:—

"Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet !
By Eske's fair stream that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day ;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray ;

From that fair dome where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden ?

Yet never a path from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruined range.

A woful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire,
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire."

THE

SCENE AND STORY OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.



LET us take you now to a little nook in the bosom of the Pentlands; and, instead of descanting to you of the fair scenery, let us take you to "Habbie's Howe," the reputed scene of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." Let us suppose we are included in one of those delightful picnic parties which so often visit this classic spot. We have driven from Edinburgh out by Liberton, with its fine old church, through the little village of Loanhead, past the picturesque Lasswade, memorable to us as once the home of De Quincey, and notable now as a scene of busy industry. We have passed Hawthornden, and recalled anew the delightful day we have spent amid its beauties; we have passed the valley of Glencorse with its little smiling "burn," and now we have come to the head of the valley. Higher heights are about us than we have seen as yet in Scotland; and as we encamp in the valley, and gaze upon the awful silence of the everlasting hills, it will be a delight to us to feel that Allan Ramsay, who so often came out from his Edinburgh shop or his goose-pie house, is with us. We shall dream his dream over again, and look upon that picture of pastoral life which he has given us,—taking it, however, in the simple narrative form which is given in Wilson's "Tales of the Borders":—

"Patrick, or Patie, as he was familiarly called by his compeers, was an humble shepherd lad, born and bred in the Lothians in Scotland, and within a few miles of Edinburgh. Patie, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, was a remarkably handsome young man, and surpassed in all those rustic

accomplishments in which country swains usually delight to excel. He was, moreover, of a gay, light-hearted, and joyous disposition; and, morning, noon, and night, made the woods and echoes of the romantic spot where he lived, ring with his mirthful glee. Besides all this, he possessed, by nature, both a mind and manner superior to his station; yet in that station he was happy; and although it was sufficiently humble, he would not have exchanged it for an empire. He had no unreasonable ambition, and was tormented with no longings after things unattainable by one in his lowly condition in life.

The person (Symon Scott, a wealthy and excellent man) with whom Patie resided, and with whom he had lived ever since he was a child, was a tenant of Sir William Preston's, a gentleman of large landed property, who, to save his head—he having taken an active part with the royalists of the period—had fled his native country, and was now abroad, no one knew where.

Happy in his situation, and delighted with the natural beauties, which he could well appreciate, of the romantic district in which he lived, with its hills and its dales, its woods, and waterfalls, and limpid streams—Patie's felicity was yet more increased by a virtuous, well-placed, and fondly-requited attachment.

In his neighbourhood there lived a modest and beautiful girl of the name of Peggy Forsyth, of the same humble rank in life with himself. This girl was the reputed niece of Glaude Anderson, a respectable farmer, and a tenant also of Sir William's. But, though reputed the niece of this person, Peggy was, in truth, no relation to him whatever.

The girl was a foundling, and honest

Glaude, her guardian, was, in reality, as ignorant of the circumstances of her birth and of her parentage as was the child herself. He had found her, one summer morning, carefully wrapped up in swaddling clothes, at his own door; and being a kind-hearted man, he had adopted the little stranger; and to rivet, as it were, the affection he soon formed for her, he bestowed on her the title of propinquity alluded to; and neither the girl herself nor the world ever knew anything to the contrary. And on this girl Patie's love was fixed, to her his heart was given, and to him she yielded hers in return.

Thus stood matters with Patie and Peggy, when intelligence arrived that Sir William, who had now been absent for many years, might soon be expected home, as the king had been restored and the royal party was once more dominant.

These agreeable tidings created the most lively sensations of joy amongst Sir William's tenantry, by all of whom he was greatly beloved for his generosity of character and pleasing condescension of manners. But to none of those who acknowledged him as their lord did this news afford such happiness as to old Symon Scott and Glaude Anderson, who had always been especial favourites of the good Sir William. The moment these two worthy men heard the tidings of their landlord's expected return, they simultaneously bethought them of celebrating the event with a feast, each insisting that he should be the giver. Glaude, however, had been forestalled in this particular by Symon, who had already given orders for a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, to which he invited Glaude, and all the old and young folk in his immediate neighbourhood. The feast over, youngsters, male and female, amongst whom were Patie and Peggy, betook themselves to the green in front of the house, to conclude the festivities of the day by a dance.

While the young people were thus joyously engaged on the green, an old man of venerable appearance, but whose dress bespoke him a mendicant, suddenly presented himself amongst them, and began to amuse them by telling their fortunes; a branch of business which he appeared to have added to his regular calling—that of soliciting charity. The knowledge, however, which the old man discovered of many circumstances connected with those whose future destinies he affected to foretell, greatly surprised all who heard him, and made such an impression on Jenny, Glaude's daughter, that she rushed breathless into the house, where the old people were enjoying themselves, and informed them that a most extraordinary old man, the most amazing fortune teller that ever was seen or heard of, had come amongst them, and was now on the green in front of the house.

Symon—all kindness and hospitality, and resolved that no one should go past his door hungry that day—desired Jenny to bring the old man in, protesting, however, at the same time, that he had no faith whatever in the soothsayer's pretended gift of divination—a protest in which he was cordially joined by Glaude.

In a few seconds, Jenny returned, leading in the old man, who was cordially welcomed by Symon, and immediately offered entertainment and a night's lodging. In gratitude for his kindness, the old man inquired if his host had no children, whose future fortunes he desired to learn; saying, at the same time, that he would exert his utmost skill to perform his task faithfully, whether it should be for good or evil. To humour what he considered at best a joke, Symon pointed to Patie, who, with some of the other youngsters, had now entered the house; and said that he was the only child he had.

On this, the old mendicant took hold of Patie's hand, and to the great alarm of Symon's wife, told his auditors that

there was a particular mark on the young man's body, just below the armpit—an assertion which was so true, that Symon's wife, who was the only person besides Patie himself who knew of such a mark, immediately accused the old fortune teller of having dealings with the Evil One. Paying no attention to this remark, the prophet went on to say, that, if the young man was spared, he would, in a very short time, become a great and wealthy landlord.

All, except Symon, treated this announcement with mirthful expressions of distrust, and none with more marked disbelief and contempt than Patie himself, who said that two whistles and a couple of curs were all his property, and likely ever to be.

It has been said that Symon presented the only exception to the general incredulity on this occasion, although he was the first to express disbelief in the prophet's supernatural powers; but for this there was sufficient reason, as shall afterwards appear.

The change in Symon's sentiments regarding the old man's gifts, did not escape the notice of his friend, Glaude, who bantered him on his altered tone, and expressed the utmost astonishment that he should allow himself to be imposed upon by such absurdities. This open contempt of his fidelity instantly called down upon Glaude a rebuke from the soothsayer, who not only insisted on the soundness of his prediction, but added that they would see that all he had foretold regarding Patie would be fulfilled ere two short days should elapse. Seeing the earnestness of the fortune teller, Glaude good humouredly not only gave up the point, but asked him to predict the future fortunes of his own two daughters; a task, this, which the old man declined, alleging that he had the gift of prophecy only once a day.

Having now exhausted his store of prediction, the mysterious visitor was

invited to place himself at the board, and to partake of some refreshment. This hospitality, however, he begged his entertainers to delay for awhile, saying, he would rather go abroad for a little, and enjoy the calm air of the evening, and requested that his host, Symon, would accompany him; a request with which the latter readily complied.

On leaving Symon's house, the old man directed his steps towards the deserted and dilapidated mansion of Sir William Preston, which was in the immediate neighbourhood; and, as they approached it, asked his companion to whom it belonged. He was told; and was further informed that the joyful tidings had come amongst Sir William's tenantry that he would soon be with them again. But what was honest Symon's joy—what his amazement—to find, as he did at this moment, that the event he announced as approaching, and to which he looked forward with so much delight, had already taken place!

Hastily throwing off the disguise that concealed him, the old mendicant—the wandering fortune teller—in an instant stood before the almost incredulous eyes of his humble but faithful friend, Symon, Sir William Preston himself, and none other.

Astonished and delighted beyond measure at the extraordinary discovery, honest Symon flung himself on the ground, and, in a transport of joy, clasped Sir William's knees, and welcomed him to his home. The good knight kindly raised the old man; and, embracing him affectionately, asked for *his boy*.

Here our story requires a slight digression. When Sir William, who was a widower, fled his native land to avoid the vengeance of the popular party, he had, previous to his departure, secretly consigned his only son, then a child, to the guardianship of his faithful tenant, Symon, with instructions, however, that neither the boy himself, nor any one else,

should ever be informed of his real descent—a course which Sir William was induced to pursue at once to save his son unavailing regrets in after life, should he never be able to recover his rights for him, and to reconcile him to the humble duties of the lowly station to which it was more than probable he should be, during his lifetime, doomed. It need hardly now be told, that Patie, Symon's *protégée*, was no other than the son and heir of Sir William Preston, and that it was of him Sir William now inquired.

To all the inquiries which the latter now made of Symon regarding his son, he received the most pleasing and gratifying replies; and was delighted to learn, amongst other things, that his education had been carefully attended to.

Satisfied of this, and with other particulars regarding the conduct, character, and acquirements of his boy, Sir William next anxiously inquired if his son had formed no attachment unbefitting the station which he was now about to assume.

On this important point, Symon acknowledged that he feared the worst, as he had lately discovered, he said, that there existed a kindlier feeling between the young man and Glaude's niece, Peggy, than he approved of; but added that he hoped the change of condition which now awaited Patie, would induce him to break off the connection, and think no more of his lowly lover; and in this hope he was very eagerly joined by Sir William, who now desired Symon to bring his son to him, and to intimate openly, to all whom it concerned, that he was returned.

There being now no longer any reason for concealing Patie's real descent, the intelligence that the humble shepherd was no other than the son and heir of Sir William Preston—and, in consequence of his father's return, was now about to step into the elevated station to

which that important circumstance entitled him—rapidly spread around, and created a universal feeling of surprise, and no small joy, as Patie had been a general favourite. But there was one on whom this intelligence had a very contrary effect to that of inspiring joy. This was Peggy. In the discovery that her Patie was no longer the humble shepherd that had won her heart, the warm-hearted girl saw the utter annihilation of all her fondest and dearest hopes, and gave way to feelings of the deepest despair; for she dared not think otherwise than that she and her lover should now be sundered for ever. But, in coming to this conclusion, she had not made sufficient allowance for the strength of Patie's attachment, nor for the generous and noble nature of his character, which would not permit him to find, in a mere change of worldly circumstances, an apology for broken vows. But, in truth, it required no considerations of a moral kind to induce Patie to keep faith with his lover; his affection for her alone was all sufficient for this purpose, and determined him to remain faithful to her, whatever might be the consequences. Abiding in this resolution, and determined to act up to it, he fled to his beloved Peggy, whom he found in tears and in despair, to assure her that the change in his condition had not effected, and never would effect, any change in his sentiments towards her, and that, as the son and heir of Sir William Preston, he should remain as constant to his love as if he had continued to be the humble shepherd who had wooed and won her heart.

On the day following these events, several persons, and, amongst them, Peggy, having assembled at Symon's house, where Sir William was sojourning for the time, the latter, attracted by the singular beauty of Patie's lover, whom he did not know by sight, and forcibly struck by the strong resemblance which he fancied she bore to his own sister,

eagerly inquired who she was. Glaude, who was present, replied that she was his niece; but instantly after contradicted himself, by confusedly saying she was not his niece. The honest man was, in truth, perplexed at the moment with two opposing considerations, and farther ted astray by the force of habit. He had called Peggy his niece on this occasion, because he had long accustomed himself to give her that title, and, indeed, to view her in the light of such a relative; but he, at this moment, felt that Sir William had a right to expect the truth from him; and on this, indeed, the knight now somewhat peremptorily insisted, when Glaude acknowledged that Peggy was a foundling, and proceeded to describe the circumstances connected with the finding of the infant, which have been already told; but more than these, Glaude said he could not tell. The information, however, in which Glaude was deficient, was, to the astonishment and delight of all present, more especially to that of Sir William, whose curiosity was greatly excited, furnished on the spot, and from a very unexpected quarter.

No sooner had Glaude finished his account of the foundling, than an old woman of the name of Mause Templeton, who was present, seizing Peggy by the hand, led her up to Sir William, and asked the knight if age had effected such a change on her countenance that he did not recognise in her the nurse of his sister—the nurse of the *mother* of the girl she now held by her hand. After a moment's pause, Sir William acknowledged his perfect recollection of her; and seeking no further testimony than her assurance, added to his own convictions, from the likeness he had discerned, that the girl who stood before him was indeed his niece, he tenderly embraced her and made her take a seat beside him, until he should hear from Mause a detail of the circumstances that had entailed such a singular fate on his niece.

Mause proceeded to say that, when Peggy was an infant, she was informed, by a person on whom she had every reliance, that the child's life, her parents being dead, was threatened by an uncle's wife, in order to come at the large property to which she was heir, and between which and this avaricious and unnatural relative the infant was the only obstacle. That, having a perfect assurance of this atrocious design, she stole away the child from its faithless guardians, Peggy's uncle and his wife, and having carried it, by easy stages of a few miles each day, at length arrived with her tender charge in that part of the country where they now were. Being afraid of a discovery if she retained the child, she then determined on the step which put the infant into Glaude's possession. But, though soon satisfied that the child was in safe and good keeping, she resolved still to watch over it, and with this view took a small cottage in the neighbourhood, where she had lived ever since, and where, unknown to Peggy herself, or to any one else, she had watched over her with all the anxiety of a mother.

When Mause concluded her story, Patie, now Mr. Patrick Preston—who had been present during the whole of this singular and interesting scene—flew towards Peggy, and at once perceiving that the discovery which had just been made of her real parentage must remove every objection which his father could possibly entertain to their union, he embraced her, when they both knelt before Sir William and besought his blessing, which the delighted father and uncle readily gave; intimating, at the same time, his determination to lose no time in stripping Peggy's unnatural relations of their ill-got gains, and restoring them to their rightful owner. And now, if ever unalloyed felicity was the lot of man, it was at this moment that of Patie the Gentle Shepherd, whose union with Peggy, we need hardly add, immediately followed."

A TYPICAL SCOTCH TOWN.



HADDINGTON is in some respects a typical Scotch town. Its situation is retired, and off the line of communica-

tion. There are no manufactures; the surrounding country is purely agricultural. The population is almost stationary, and so is the town. No doubt here, as elsewhere, the old order changeth, giving place to the new, but it does so very slowly and almost imperceptibly. Drummond applied the term tortoise-like to the river on which Haddington is built, and the name might be applied to town and inhabitants, for both they and their ways are decidedly tortoise-like.

In an age of hurry and bustle like our own, it is well that there should be such places. We do not know that Mr. Ruskin ever was there, but if he has not been, he ought to go; and if he once went he would, or ought to be, charmed. It is in many things the very ideal he has laboriously elaborated through the hundreds of pages of *For's Clavigera*—a place where the people directly or indirectly live by agriculture, and where new ways, if admitted at all, are admitted under protest. It is unfortunately true that the railway has penetrated to Haddington, but then it is only a branch line, and it is subdued and harmonised, so to speak, to keep it in "tone" with the general aspect of things. It also is tortoise-like. Out of Spain it is not probable that any trains move

so slowly as they do on this line. But let us proceed to particulars. The county of Haddington consists of the Tyne Valley. The ground rises from the river to the Lammermuir hills on the south, and to the lesser chain of the Garleton hills on the north. Beyond these the land slopes gently to the sea. Round the coast line there are a great many places of interest—Prestonpans, where the battle that made the 45th formidable was fought; Dirleton, "the pleasantest dwelling in the kingdom"; North Berwick, The Bass, Tantallon—of which two last it may be safely said that they have more historical memories about them than all the rest of the county put together—and Dunbar, with its story of a famous battle. In the Tyne Valley the interest is not nearly so strong. There are, indeed, places of note, but this is because Scotland is a country where every place has its history. But the localities are not specially famous. This in one way is an advantage. The Tyne Valley is almost neglected by the tourist tribe. It is not very convenient to get at, and when you are once there, there is nothing very special to do. The new railway route has followed the chief lines of historical interest, and the human stream runs strong and deep round the valley, but not through it.

Haddington is a very old town, and yet not so old as many places in the neighbourhood. This we infer from the etymology of the name. It evidently means the town of Hada, and Hada, we presume, was some ancient Saxon chief who established himself here, with a band of followers. They looked upon the land and saw it was good, and so possessed it. The name is Saxon, and there is no evidence that the town was

occupied earlier than in Saxon times. Many of the names of places near are Celtic, and this of necessity implies an earlier origin. Still, as we say, the town is very old. It has a charter from Robert the Bruce, and its municipal constitution was in full order in times long before America was heard of, when Constantinople was still a Christian city, and the empire of the East flourished, and the afterwards formidable Turk had not yet established himself in Europe. We have heard an etymology of the name, more fanciful and ingenious than credible, which makes it out to mean the "hidden town." This is not incorrect as a description. As you approach it from the west it is hidden by trees, from which the tall spire of the town-house is seen emerging. But this is only on one side, for from the hilly slopes which lie north and south it is visible from some distance. The best view is that from these slopes, probably from the somewhat steep descent of the Garleton hills, little more than a mile away. It is (let us suppose) a summer evening. The sun is setting, and throwing a red light on the houses that lie at your feet. There is some smoke, not very much, hanging over the town, but even smoke is beautiful in the evening light, and the cloud is like a glory such as one sees over the heads of the saints in the old pictures. The river steals quietly along between grey walls, and then in a little between green fields. The square tower of the Abbey rises in solemn grandeur over the meaner erections. There are trees mixed with the houses. The view behind is shut in by the Lammermuir hills. What more of its kind do you want? There is nothing grand in all this. No great erections, no snow-covered mountains, no very strong colour even, as you have it in the English landscape. But there is a great deal of what is quiet and soothing and restful. Little for the hasty tourist to enjoy, for he cannot count on all the conditions requisite for

the full perfection of the scene being fulfilled exactly when it suits him to come there; but still scenery that will become more beautiful every time it is seen, because each time new beauties are revealed, and the old ones shine with greater lustre.

There is, we confess, something delusive in such scenes. They promise peace. To live here is to live "far from the madding crowd's signoble strife." A life here is free from the cares and anxieties of existence in the great centres of the world's activity. This is, as one acknowledges after a moment's thought, a delusion and a snare. Small towns everywhere, and in Scotland most of all, are scenes of angry and petty strife. Did we enter this apparent abode of peace, we should probably find that there is the usual bitter disputes about petty local affairs, the usual magnification of trifling theological differences, as if they were the most important things under or over the sun, and the usual profound conviction that those who differ from you in opinion are actuated by the very worst motives, and want little to be downright rascals. Then the society of small towns might furnish many materials for sketches half pitiful, half comical. The minute divisions, and subdivisions between professional men of one rank and professional men of another; between large grocers and small grocers; between wine merchants and whisky merchants, and so on *ad infinitum*, would require a book of etiquette to describe fully. We shall not attempt it. Let us confess that all this is part of the nature of things, and that from some elevated standpoint it would not be more absurd than the distinctions between those in and those out of the charmed circle of society in a great capital. Little towns have their advantages in some ways. One is, that they develop individual characteristics much more fully than large cities. In these last, the constant flow of the human

current rubs off all the corners of a man's nature. One Cockney is as like another as if they were both turned out by the same machine. So rocks that are constantly exposed to the action of a steady flow of water are in time worn perfectly smooth. But here men's peculiarities are developed without check. Whimsicalities and eccentricities are almost encouraged to exhibit themselves, and the result is what is called in the North "a character," whose modes of life and thought and speech are peculiar, sometimes absurd and silly, not unfrequently humorous and interesting. It is only when we peer into the inner life of such places that their quarrels and passions become evident. To the passing traveller the external peaceful aspect of the town seems to reproduce itself in the internal appearance. The main streets are deserted at noon in summer. One or two people may indeed be seen sauntering with the usual tortoise motion up and down, without much definite aim or purpose, as far as appears to the onlooker. This the traveller calls dull, restful, or refreshing, as it suits his particular point of view. At night the town is early to bed. At hours when the pulse of life is beating with full throb in great towns, here the streets are deserted, and even the lights in the houses out.

Haddington gives one the impression of a place that has always been peaceful, but this is not so, as a glance at its history will show. Not many towns in Scotland have suffered more. It is said to have been made a royal burgh by David I., and must have been a place of considerable importance, for there used to be an appeal to the Chamberlain at Haddington from the decisions of some of the burgh courts. In 1548 it was fortified by Lord Grey of Wilton, the English commander, but was besieged in the following year by the Scotch and their French auxiliaries, who finally forced the garrison to aban-

don the place. It was several times burned, sometimes by the English and again by accident. On one of these occasions a servant maid is said to have been the cause of the disaster, through some carelessness when she was attending to a child. The town council met after the calamity, and sagely came upon this resolution, which is about as fine an example of locking the door after the steed was stolen, as is to be found on record. They determined that the bellman should henceforward perambulate the streets every evening, and after ringing the bell should recite a rhyme, to the effect that all "nourices who had bairns to keep" should "keep coal and canel for charite," and be very careful of how they scattered fire about under the penalty of

Loosing o' their guid renown
And banishing frae this burrows town.

This custom is no longer kept up. When one reads of these things, and reflects for a little on them, one begins to think how people must have suffered in those days. Had they any enjoyment in life at all, when any day might bring them to a violent and untimely end? If you dig under the ground now in any direction round about the town, you come upon human remains; the very verdure of the fields about is that which got its first strength from the dead.

Haddington compares favourably with other towns of the same size. Its streets are comparatively wide, and its houses, built of solid stone, if neither imposing nor pretentious, are substantial and comfortable. What few public buildings are to be found in such a place, are erected on suitable sites, and are in thorough keeping with the other aspects of the place. The great building about Haddington is the Abbey Church. It dates from the thirteenth century. It is the *Lucerna Laudoniae*, the lamp of glory of Lothian, and whether, as some have doubted, the original *Lucerna Laudoniæ* or not,

it now worthily fulfils that office. One part of it is a ruin, the other is still used as a parish church. The whole is now preserved with a care that makes some amends for centuries of neglect. Not only was the church neglected; it was disfigured. Two doors were knocked in the walls, where certainly no doors should have been. Such restoration as the edifice now admits of, will not be complete till these are filled up, and the wall restored, as far as possible, to its original condition, and till the somewhat unsightly pews and gallery in the interior are removed and replaced by fittings more in accordance with the nature of the building. The church lies quite close to the river, which sometimes rises, and, on several occasions, has not only flooded it, but the whole of the town. The story runs that one of these inundations took place on Christmas Eve, 1358. "The river, swollen by excessive rains, rose above the bank, and swept away many villages, houses, and bridges, and many persons lost their lives whilst endeavouring to save their property—not only cattle, but tall oaks and other large trees were torn up by the roots, and carried off to sea. Sheaves of corn were borne away from the adjacent fields." When the water rose about the Abbey, and threatened finally to tear away the solid structure from its foundations, and hurl it along, a nun, one of the inmates, lost patience, and seizing an image of the Virgin, threatened that if first should feel the effects of the flood, unless the water ceased to rise. Immediately the storm began to abate, and in an incredibly small space of time the Tyne returned to its ordinary channel. In a small erection to the north of the church is the Lauderdale vault. Here lie the remains of John, Duke of Lauderdale—the bloody Lauderdale of the "killing time." The body is enclosed in a heavy leaden coffin, and it is said that each time the vault is opened—which is for the most part when one of the family dies—the

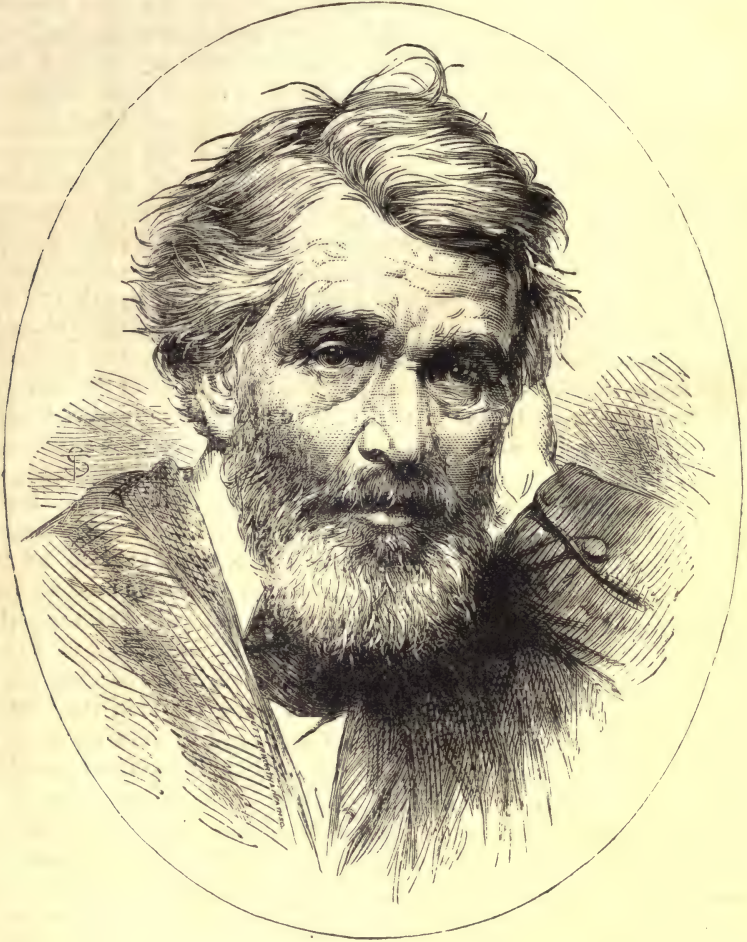
coffin is found turned rudely over, as if it had received some violent shock. There are several theories to account for this. Some aver that the vault is regularly flooded several times every winter; others say that the evil one is the cause, though why that last-named individual should not make a clean sweep of the business by removing the "bloody duke" at once and for ever, does not seem quite clear. A more romantic, though dimmer legend is, that on the night when one of the Lauderdale family dies, a coach of fire is seen rapidly moving through the air from the family seat to the old church. The grave of Thomas Carlyle's wife is in the ruined part of the Abbey. If one might choose one's burial place, it surely would be here. The Tyne is within a stone's-throw, and you distinctly hear its murmur and the rustling of the leaves on the willow-trees that line its banks. Around are crumbling walls and broken pillars, beautiful even in decay, for Time, though it has taken their strength, has left their loveliness. The voices of children at play and the song of birds float in, audible but softened. All around are old gravestones, whose inscriptions are well-nigh illegible; the very dust is human mould. It is hot outside, but here it is calm and cool, for the broken walls throw a perpetual shadow on the narrow space. To sit here is to rest—to lie here must be; so it seems to human fancy—to rest for ever.

As long as Carlyle lived, and was able to move, he came down here every year to pay a visit to his wife's grave. The bent figure, the sad, powerful face, the very stride became objects that were well enough known to the townsfolk, and, with considerable complacency, they cherished the belief that at some (it was, they hoped, distant) time the two would be laid here. The spot might well have formed a last haven for one whose life had been full of so much sorrow, and toil, and struggle. Here, at least, there would be an outward peace that fitly symbolised the

eternal rest. Here, at least, the old *sæva indignatio* would no longer lacerate that proud heart.

Mrs. Carlyle was a native of Haddington, and Carlyle visited her there long before he had become famous. There

former citizens of the place. Such sentences, though not framed with any ill-intent, are to be regretted. Why drag forward obscure and unoffending nobodies, and describe their commonplace characters in bitter and angry words?



THOMAS CARLYLE.

are one or two lines of description—wonderfully graphic lines they are—of the place in the famous “Reminiscences.” There are one or two drops from the acid pen upon the memory of some of the

The mention of the Carlyles leads us to talk of celebrities, but this part of our chapter would be like the famous snake chapter in the book on Iceland, for, except by a somewhat violent figure of

speech, there are no living people connected with Haddington who can be called celebrities. We have to go back for this; but our pains would be well-nigh in vain, were it not for one famous case. We need hardly tell our readers that the great name about Haddington is that of John Knox. Unfortunately, even this solitary distinction is one which the town is not allowed to have uncontested. John Knox, it is said, was born in the Gifford-gate, and this all who belong to Haddington are ready to swear was the Gifford-gate of Haddington, or the gate on the road from Haddington that leads to Gifford. But then it is equally a point of honour for the inhabitants of Gifford, a small village about four miles from Haddington, to swear that Gifford-gate was the gate of Gifford. The people of Haddington show the site of the house where Knox was born in the exact spot of the Gifford-gate; but then the inhabitants of Gifford have their spot equally ready in the gate of Gifford. Nor are the historians unanimous, for whilst Dr. M'Crie has declared in favour of Gifford, Mr. David Laing, having gone carefully over the evidence, pronounces in favour of Haddington, on grounds which it would seem hopeless to dispute. The spot where the house is said to have stood is just opposite the church on the other side of the river. The stately fabric of the abbey must have been the most familiar of objects to his eyes when a boy. Perhaps the fascination of its appearance had something to do with turning his thoughts to ecclesiastical affairs, and help him to form the resolution to become a priest—a resolution which had afterwards consequences so momentous for Scotland. There is another disputed birthplace near Haddington of a poet not quite forgotten, for

Still his name is of account,
And still his verse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-Arms.

We have said that the ridge of the Garleton hills lies to the north of Haddington. The road goes straight up from the town over the brow of the hill, then as straight down the other side. The elevation is there somewhat steep, but the ground soon falls into a plain, and then gently declines towards the sea. It is at the spot where the plain begins that Garleton Castle stands on a slight eminence. It is a ruin among ruins, for, never of great extent, a mere part of a shell is all that now remains to it. Round it is a farm "toun," and the inhabitants have utilised it for all sorts of purposes—a few pig-sties among other things being fitted up in the ruinous old keep. The muse has as little, as of old, been able to do anything for her "enchanting son," since this is the birthplace of Sir David Lindsay, as the weight of evidence leads us to believe.

We have already said that Haddington is the centre of a great agricultural district. From the beginning of the present century, till within the past few years, East Lothian agriculture has, on the whole, been held to be the best in Scotland. This was not so much due to the natural fertility of the soil, as to the enlightened enterprise of its cultivators. All the chief improvements which modern times have made in the science and art of agriculture, were adopted here without delay. In summer time, in a favourable year, the county has the aspect of a well cultivated garden. This is in keeping with the quiet and peaceful character of the natural scenery. We have already remarked on the comparatively modern character of the admiration for mountain scenery; but there is nothing new in the admiration for scenery such as this.

In the Psalms the ideas of joy are expressed by vales glad with corn, and hills clothed with pastures, and of this kind of pastoral scenery, East Lothian is the very perfection.



NORTH BERWICK LAW.

· ROUND AND OVER TRAPRAIN LAW,

WITH SOME OF ITS ASSOCIATIONS, SACRED AND OTHERWISE.



WO isolated hills break the plain which forms the east part of the county of Haddington. These are the Laws of North Berwick and Traprain. The latter forms rather a striking feature in the picture.

It has no connection with any other eminence, but rises from the flat ground near the side of the river with unexpected abruptness. It is a mass of hard rock, covered with the scantiest of vegetation. In the lower part of it you startle a pheasant or two, and when you go up a little, you find yourself in the region of crows and rabbits. Great flocks of those

rest on the hill, and rise slowly and unwillingly, uttering sad, remonstrative caws as you approach. A stick pointed at them, which they rashly assume to be a gun, hastens their movements, and intensifies their shrieks, but they soon scatter in all directions over the fields. The rabbits, either because they are more timid by nature, or because they know that they only share the earth with man, and have not the dominion of the air, like the birds, or perhaps because they believe themselves to be much more valuable than crows, show themselves much more active. You raise them at every step, and away they go, scampering off in every direction. The ground is quite

full of their holes, and the whole surface of parts of the hill is undermined. It is better, then, to ascend cautiously, for you cannot see the holes, so thick is the growth of nettles. If you put your foot in one, down you go—not of necessity breaking either your neck or your leg, but still to come down headforemost among nettles is not the most agreeable sensation in the world—especially as there are little pieces of bare rock scattered in all directions—so what part of you is not broken is bruised. We never saw such a place for stones as this hill. It looks solid enough, but it must be speedily crumbling away. “Every little makes a mickle,” and every stone rolled from the top of Traprain Law lowers its height; but as there is no use being troubled about what may happen in so many thousand years, let us say no more. If the reader has not been here, he will be surprised to learn that he is at the top, or very near it. The ascent does not take more than a quarter of an hour or so—why should it?—the hill is only 700 feet high. Still, there is some advantage in climbing little hills. The exertion is not so great as to over-fatigue you, and so put you out of humour. The view is probably as good as is to be obtained from more lofty summits. Here, if the day be clear, you may see nearly the whole of the Lothians, and part of Fife. It is best in harvest time, when the fields are all loaded with grain—half of it cut, and half not—and the whole scene is one of cheerful activity. You have the finest background to your picture—the sea and the hills. At various distances are little towns and villages nestling in the trees; further off is the bold outline of Arthur’s Seat, and the cloud of smoke under which lie the houses of Edinburgh. The Tyne runs by your feet, and you can follow its course from where it enters the field of vision far away on the west, to where it runs into the sea, for it flashes silver in the sunlight and twists like a

gleaming coil through the fields. The edge of the coast is marked with a line of white, for it is a breezy day, and the same wind that causes that white line blows on you with a stronger, freer, more impertinent and familiar way than it did in the plain half-an-hour ago. It has fanned your face all the way up but now it blows wild and free, and moves the nettles and the grass about, here and there, making them rustle incessantly. It does not roar, though, for it has nothing very heavy to toss about. There are no trees on Traprain Law. Does the wind blow in that free and independent way in conquered countries, you wonder, or could slaves feel it so blowing and still be slaves, or is it reserved for “the hills where the slave never trod?” The river, we have said, flows past you. It washes the base of the hill. If you look down you see it at your feet, and there is the old castle of Hailes beside it. Hailes is built on a piece of land which projects out a little way into the Tyne. A part of it is sheer with the water, which is here somewhat deeper than ordinary. Like nearly all the old castles of Scotland, it is a mere shell. The loss of the perception of the beautiful, and the want of reverence for antiquity, were apparently the price at which it was found necessary to purchase the Reformation, and for many a long day not merely churches were closed, but old towers were altered to suit the most temporary purposes. If a barn was required the old castle furnished an excellent storehouse of stones. But there is one compensation. It is at a certain stage of this process of ruin that you get the most beautiful effect. Inside the great hall of Hailes Castle there is seen a great green mound. The narrow openings pierced in the side of the wall show you only the water and a very limited extent of field. Covering there is none, for the whole place lies open to the sky. And in one part some fresh and vigorous trees grow in between and among the

grey stones. There are still some remnants from which we can trace part of the life of the people that once dwelt within these walls. Behind is the garden of the castle. The ground is very luxuriant, and is quite covered with fruit bushes. It is but moderately well kept, which is a blessing. A trim garden in such a place would be an anachronism. There is the rivulet that supplied the castle with water, and perhaps some dim traces of a well. On the east side is the courtyard, an open space on a bank by the side of the river. It is pleasant to lie here in what was the great hall, on a summer afternoon, when the sounds of distant labour mingle with the gentle voice of the river that laps the foot of the bank on which you rest. You are protected from the wind, and you can indulge in the longest day-dream without much chance of disturbance. Hailes is a long way from the regular road, and not quite close to any road at all. The excursionist knows it not, and the few rustics of the locality have something else to do than pay visits to the old ruin, unless they come with sacrilegious hand to pilfer the sacred remains. You are deeply hidden in the hollow of the valley, and you might pitch your tent there for a fair number of days without much chance of discovery.

Quiet as Hailes Castle now seems, it holds a most unquiet memory. It was once in the possession of the Earl of Bothwell, and it is here he took Mary for some short time after that mad abduction which led by an almost necessary chain of events to the humiliation of Loch Leven and the final agony of Fotheringay. One wonders if the quiet of the place soothed her then as it soothes us now. Did she wander in some of those shady paths by the side of the river? Did she climb the hill overhead to look for the place where she knew Holyroodlay? Or was she occupied with other things? Had she already begun, as we know she soon did, to re-

pent her rash haste, and did she soon perceive, in the intimate and unguarded intercourse of daily life, with what sort of fellow she had mated herself? There would be no end—there is little profit in these reflections. Let us betake ourselves back to the Law, from which we have somehow or other got down. To go up again we must not go straight ahead, but a little round, for the sides nearer us almost deserve the name of precipices; but there is a tale connected with these precipices, and that tale, which it is the main purpose of this article to tell, is now at last reached. We have still another word to premise, for it must be known that Traprain Law has an older, and indeed a very much finer sounding name—Dumpender, to wit, and our story belongs to Celtic Scotland, and to the days when Traprain was not, and Dumpender ruled in his stead. In pagan times there lived in these parts a king called Leudonus. He was great and mighty, and from him the county is called Lothian even to this day. Leudonus was not by himself a bad sort of a man, but he had married twice (if we can apply that name to the free and easy pagan process), and his second wife was by no means a saint. She was especially given to persecuting Thaney, who was her stepdaughter. Now Thaney had in secret been converted to Christianity, but after a little time she avowed this, and moreover announced her intention of not marrying any one, but taking the veil and spending the rest of her days as a nun. At this time one "Ewen, the son of Ewegende, sprung from the most noble stock of the Britons," was pressing for her hand, and her father was much in his favour, so that he received the news of his daughter's determination with demonstrations of the utmost ill-will. But it was all in vain; nothing could alter the resolution of the daughter. Now there was a swineherd who lived at the bottom of Dumpender Law, and he, as the meanest man in the kingdom, was

summoned to court; and so was Ewen, and the king brought his daughter to the great hall of his palace, and pointing to them, said that if she did not marry Ewen she must go home with the swineherd and be his companion in his wretched hut, and help him in his servile occupation. But still Thaney would not yield, so the swineherd was directed to take her away with him, and he did so. But she soon found out that the swineherd was in secret a Christian, and so he treated her kindly and respectfully. And things went on very well for a little. Ewen was not satisfied with these proceedings, for he loved Thaney with a passionate love, so he set a snare for her, which at last succeeded. News was brought to the king at length that his daughter had been wronged, and he, though he had turned her out of doors, was still jealous for the honour of the royal house, so he ordered that the law of the country should be carried out in her case, even though she was a king's daughter. Now the law was that she should be stoned to death; but none of the officers of the court would cast stones at her because she was of the royal blood, nor would the common people either. But they seized upon the man who had betrayed her and beheaded him. Still the rage of the king was not appeased, so he told the servants to seize her and throw her down from the top of Dumpender Law, over the precipitous side of the hill. And the servants did as they were commanded. She made the sign of the cross as they hurled her from so dreadful a height, and when they went round to the foot of Dumpender to take up and bury her remains, they found, to their great astonishment, that she was quite unhurt. So they took her up and again brought her to the king, and still he did not relent. But he could not venture to try and kill her again, so he commanded that she should be put in a little boat of hides, made after the fashion of the Scots, without any oar, "For," said the

king, "if she be worthy of life, her God will free her from the peril of death, if so He will." So they carried her down to *Aberbessie*, or *Aberlady*, as it is now called, and there they put her on board such a boat, and "the little vessel in which the unhappy girl was detained, ploughed the watery breakers and eddies of the waves towards the opposite shore more quickly than if propelled by a wind that filled the sail, or by the effort of many oarsmen." And when she came to the other shore, she landed, and there on the cold shore a son was born to her. Now the sainted Servanus was at this time preaching the gospel to the natives of those parts, and he was warned by a vision of what was to happen, and that one who should be a patron to Britain, and luminary of the Church, was that day to be brought to him. So when the mother and child were brought to Servanus, he at once recognised the fulfilment of his vision, and the child was baptised as *Kyentyern*. Such is the romantic story of the birth of St. Kentigern.

But the shadow of the great mass on which we stand is moving across the fields longer and longer, and the reapers are going homewards, and we must follow their example. There are two ways by which we can return to the county town: one is higher, more breezy, and more cheerful; the other is down in the hollow near the river, it is through rich fields of grass, and past frequent clumps of trees. They both join within a mile of the town, and this part of our walk is rather a curious one. The one side of the road is bounded by a somewhat high wall, and behind it is a wood of considerable extent. The trees are high, and their branches protrude over the wall. The other side is open, but for the greater part of the way a rise in the ground completely obstructs the view, which is thus confined both to right and left of you, within the space of a few feet. Rising in front on the other side of the

river, and towards the town, is the square mass of the old church tower, with the churchyard thickly dotted with grave-stones. If we turn round, we see the hill we have left more than an hour ago quite close to us, as if it had travelled a bit of the way after us. It shuts in the road completely behind us. The whole has a somewhat *eerie* aspect, though it is only at one or two points on the way, and "twixt the gloaming and the mirk," that the full effect can be felt. At any rate, there is a certain sadness about the road. To walk along it has a depressing effect. This is easily accounted for by its confined appearance, which gives one the idea of being shut up. It is a by-path not very much used, and one rarely meets any one there. It lies deep in the shade, and this may have something to do with an effect which may appear a somewhat fanciful one. There is a sad story connected with the place to which the trees belong, and which the road runs round in a sort of semicircle, the

diameter of which is formed by the river. It belonged, at one time, to a family of the name of Stanfield. The son, whose name was Philip Stanfield, murdered his father in a brutal manner, and from the basest of motives. Suspicion fell upon him; he was arrested and tried on the charge. He was submitted to the ordeal of touch. The body of the murdered man was laid out in the Abbey Church at Haddington, and the son was obliged to approach and touch the corpse. He entered the sacred building pale as the dead man himself, and hardly able to stand. He tottered up to the bier, and laid his trembling hand on the senseless clay. But, says the story, it was not senseless; the wounds opened and bled afresh at the touch of the parricide.

There was no lack of other and more satisfactory, if more commonplace, evidence. Young Stanfield was found guilty of the murder and executed. But enough, for the present, of dismal ways and dismal stories.

THE RIVER TYNE.



"TYNE tortoise-like that flows," says Drummond of this northern river. Nothing could be more accurate, for the stream, not having very far to go (its length being only about thirty miles), no doubt thinks it is well to take the matter leisurely. We will not go so far as to say that it is as torpid as the river mentioned in *Cæsar*, which he describes as "moving with such incredible slowness that the eye cannot perceive in which way it flows." There is something in its slow, peaceful motion that admirably

suits with the character of the country through which it runs, or rather creeps. It is a quiet, pastoral district, cultivated, one might almost say, to excess, but with comparatively few inhabitants. The river is of a modest and retiring disposition, and shuns the haunts of men (this is rather putting the cart before the horse). Haddington is the only town on its banks, and there are hardly any villages. You may go miles along its banks and not meet a single person. You may see a gentleman's house on an eminence, or a cottage nearer the edge, but they might as well be deserted, for there is no sign of human life about them.

All rivers, we suppose, flow with a definite sound, and a nice ear could note an individual tone in each. Mr. Ruskin has remarked on the charming and distinct "note" of the Scottish rivers, and certainly the Tyne has an individual sound of its own. Alder and willow trees and low bushes cover a great portion of the banks, and these bend their branches over into the stream, and the water moves the lower twigs constantly to and fro with a gentle rustle; it laps the soft banks, too, in many a little swirl and eddy, and moves over many a gravelly bed. If you sit at some little distance from the edge, all these sounds come mixed into one murmur, with a very distinct individuality. Gentle and pleading and pathetic is the utterance—a song in fit keeping with the scenes the course of the river continually discovers. For the most part it bends a good deal, and this forms a continual succession of distinct pictures. None of these are sublime or grand or terrible; they are not even very strongly marked with colour, but there is a certain dreamy and tender loveliness, a beauty which has much of the *spirituelle* in it, and which grows imperceptibly upon one. What human hands have done has been, on the whole, to add grace to the prospect. Time has co-operated with them. Sometimes the river flows past an old castle like that of Hailes, "majestic though in ruin." Again, there are some fine old country houses standing a little way from the side. Now it is an old bridge spanning the stream, and again a peasant's cot nestling on the banks. One or two of these bridges are charming. They are of unknown antiquity, narrow and steep, yet with a graceful sweep of the arch. The piers they are built on have sunk low into the soft ground. Here and there a stone is displaced. The water always collects here a little deeper than ordinary, and it lies dark and cool in the hollow. Such a bridge is the Abbey Bridge, a

little way below Haddington. Of the abbey itself not a vestige remains, although it was once an establishment of some pretensions. A small untilled piece of ground yet preserves the memory of the graveyard; but the plough has sadly encroached upon it. There is a mill there now, and a hamlet of somewhat ruinous houses. The bridge itself finishes one of those little stretches or bits of the river of which we have spoken. One edge of the stream is here lined by a wood of tall Scotch firs, that rise close up from the water's edge; the other is a green haugh lined with trees; behind it are fields, and behind these the Garleton Hills. A cascade makes a little turmoil some way up the river, but the water near the bridge recovers itself, and flows placidly on to the bridge, as if unconscious that some of it is to be immediately swept through a mill-race, and the other part turned rudely in white foam over a dam. It again collects its scattered forces, and, quiet and composed as before, murmurs gently over the pebbles that now line its path. Here the water does not seem quite sufficient to fill its channel, for there are little islands and peninsulas covered with trees and bushes, and long rank grass right in the middle of the water. The grass on the bank is also long and rank, and many a time you lose the pathway—here a very faint track—amidst the tangled undergrowth. The few wayfarers are not enough to make the way well beaten. At some points you may see people working in the fields; but this does not necessarily bring them down here. The rustics likewise bear their part in the scene; their speech is slow and deliberate; they drawl out the words, and rest on the vowels so long, that they seem to have stuck. In walk they are heavy-gaited, tortoise-like we might say, but we do not wish "to crack the wind of the poor phrase." Well, rustics are so all the world over. Their virtue is not speed, nor is deft agility their strong point.

In them we may rather expect steady, if slow perseverance, "stay," and power of endurance. The East Lothian peasant compares very favourably with the Dorset labourer. He is honest and careful; pious according to his light, with an appetite for knowledge, and a wish to impart a good education to his children. The old Scottish peasant is becoming a rare character. Natural causes have here quietly brought about the same result that violent evictions have in the Highlands, and everywhere the purely rustic parishes of Scotland are quickly becoming depopulated. There is less need for the people, for machines now do much of the work, and the folk themselves find it not for their interest to remain. They are but labourers here, they may be not only farmers, but proprietors, beyond the Atlantic. So-and-so, and So-and-so have gone, and are doing well, and so may they. And thus, year after year, they leave their fatherland, with some regret, no doubt. "Sweet the fields the lost ones ploughed;" sweet to dwell where our fathers have dwelt, and to look on the same scene with failing as with opening eyes. Sweeter, though, to be independent and well off. The prose of life is much more powerful than its poetry; and thus the gentle murmur of Tyne is exchanged for the roar of mightier streams. The city life has its attractions for the countryman more and more. It means wealth and ease, and fine raiment and sumptuous fare. It is only when rest seems the one thing to be cared for, and the pulse of life beats slow, that such quiet scenery has a permanent charm for us. But when existence is full of fire and passion within, one feels that there ought to be dash and excitement without. The roar of the crowded street is more attractive than the sound of the waterfall: the quiet becomes dullness, and the slow, unvarying existence insupportable.

But we are wandering a little from our theme. The country houses on the banks

of Tyne and its tributaries might deserve and repay some notice, for Salton makes us think of the Fletchers, Lethington of the Maitlands, Coalstoun of the Brouns, and their enchanted pear; but we pass on. Nor, as we have said so much about Hailes Castle, shall we go into this part of the subject. Yet Hailes is not the greatest of the old castles of the Tyne, for before the river enters East Lothian, "Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank," as Scott tells us in "Marmion," and he goes on to describe the situation:—

That castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne;
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy dark and deep
You hear her streams repine.

"Her streams repine,"—you see Scott caught the "note" of the river god, or perhaps river nymph, very well.

The Tyne flows through the middle of Haddington, and gets, we are afraid, sadly dirtied in the "by-ga-ing." The river-side is not clean. It is very much the contrary. It is a pity, for, in some ways, there is not a more picturesque bit on the river. Part of the old town wall still remains. It is grey and worn, and yet standing firm and strong. The houses, too, the backs of which are towards the river, are old ones. There are willow trees on the other side, and a road by them. Bothwell Castle—which is hardly a castle, but only an old town residence of a noble family—breaks the line of the wall. Up the river a little way is the Nungate Bridge, one of those ancient erections like the Abbey Bridge, already referred to. Above this, again, we come to the church and the haughs. The river is clearer here, and the walk by the waterside delightful. Here is a fine picture by a canoe voyager of the scene on a summer evening:—

"Round the haughs slowly we paddled,
taking all the pleasure we could out of
the delightful river bends and trees.

The white clothes' posts on the haughs cut the evening air; the old abbey church stood high in the graveyard above the gurgles and swirls of the mill-dam and the ripple of the river; the swans were nested in a bit of garden ground near the water, and the houses behind were hemmed in with bushes and flowers. And alongside the Nungate, with its old deep coloured tiled houses taking on the last colour of the falling night, with their outside wooden stairs and whitewashed fronts and dyke along the riverside, built against spring floods, we glided, sorry at heart that the journey was here to terminate with the day and place. Quietly we slipped along, and the few labouring folk lounging at the bridge-end looked somewhat wearily and vaguely upon our unexplained arrival and our strange way of travelling. At the last weir we stepped ashore."

Like most gentle people, Tyne does become very violent when roused. It gets in a rage once in several years, and expresses its rage by a flood. Then its streams run swollen and red. The whole channel, which is usually only half occupied, is filled with a mass of turbid water, which hurries onward with angry swirl. It rises far on the banks, and, in passing the town, floods the low-lying suburb of Nungate. From the fields it overflows it carries away all sorts of spoil. Great masses of rich red soil must be "held" in a somewhat imperfect state of solution, for it is this that gives the water its peculiar red appearance at such a time. From the woods it bears away all sorts of ferns and trees, great roots, logs, and branches; sometimes it lays hold of an unfortunate sheep, and hurls it along too. Its plaintive voice is then exchanged for a deep, sullen, angry roar, which rises into passion as it pours over a dam, or dashes against bridges and walls. It is only on these rare occasions that it can be said to give us an imposing sight.

Standing on the Nungate Bridge at night, when we survey the scene "by the struggling moonbeams' misty light," there *is* something grand in the rapid rush under the old arches, between the old walls, below and before us. But the river soon becomes tired of these excesses. It sinks into its old path, and resumes its old voice, and all things are soon as they were, for the damage done is not such as to leave permanent marks.

We have already said that this part of the country has no great descriptive literature of its own. There are one or two pieces of writing about it worth reading, however. There is that charming description of it in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's delightful book on Scottish rivers. He gives it—perhaps with some little impropriety—the epithet of "golden, not only from the colour which the rich soil through which it runs imparts to it, but from the abundance of those golden harvests which are yielded on its lands."

Here, again, is a charming poem by Mr. Alexander Anderson, with which we shall conclude this article:—

Flow, Tyne, throughout the meadow land,
And underneath the woody shades,
Where, in the summer time, a band
Of children carol through the glades.

They gather flowers from where they grow,
Amid the grass with golden gleam,
And weave them into crowns, or throw
Their scented colours in the stream.

Then watch them dip and pass away,
Like pilgrim thoughts to some far shrine;
And such are mine, this summer day,
Who watch thee slip, and flow, and shine.

For, lo! thy waters bend about
The grey, sad presence of the town,
Where Time, in passing in and out,
Has set his footsteps gently down.

Or like to one who takes farewell
Of some dear friend, yet turns again
To clasp his hand once more, and tell
Remember'd links to bind the twain.

Thine be the sacred task to keep,
 Thou old grey town, amid the shocks
 Of passing years, what will not sleep,
 The voice and soul of fearless Knox.

As long as Tyne flows on and on
 To mingle with a heavier tide,
 So long shall live this mighty son,
 Whose name shall thrill thy heart with pride.

* Carlyle.

And she who walk'd with him* awhile,
 The lone wild prophet of our years,
 Who sleeps beneath that wasting pile,
 While time weeps consecrating tears,—

O let her dust be as a band,
 So that through all the years to be
 A Knox and Carlyle, hand in hand,
 May come when strangers think of thee.

TANTALLON.



TWO miles from North Berwick is the Castle of Tantallon, standing upon the summit of great rugged cliffs, and looking frowningly out to sea. Nothing could present a finer contrast than this great warlike stronghold, grand even in its ruin, and the smiling, peaceful corn-fields which lie behind and about it. It stands upon a kind of peninsula, which a little stream, running eastward through a fair glen, combines with the sea to make. Its form and style, as it once had been, can only be faintly guessed from what remains. A solitary tower upon the south side tells where the outer court once stood; a ruinous archway indicates a passage between this outer court and the inner one, where most likely the horses were housed. In the interior is a huge quadrilateral tower, from which there stretches out to the verge of rock a "solid curtain," as it is called in the guide-books, fifty feet high, ending in high towers, in each of which was, it is supposed, a stair. Inside, the castle is so disposed as to indicate that it made, as it were, three sides of a square; and in the western wing there are still remains enough to show a great banqueting-hall, and give pictures of the days that died long ago. But why blunder away at prosaic

description when we have the immortal picture by the author of "Marmion" before us?—

"Tantallon vast,
 Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
 And held impregnable in war.
 On a projecting rock it rose,
 And round three sides the ocean flows,
 The fourth did battled walls enclose,
 And double mound and fosse;
 By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
 Through studded gates, an entrance long,
 To the main court they cross.
 It was a wide and stately square,
 Around were lodgings fit and fair,
 And towers of various form,
 Which on the coast projected far,
 And broke its lines quadrangular;
 Here was square keep, there turret high,
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
 Whence oft the warder could descry
 The gathering ocean storm."

The castle is identified with the name of Douglas, though its earliest history is unknown. The Douglasses obtained the barony of North Berwick at the time of Robert II.'s accession; and from that time the grim fortress of Tantallon was their stronghold. In 1479 it passed into the hands of the Earl of Angus, otherwise known as "Bell-the-Cat." Readers of "Marmion" will remember how largely Angus figures in that beautiful poem. In council of war Angus had spoken strongly against the idea of risking battle at Flodden; and James IV.,

in a white heat, had contemptuously told him, if he was afraid, to go home. The aged counsellor, almost heart-broken at such language addressed to one so brave as he had been, took the king at his word, and returned to Tantallon. Neither King James allowed Marmion to retire for safe keeping; and here for some time he remained, listening with sinking heart to the news of those small triumphs of the Scottish army which were so sadly corrected by the overthrow of Flodden. At length Marmion could bear it no longer; it seemed "death to his fame"

"If such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!"

Then comes the parting scene of the two proud noblemen, the venerable Angus and the young and brave Marmion, at the gates of Tantallon. Marmion offers his hand to the old chief, and it is refused; the king, he says, may send any one, even one who is not his peer, to Angus's castle, but Angus's hand is his own. Marmion is enraged and says:—

"And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near.
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

The old Douglas fire is now aflame,
and burns furiously, as we can see:—

—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscath'd to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

And so Marmion bethinks himself that
he cannot start a moment too soon.

"Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume."

Once again history brings us to Tantallon in 1528 to see the "gaberlunzie" king, James V., laying siege to it, only to be baffled in the most humiliating fashion, and finally gaining it only through the flight of the then Earl of Angus, and by compromise with the Governor. At length, in 1639, it was taken by the Covenanters, under General Monk, and destroyed. So, dismantled and now ruined, remains Tantallon,—a grey witness there on its cliff, as it were, between land and sea, to the noble hearts which beat there and the strong men who defended it in "the brave days of old."





DUNBAR AND ITS BATTLE.

WE have come now along the seashore to the haven of Dunbar. Not much of a town, you say, or but a fishing village, and little more. Well, it is not very much more *now*: save that yearly in the summer time the burgh and its small suburbs are filled with townspeople—from Edinburgh, most of them, and country people, too, farmer folk and their households who come to have their nine dips in the sea. Perhaps we should speak of its weekly market, too, which brings into the town farmers and merchants from all the country round, and where you might see in the season the richest grain produce which will be found in the three kingdoms. Your Lothian farmer, as you see him here, is no small man, no mere occupier of a little holding: he is not the rough yokel whose ungainly figure and uncouth manners many an effeminate city youth associates with the name. He is often a man of wealth and education, a gentleman who, in breeding and in culture alike, is superior to many of those city magnates who eat Lord Mayors' dinners, or claim to be mighty men on Liverpool or Manchester Exchanges. George Hope of Fenton-barns, an East Lothian farmer who died a few years ago, was a man whom princes did not scorn to visit, and who, though unsuccessful in a gallant fight for Parliamentary honours, would have compared favourably with the majority of those who find their way into the House of Commons.

But Dunbar is a town of ancient lineage and long history; and as we stand upon its rugged sea-board, or wander about the ruins of its grim old

castle, we are carried back through the centuries to see how again and again it has witnessed the changing fortunes of warfare, and been a bulwark against the "foreign loon" of which Scotland has had little need to be ashamed.

History tells how the old castle was defended in the 14th century by a brave lady of that time, the Countess of March, while her husband was following the fortunes of David Bruce. The castle—then in its full strength, standing upon its line of rocks out to the very sea, and having only one entrance from the mainland—was coveted by the Earl of Salisbury, who laid siege to it, and placed against it huge engines, from which great stones were hurled to break down its walls. "Black Agnes"—so the Countess was called—defended it, and to show her scorn of the power of Salisbury's missiles, she and her maids came forth to wipe with a napkin the places which had been assailed.

"The Earl of Salisbury then commanded his engineers to bring forward to the assault an engine of another kind, being a sort of wooden shed, or house, rolled forward on wheels, with a roof of peculiar strength, which, from resembling the ridge of a hog's back, occasioned the machine to be called a sow. This, according to the old mode of warfare, was thrust close up to the walls of a besieged castle or city, and served to protect from the arrows and stones of the besieged a party of soldiers placed within the sow, who, being thus defended, were in the meanwhile employed in undermining the wall, or breaking an entrance through it with pickaxes and mining tools. When the Countess of March saw this engine advanced to the walls of the castle, she called out to the

Earl of Salisbury in derision and making a kind of rhyme,—

"Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow."

At the same time she made a signal, and a huge fragment of rock, which hung prepared for the purpose, was dropped down from the wall upon the sow, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces. As the English soldiers, who had been within it, were running as fast as they could to get out of the way of the arrows and stones which were discharged on them from the wall, Black Agnes called out, 'Behold the litter of English pigs!'

The Earl of Salisbury could jest also on such serious occasions. One day he rode near the walls with a knight dressed in armour of proof, having three folds of mail over an acton or leathern jacket; notwithstanding which, one William Spens shot an arrow from the battlements of the castle with such force, that it penetrated all these defences, and reached the heart of the wearer. 'That is one of my lady's love-tokens,' said the earl, as he saw the knight fall dead from his horse. 'Black Agnes's love-shafts pierce to the heart.'

Upon another occasion, the Countess of March had wellnigh made the Earl of Salisbury her prisoner. She caused one of her people to enter into treaty with the besiegers, pretending to betray the castle. Trusting to this agreement, the earl came at midnight before the gate, which he found open, and the portcullis drawn up. As Salisbury was about to enter, one John Copland, a squire of Northumberland, pressed on before him, and as soon as he passed the threshold, the portcullis was dropped, and thus the Scots missed their principal prey, and made prisoner only a person of inferior condition.

At length the castle of Dunbar was relieved by Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsy, who brought the countess sup-

plies by sea both of men and provisions. The Earl of Salisbury, learning this, despaired of success, and raised the siege, which had lasted nineteen weeks. The minstrels made songs in praise of the perseverance and courage of Black Agnes. The following lines are nearly the sense of what is preserved:

'She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That brawling boisterous Scottish wench;
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate.'***

But chief among all the incidents in the history of Dunbar was the battle fought there by Oliver Cromwell, on the 3rd of September, 1650: when "Lesley's force of three-and-twenty thousand," and Oliver's of "about half as many" stood face to face. The battle was destined, as both sides doubtless felt, to be decisive of great things, of more than Oliver's supremacy, of Scotland's relation to her sister kingdom and nothing less. Lesley's army had placed itself on Doon Hill, one of the lower heights of the Lammermoors, close by the town; a strong vantage-ground, from which, if he had kept it, probably victory might have been won. Cromwell and his army were encamped below by the town itself, and no wonder that they trembled for the issue. On the eve of the battle he wrote from this to Sir Arthur Haselrig:—

"We are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath [Cockburnspath,] through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination. . . . The only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed

**Tales of a Grandfather.*

we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience."

In the night Lesley's force descended to the plain, upon what motive of policy it has never been possible to see; perhaps, think some, because they thought their enemy had been committed into their hand, and that they had nothing to do but descend and claim their prey.

Cromwell and his two associates, Lambert and Monk, watched the process of descent with interested eye, and dying hope began to live again. They saw that if they began the onset, and attacked the right wing, which was thoroughly exposed, they would have an obvious advantage, for the body of the army was certain to find itself awkwardly placed with the hill which they had left behind them and a stream as it happened in front, and would be able to render little help to the attacked wing. And the night was not gone before their scheme was put in trial. It was but a short and sharp passage of arms, and ere the sun had arisen, the astonished Scottish host was beaten while their "matches [as Carlyle puts it] were hardly well alight."

There, standing near that rugged shore, his back to the sea, his face to the retreating foe, is Oliver Cromwell, victor once more, and reciting to himself in the hour of his triumph the quaint lines of the Assembly's version of the Psalms,—

Let God arise and scattered
Let all His enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate
Before His presence flee.

Even now, as we read that story in Carlyle's marvellous narrative, the whole seems to be enacted before our very eyes. The Scotch are rushing about in dismay, aye, in despair; to Belhaven, Dunbar, Haddington, anywhere to be out of reach of this terrible Protector and his Ironsides. Meanwhile these same Ironsides are pursuing,

sending forth companies in various directions after the fugitives. And all through there is—in the battle and in the rout—a very sincere sense, whether mistaken or not, that God is fighting for the victorious host. So does Oliver call upon the portion of the army which is about him, to halt a moment as they come to the foot of Doon Hill—that same Doon Hill to which he and his council of war had looked with such apprehensions but an hour or two before, there to sing their Puritan *Te Deum*,—

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise ye people all accord
His name to magnify.

For great to usward ever are
His lovingkindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore,
The Lord O do ye bless!

We need not pursue the battle story further: it is victory all along the line. Let us cull a few sentences from Carlyle. It is Cromwell's own account in his letter to Speaker Lenthall:—

"The enemy's word was, *The Covenant*, which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts*. The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset; the enemy being in a very good position to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at swords' point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty . . . received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my major, White, did come seasonably in; and at the push of pike, did repel the stout regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give, which proved a great

amazement to the residue of their foot, this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the meantime did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all opposition, charging through the bodies of the enemy's horse and of their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords.

The best of the enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it, were about three thousand slain. Prisoners taken; of their officers you have this enclosed list; of private soldiers near ten thousand. . . . We are confident they have left behind them not less than fifteen thousand men. . . . Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God

hath done for England and His people, this war."

So may be said, in effect, to have ended the military rivalry of Scotland and England; other risings succeeded, coming fitfully through the next century, but they were as nought compared with this; there was no longer any measuring of strength between an undivided Scotland and her sister kingdom; and now these struggles are like half-forgotten dreams, while each kingdom seeks to rival its neighbour only in the gentler arts of peace.

Thus it is but fit that Dunbar herself should take to gentler ways, and be known for more peaceful occupations; but grudge her not the place she owns as having been once the field on which was fought out, for better, for worse, the strife which was to settle for all coming time the endless and fruitless struggle for mastery which hindered civilisation, and made all peace but as a truce on either side the Tweed.

IN THE LAMMERMOORS.



READER, have you ever been to the Lammermoors? You say, No. Did anybody ever advise you to go there for a summer's holiday? No. And so you rush past in the train, glad if you are so fortunate as to get one which does not stop at Grant's House—the most convenient station—but rushes on from Berwick to Dunbar without a break. And then you go home, and talk about the glories of Scotland, and when men talk to you of Berwickshire, you say, Yes, a rich farming county; I saw good crops in the fields as I passed through it. But if you want fine scenery and

free air, go to the Lammermoors some time for a summer's holiday. You will perchance find a lodging in some farmhouse, or in a chance cottage more likely, for farmers there are proud folk, and keep their big houses to themselves; and you will get good meat, good milk, good air, and fine scenery. For miles and miles the hills stretch unbroken; and one's only regret—and that perhaps a foolish one—is that the farmers are so enterprising. The hills are now too often like great masses of patchwork; they are divided out into fields, and in many cases the plough has gone almost to their summits. Would that—an' it had answered them all the same—they had kept their ploughs to themselves, and left

the grass as of old "to grow upon the mountains." Even to-day, however, there are choice spots to be visited, as well as fine air to be drunk in; you may get to the top of Cockburn Law, and there you will see a stretch of country richer than is to be seen in most parts of the kingdom; rich pastures, rich cornfields; and, far away a'yont, the blue sea and the rugged, jagged coastline with points which the lover of history will mark, a clear day, perhaps, giving you a vision of both Fast Castle and St. Abb's. You must go to Abbey St. Bathan's—"the *Aebbey*," as the good folk thereabout call it—and see the nunnery of St. Bathan, founded by a Countess of March in the 12th century; and meditate on the far-sightedness of the Roman Church which placed its monasteries and its nunneries in the midst of fair landscapes, as at Melrose, at Dryburgh, at Jedburgh, and here. Food the inmates could never want here; and if they loved "fat kale," there was no difficulty in cultivating the where-withal to make it. And nature spoke to the finer souls among them, and made them chant their psalms at prime and vespers with a deeper meaning; only think of their singing the 104th Psalm upon those heights, when the green turf was undisturbed by coulter, and when many a wild beast no doubt made its home in its solitary places.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.
All beasts of the field drink thereof:
And the wild asses quench their thirst.
Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their
habitation,
And sing among the branches.
He watereth the hills from above:
And the earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works.
He bringeth forth grass for the cattle,
And green herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth; and
wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make him a cheerful countenance, and
bread to strengthen man's heart.
O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is
full of Thy riches.

And if you are inclined to wander seawards, make your way down to Fast Castle, of which we have spoken, standing now a wild and sad ruin upon its sea-washed rock—the "Wolf's Crag," it is said, of the "Bride of Lammermoor." We remember well a sight we had of it now some years ago. After driving from the pleasant little village of Ayton through the old town of Coldingham, we drew up at a farmhouse a mile or two on this side of the castle, and standing at the head of a cliff which was 400 feet above the sea. It was a glorious summer's evening, and after resting a little while we made up a company and went down the cliff by a path which for safety's sake had been made like so many Z's, and which lengthened out the 400 feet to three-quarters of a mile. We had some fishing-gear with us, and "launching" the good farmer's boat we went out a little bit to sea, casting our lines and glorying in the scene. The sun was just then at its setting, and the sea was calm, the waves rippling rather than surging: everything about us was still, save for the moving of our lines, and the gentle leaping up into the air of the porpoises, taking in a new stock of breath. What a wondrous mirroring of the "sun's remove" upon the face of the deep! first the golden brightness dazzling our eyes, as it made the waters not sparkle, but shine; then the gentler yellow; then the "fiery glow" which might well make one think of the "sea of glass, mingled with fire;" then the darkening gloamin', weird and sad. And yonder in the distance stood out in clear relief this same old Fast Castle, a ruin speaking to us of suns that had set long ago, and of the many bright human lives which here had darkened down into night. It was a lesson of the abiding and the passing in this mysterious universe; the changing but continuing ocean, more lasting even than the "eternal hills;" the lone and desolate castle, a habitation now only for the sea-

fowl; did they not speak to us, the one of *The Eternal Father*, the other of feeble man, and of "time," which

"Like an ever-rolling flood
Bears all her sons away."

Now let us give you Sir Walter's description of this place, premising only that much filling-in work was done by his imagination:—

"The pale moon . . . now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled upon the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that toward the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow courtyard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the

tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a greyish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombre and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror."

Such is the place, beautiful yet melancholy, where Ravenswood and Caleb Balderstone, his faithful servant, spent many days together, Ravenswood groaning amid his broken fortunes, and Caleb, with his grim humour, rehabilitating the desolated castle in its ancient fortunes, and telling very big "stories" "for the honour o' the hoose." It is here that Ravenswood was made to receive the visit of Colonel Ashton, and to respond to his fatal challenge; and, near by, on "the links by the sea-shore to the east of Wolf's Hope," the young nobleman met his tragic fate.



A TALE OF THE LAMMERMOORS.



THE hill-country which bears the name of Lammermoor, as we have seen already, has naturally attracted the pen of the novelist; but the "Bride of Lammermoor" is only one of the legends which it has furnished to romance. We are now to give the reader

another which has been set forth with much tragic skill, concerning another "bride of Lammermoor," Madeline of Roecleuch. The story gathers around the ruins of Roecleuch Castle, which has been described as "an ancient baronial pile, perched, in spectral gloom, upon the rugged margin of one of those dark ravines by which that wild district is here and there intersected."

In the end of the seventeenth century this mansion was occupied by Sir George Sinclair and his only daughter, Madeline, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments. The old knight kept but little company, and Madeline's "up-bringing" had been mainly carried out under the eye of an old Catholic priest, who acted also, probably, as Sir George's chaplain. One visitor, however, came pretty frequently to the castle—Lord Avondale, a near relative; as boy and girl they—Madeline and he—were play-mates, and during his annual visits many a happy day was spent by them roaming "about the braes," or wandering by the brook's side. Childish liking grew into love; and when the two reached manhood and womanhood, Avondale sought and gained the hand of Madeline as his future wife.

Meanwhile, another suitor sought her hand,—the Laird of Hilton, whose home

lay in the Merse in a fair spot near Whitadder Water; and being of a mean disposition, he sought by the foulest schemes to vilify Avondale in the eyes of his beloved Madeline. All his attempts, however, were in vain; he could neither gain Madeline's heart for himself, nor even alienate her affections from Avondale. He had been desperately hoping that somehow the marriage would fall through; when all his hopes were rudely shattered one evening while he was feasting a company in his house at Hilton, by a plain farmer remarking that "After a', Lord Avondale was to be buckled to the fair rose of Roecleuch."

"Johnston," says the annalist, "heard these sayings of his visitor, as will readily be supposed, with feelings of no very pleasing description, but struggled hard to suppress any outward demonstration of his mental emotion. Immediately seizing a bottle which stood before him upon the table, he replenished his glass to the rim, and as quickly swallowed its contents, apparently with the view of drowning the galling sensations with which wounded pride and enmity had filled his breast. The departure of his visitors, which did not take place till a very late, or rather early hour, imparted no alleviation to his distracted feelings. Wild and sleepless, he paced backward and forward in his chamber; at intervals, vainly attempting to allay the agony of his spirit by renewed applications to the wine-flask. But such means, he, like many before and after him, found inadequate to

"Minister unto a mind diseased,
Or pluck from the heart a rooted sorrow."

In this wretched state did he continue till the following morning, when he was

aroused from his frantic reveries by the bustle occasioned by the country people on their way to the church. In a state of madness, he resolved to seek there for his mental sufferings, a mitigation which he had sought for in vain within the walls of his own dwelling. Accordingly, wrapping his cloak around him, he hastened thither, and seated himself in a pew immediately in front of the pulpit. The appearance of his features, agitated by his internal emotions, as well as by the means which he had resorted to for quelling them, exhibited a striking contrast to the calm and serene expression of face borne by the rustics who sat around him contented and happy.

At length an aged and venerable man stalked up the aisle, entered the pulpit, and *gave out* the psalm. He was Daniel Douglas, who, with Sir Patrick Hume, the celebrated knight of Polwarth, had been obliged to abdicate his charge and seek refuge for some years in Holland, during the evil days of the persecution; but whom the more tranquil period subsequent to the Revolution had reinstated in the pastoral charge of the parish of Hilton. He was a staunch and unbending advocate of the rules and doctrines of the Reformed religion, which he had boldly asserted and defended, when to have done so was considered a crime.

The psalm sung and the prayer ended, 'Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' was the text announced by the venerable parson. 'You lie,' exclaimed his abandoned patron, at the same time rising from his seat; but almost immediately reassuming it—'You can give no rest—no rest.'

For a moment the divine lifted his eyes from the page of the sacred volume which was spread out before him, and directed them toward the individual who had so indecorously interrupted him; but almost instantly he repeated in a yet louder and more emphatic tone, the words which had given rise to the inter-

ruption. The rustic audience did not, however, so speedily recover from their surprise, but in silent wonderment continued to gaze upon the laird.

'There be,' said the preacher, commencing his discourse, 'divers classes of individuals unto whom the words which I have just now read unto you from the holy book are addressed. Some be there, who, overwhelmed with the cares and sorrows of this transitory scene, and finding here below no place of refuge from the fury of the tempest that has gathered around them, in the spirit of meekness and of humility, come unto Him who is both able and willing to rescue them; others be there, who, thwarted in their vain schemes of ambition or of pelf, with the leaven of passion or of pride still rankling in their breasts, impiously resort to Him for succour.'

Scarcely had these words passed from the lips of the speaker, before the door of the pew in which Johnston was seated, was flung violently open, and its occupant, darting across the passage, flew up the pulpit stair, grasped the preacher by the throat, and, in another moment, dashed his head with such violence against the desk as caused the blood to flow forth in a copious stream from his nostrils. At this juncture, the whole congregation rose hurriedly from their seats, and several individuals sprang forward to rescue their minister from the hands of his infuriated assailant. The latter was no sooner secured, than Daniel Douglas, composedly wiping away with his napkin the blood with which his mouth was besmeared, turned towards Johnston, and, in an emphatic tone, exclaimed aloud:—

'Unhappy man! unto this holy sanctuary which thou hast now irreverently profaned, shall thy mangled carcass be brought, not many days hence; yea, the very dogs shall lap thy heart's blood from the floor.'

Next day Hilton was wending his way up the Lammermoors. He entered and

passed through a long, deep defile, at the bottom of which "flowed a small brook, here and there impeded, in its onward course, by huge and ungainly masses of rock, which, in the lapse of years, had been hurled down from the lofty cliffs by which it was overhung. At last, the baron paused, and, looking upward to one of those craggy steeps, the summit of which was clothed with the dense foliage of the stunted birch and dwarf oak, he drew forth from beneath his cloak a small bugle-horn, and made the wide echoes of the glen respond to its wild music. Three times had the blast been repeated, when the figure of a man appeared, crouching behind the foliage at the top of the cliff, reconnoitring the individual who had intruded himself so near his solitary abode. Apparently satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he stood up erect, and displayed a tall athletic figure, which at the place from which it was viewed by the other, corresponded exactly with the ordinary description of a giant. He was attired in a tight, close, party-coloured dress, formed of the skins of hares, and the other furry tenants of the bleak region in which he lived; and the rays of the morning sun, which had now begun to peep forth above the hills, were reflected from the clear hilt of a dagger, stuck in a belt that surrounded his waist. He beckoned the baron to approach towards the base of the cliff, and commenced lowering down a strong rope or cable, to the end of which was suspended a swing seat. Hilton having seated himself in it, was quickly raised, by means of a revolving lever, to the ledge of rock that protruded at the feet of the robber—for such was the calling of the individual whom he had gone to visit. His countenance bore an expression of haughtiness that indicated the utter contempt in which he held the laws and their administrators. During several years of the earlier part of his life, he had served as a private soldier in the

persecuting ranks of the bloody Claverhouse, whom he had beheld expire in the arms of victory at the Pass of Killiecrankie. After the annihilation of the Stuart dynasty, he had abandoned the profession of a soldier, though we cannot add that he had also laid aside that of arms. Retiring to this wild region of the Lammermoors, he had sought out for himself a suitable lurking place, whence he occasionally sallied forth and levied unwilling contributions from the lairds and farmers of the Merse."

"Rob o' the Muirs" this terrible man was generally called, and many were the stories of depredation which were afloat regarding him. He had at one time been brought up at Jedburgh on a charge of highway robbery, and had been acquitted mainly through the offices of the Laird of Hilton, who thus felt that "Rob" owed him some obligation.

The laird having been hoisted to the mouth of Rob's cave, made his entrance under the guidance of the latter. The place was full enough of swords, pistols, and other weapons to look more like an armoury than aught else; with such companions it was that Rob chose to dwell. As soon as they had entered, he offered the laird a repast—cold, as he explained, since it would not be convenient that smoke should issue from his cave now that the sun was up. Johnston, however, would only refresh himself with a *queegh* [cup] or two of Rob's "mountain dew"—i.e., whisky—and to this accompaniment he discussed dark plans—fit for such a cavern—with Rob. Mentioning that the wedding was to take place in a few days, he got his freebooting friend to promise that he would carry Madeline off and shut her up, until she should consent to become the Laird of Hilton's wife.

"A bargain be it, then," were the closing words to the agreement; "hold yourself in readiness waiting for me on that day, about nightfall, among the ruins of the old nunnery of St. Bathans;



JEDBURGH ABBEY—THE NAVE.

Several distinct styles of architecture are apparent in this magnificent fabric. In the choir are massive Saxon pillars with deep circular arches, over which are specimens of the Norman style, and in the superstructure of the Nave, the Old English is displayed in a long range of narrow pointed windows, and in the blank arches of the west end. Two splendid Norman doors ornament the Church. The one

at the west end, which is the principal entrance, is a semicircular arch seven and a-half feet deep, enriched with sculptured mouldings springing into the capitals of slender shafts. Above this door in front of the edifice is a radiated circular window having a superb appearance. The mixture of distinct styles indicates that the Abbey was renewed at different periods. The eastern half of the Nave is roofless.

and then, else my name's not Rob, will I deliver up into your hands Madeline of Roecleugh. But forget not to bring with you your fleetest steed, as there is chance of a hot pursuit."

Meantime, preparations were going on for Madeline's marriage of a happier kind; and at length the day arrived. It was in the month of November, and snow was lying deep upon the ground; but the morning of the bridal day dawned bright and clear, and nature seemed to smile upon the happy pair, and her snow-white garment was as a bridal dress.

The marriage, according to old Scottish custom, was to take place in the evening, and punctually at the hour of six the priest stood forth to celebrate it. But, alas, "the hour was come, but not the" *maid*, and frantic search was made for her all through the house in vain. For, just at the "dark'nin'," Rob had come muffled in a heavy cloak, and, climbing by a ladder to the window of her apartment, carried her off unseen. Terror had made poor Madeline insensible, and so no cry had escaped her to warn her friends. And, before they discovered that she had gone, Rob was well on his way to Abbey St. Bathans, where Hilton was to meet him.

At the "trysted" spot these two met, Hilton, dark, eager, expectant: Rob, rough and fierce-looking,—yet somehow the better looking man of the two, with the fair and still unconscious Madeline before him. Hilton threw a purse to Rob, and received from him at the same time his precious charge.

"A distant halloo now broke upon their ears. Hilton lifted the lady in his arms, and both hurried to the place where their horses were fastened; and in a few moments they were galloping over the moor, as fast as the snow would allow, in a direction opposite to that whence the sound seemed to proceed. Thus they had travelled for a considerable distance, when the horses became unable

to go farther for the drifted snow. Hilton then dismounted, and consigning Madeline to the care of the freebooter, plunged on, as best he could, in a direction in which the latter assured him he would find a shepherd's hut, where he might take refuge for the night. Scrambling forward with great difficulty to the summit of an eminence, he at length descried a light proceeding from the small window, or bole of the mud-built cot; in the interior of which the *guidman* and his wife were seated by the side of a blazing fire of peats. Here the husband, Robin, and the wife, Eppy, were having a comfortable fire-side 'crack,' when, all of a sudden, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and Robin, rising from his seat, and seizing a piece of rudely-shaped wood, which served as an apology for a candlestick, proceeded towards the door, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. After some questions put, and apparently satisfactorily answered from without, Robin undid the latch of the door, and the Baron of Hilton entered. With some scruples, Robin was induced to put on his big coat, and accompany the latter with his lighted lanthorn to the spot where he had left the lady and the freebooter, to assist them in disengaging their horses from the drift. With considerable difficulty, this was accomplished, and the latter led into Robin's cow byre, and Madeline, in a state of utter insensibility, deposited in a chair by the side of the fire. 'Lord hae mercy on us! what's ailin' the puir lassie?' exclaimed Eppy, holding the candle, and gazing on the pallid features of Madeline of Roecleugh."

The good woman was easily satisfied by being told that it was a rough night, and that the delicate young lady had been overcome with cold and fatigue. Scarce had these matters been explained, and the company so far settled down, however, when once more a noise was heard at the door. The wedding guests had got upon Rob and Hilton's track,

probably guided by footprints in the snow; and now they were shouting at the cottage-door for admittance. The *guidman* of the house was hesitating whether to open it, when Rob "hinted to him, by a significant glance at his firelock," that he should suffer the instant he did so. Still louder was now the shouting and the knocking, but no answer was returned; then the outside company contrived to burst open the door, and two men ran into the cottage; but the first received a bullet in his shoulder from Rob's carbine. "A desperate struggle ensued, which lasted for some minutes, and promised to have turned out favourably for Hilton and his coadjutor, when a reinforcement on the part of Lord Avondale—for he it was who had first rushed into the house, and received the bullet of the robber in his shoulder—entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Rob, after discharging his carbine, had continued for some time to employ the butt end of it with considerable success, and had once more raised it with the intention of bringing it into vehement contact with the cranium of one of his now numerous assailants, when a successful slash from the cutlass of another, sent his weapon, and the hand that wielded it, in social company to the ground. The two rival suitors, in the meantime, had not been inactive, when a shot from one of the party stretched Johnston upon the floor. The serious privation which the robber had met with in the loss of his hand, had not so effectually dispirited him as to have prevented him from inflicting, with a stool which he snatched from the floor with his remaining member, considerable molestation on the persons of those who, at this crisis, rushed forward to secure him. His efforts at resistance, as might have been expected, were unable to withstand, for any length of time, the superior numerical force of his antagonists. He was at length overpowered, and being firmly bound, he was dragged to the cow-house,

and five or six of his opponents stationed as a guard upon him for the night."

While he was lying in agony, some one said to him, "I fear thou hast done for them." "Then I shall die content," said Hilton. It was something to die with the thought that his wicked purpose had so far succeeded as that Madeline and Avondale should not live to be husband and wife. His dying hope was false, however, as the reader will rejoice to find. Sir George Sinclair carried his beloved Madeline to his home, and tended her with all a father's love and care.

As to the laird, who died, as we have seen, in such an unholy mood, as soon as his people heard of his death, they came and bore away his body from Robin and Eppy's cottage. And then the story tells how the old minister's prediction regarding him was fulfilled:—

"When they had reached within a few miles of the mansion-house, a heavy snow-fall, which had continued for some time, rendered the roads, previously bad enough, almost impassable. Attaching a rope to the end of the litter, and each taking hold of it, the men had continued to plunge forward, dragging the corpse over the surface of the snow till they reached the wall of Hilton churchyard. In a state of exhaustion, they resolved to deposit their burden within the church all night, as they felt too wearied to allow of their proceeding onward to the house, which stood about half a mile to the eastward. They accordingly raised the body from the bier and deposited it in the same pew of the church which its wretched owner had occupied and profanely violated on the Sunday of the preceding week. As they did so, the bandage slipped from off the wound, and a large mass of coagulated blood fell upon the floor, which was immediately seized and gobbled up by the hungry hounds that had been following at their master's heels: and thus were the prophetic words of Douglas verified."

Avondale—he it was who had got the bullet in his shoulder from Rob's carbine—though sorely wounded, made his way to Avondale Castle, where he was stricken down with fever, and long raved in delirium, dreaming much, no doubt, of Madeline. So soon as he recovered, he made his way to Roecleugh, only, however, to find that his bride had been taken by her father to Eyemouth, then a somewhat fashionable sea-side resort, for a change. The castle was almost deserted, for the servants thought the house must now be haunted, and were afraid to remain. Avondale had great difficulty in persuading any one to undertake a message for him to Eyemouth, which he very much desired to send—a message, you may be sure, which boded much happiness to Madeline and to him. At last one remaining servant secured an ambassador for him in the shape of a half-witted lad—Sandie Watson—who had often been a great annoyance to him, but now stood him in very good stead. With the story of Sandy's errand and its issue we close this article:—

“Sandy's peregrinations were usually confined within a circuit of one or two miles round Roecleugh; but the execution of Rob o' the Muirs, and his accomplice, Andrew Todd, the groom of Sir George Sinclair, had caused him on this occasion to exceed the usual limits by a journey of ten miles. When the poor idiot, therefore, recognised his friend Morris, he came running towards him, and cried out exultingly—

‘Braw news the day—braw news the day frae Dunse, canny Maister Morris: Andrew Todd and Rob o' the Muirs are baith clean dead; and I'm gaun alang to tell the laird and the ledly a' about it.’

‘So, ye've been seeing your acquaintance, Andrew, hanged,’ said Morris; and taking some silver from his pocket, and showing it to the idiot, he added—‘A' that is to be gien, Sandy, to the

person whom I am gaun to send upon a message.’

Sandy's eyes glistened at the sight of the money; and Morris, perceiving that his plan had taken the desired effect, whispered to him—‘Now, Sandy, gin ye'll walk straight down to St. Bathan's—ye ken that place weel enough, I'm sure—and syne to Edincraw—that's where the auld witches lived, ye ken—and then speer the gate doon to Eyemouth, and deliver this letter into the laird's ain hand, ye shall hae a' that siller and a piece o' currant pasty when ye come back.’

This proposal met with the most cordial acquiescence from Sandy, who manifested his joy by a multitude of uncouth gestures and shrugs of his shoulders. Perhaps it might be considered tedious were we to describe the adventures which the idiot encountered on his journey; suffice it for us to say, that, on the evening of the second day from his departure, he succeeded in making his way into the presence of Sir George Sinclair, not without encountering great opposition from the servants, to whom he had doggedly refused to explain whence he had come, or what was the object of his visit. Having delivered the packet, he was remunerated in a manner much more ample than he had looked forward to, even as a reward for rehearsing the tragical events of the execution, which he did, till, at length, growing troublesome, Sir George rang the bell and ordered a servant to conduct him from the apartment. As the door was rudely slammed behind him, Sandy thrust his hands into his pockets, and muttered to himself—‘I ay took the Laird of Roecleugh to hae been a man o' mair manners than to hae used ane sae badly that had come sae far to see him. Sae muckle for my braw story;—but, puir man, I see the servants hae the upper hand o' him.’

A few days had only elapsed after the ejection of Sandy, when Sir George

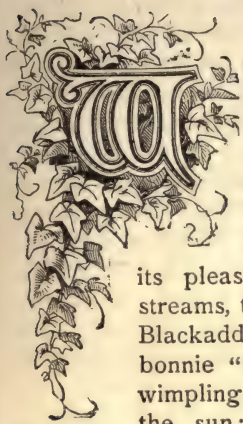
Sinclair and the fair Madeline arrived at Roecleugh Castle, when the latter, in the course of the ensuing week, changed her name to that of Lady Avondale."

To-day the life among the Lammermoors is less rugged and wild than in those old times of which we write. One hears little of dark doings any more in their solitary places: and laird and tenant alike seem to lead a life of singular tranquillity; somewhat too much for the taste of some of us. As we have said, dwellers in those parts are eager to civilise them by bidding the plough cut its way in furrows through the green slopes of the hills, and by causing the wheat to grow upon their very summits;

and soon we shall not think of the range of Lammermoor any more. Each square inch of ground will, as it were, be marked off as private property; and there will not be a peak which you can reach without trespass. For Scotland has never shown such inclination as England for that sweet usage, according to which, even in well-tilled lands, a little lane is kept for the pedestrian; and so Lammermoor once under cultivation, will be pretty much closed throughout to the summer wanderer. This time, however, is not yet; Nature still breathes an air of freedom here and there on the heights of Lammermoor.



THE MERSE.



WHO that has once sojourned in the fair land of the Merse can ever forget it? Its broad acres of rich farming-land; its pleasant, gently-flowing streams, the Whitadder, the Blackadder, the Eye; its bonnie "burns" or brooks, wimpling and sparkling in the sun; its haughs and braes, where the children spend many a bright hour, plucking the daisies and the buttercups, and drinking in, with perhaps unconscious poetic sympathy, the song of kindly Nature as she seems to hum her pastorals around? The sweet hedgerows, bounding the roads and separating the fields, so much more picturesque than the "dry-stone dykes" which form the boundary when you get farther north; the farm-steadings, perfectly packed in the season with corn-stacks, and at the end of autumn resonant with the peasants' voices when these stacks are being built up; the smiling little hamlets by the wayside, such as Edrom, Foulden, and the like: these are scenes so full of delight for eye and soul as never to be forgotten. The Merse has escaped the building fever and the factory fever too; for great factories are but few, and the centres of trade are so far away that the prosperous merchant cannot have his house amid these rural scenes, and come and go "to town." And then what has happened to Hornsey, and Tottenham, and Barnet is not ever likely to happen here, and the whole plain of the Merse remains a land of "corn-rigs" and pasture-land, with villages set down here and there which are little likely to

grow into towns, and towns so-called which are little more than villages. The county-town itself is but a village, and Dunse, the most considerable place in the whole county (for Berwick, of course, is not in it), is only a little market-town, with its modicum of lawyers, divines, doctors, and tradesmen, resting under the shadow, as it were, of the neighbouring castle. Long may it be so!

This part of the county offers many delights to those who happily have leisure at their command. Hunting, coursing, steeplechasing—all are staple sports of the Merse; and well do we remember how, when we dwelt a while in those parts, the huntsman's cap and red coat and tight-fitting trousers grew familiar to us as a thing of every-day sight. And what delights there are here to the practiser of the gentle art of fishing, hindered only by the much-be-grudged rights of landlords—upon which some of them took a stand more determined than generous—to keep private such parts of the streams as ran by the edge of their policies. With what envy does the enthusiastic fisher look upon these preserves! You will see him lounging upon the bridge and looking up the stream which he cannot touch, on some precious summer's day, hot, but not too sunny, when the trout are constantly leaping up to have their momentary air-bath or to catch unwary flies which on such days seem always to multiply beyond numbering. But, after all, perhaps such longings rather spring from the proverbial sweetness of stolen waters than from anything else: for there are unpreserved streams enough to gladden any fisher's heart. Blackadder—Whitadder—Eye—what recollections do these afford to many of pleasant days spent upon their banks

with rod and line, of pleasant evenings when the contents of the basket were proudly counted, and the wanderer went his way home to tell over to the housewife the rich promise of to-morrow's dish of trout! Ah, yes: and we can remember, too, of many sweet summer evenings when the river was lined with labourers whose day's work was done, masons, carpenters, farm-servants, and boys who—rascals that they were—should have been at their lessons, all busy trying to catch a trout or two—or, in the case of the boys, perchance only a humble minnow or so—in the space between sunset and the “darkenin’,” as they call it there. And as we recall all these sights of other days, we begin to muse and say, Well, well: if those of us who live the hard life of the town as tradesmen, merchants, brain-workers, had only the chance of our more privileged brethren of the country, there would be fewer deep lines on the forehead, and less need for the doctor with “his potion and his pill.” And yet there is a sort of grim consolation in the thought that doctors are to be found there also, who seem to flourish very well.

One thing which strikes a stranger about the life in this border-land is its quietness; it is “still life” indeed. We have known of a sensation-loving lady who found it too much for her, and said she wished somebody would commit suicide, or do some other dreadful thing to relieve the general tranquillity. It is only upon Sunday, when roads and lanes are busy with people on their way to church or home again (for most people there *do* go to church); or perhaps at an election-time, when for the while political issues have roused all to enthusiasm, that there is much appearance of bustle. Yet with all this apparent and in many senses real quietness, the men of the Merse are by no means to be considered dull. The farmers, for instance, who next to the lairds are the most important of the people, are strong men in body and in

mind; vigorous men, with no lack of either buoyancy or vivacity. Indeed, a generation ago, their liveliness was rather over-abundant. They were—with notable exceptions, no doubt—rather convivial in their tastes and ways; and many a story is told of certain of them which is unhappily associated with strong potations. One tale only we have space to tell. A stout farmer was making his way home one evening from the market, when, as he passed the house of a crony, the latter came out and pressed him strongly to “come in and take his tea wi’ them; for the bairn was being christened and the minister was there.” “Na,” said the farmer; “I canna come in; for, ye see, I wasna at the kirk on Sunday, and the bairns said to the minister that I wasna weel.” It was not very hard, however, to persuade the farmer—Mr. A. we shall call him—to dismount with the prospect of his tea and a “tumbler” after. So in he went, and a very merry night was being spent. However, Mr. A. thought it was necessary to say something by way of forestalling any reminder from “the minister” as to his absence from the kirk on the past Sabbath-day; and so, turning to him, he said, “Oh, Mr. C., ye’ll maybe remember that I wasna at the kirk o’ Sabbath-day; but the fac’ is I wasna weel, as the bairns nae doubt telled ye.” “I remember, Mr. A., that that was the reason of your absence.” “Yes,” said Mr. A., “and so it was; but I didna spend the forenoon sae badly for a’ that. For, ye see, Mr. C., he’s sic a gra-and man, that Matthew Henry”—most intelligent Scotchmen know and appreciate that rich commentator—“an’ as soon as they were a’ away to the kirk, I went an’ took him doon frae the shelf an’ I got sae interested that afore I kent where I was, the bairns were home again!” The host had been listening to all this with no little amusement, well knowing his friend’s greater fondness for cups than commentators: at last he could stand the *pawky* en-

comiums upon "Matthew Henry" no longer, and he cried, "Come awa' noo, Mr. A., dinna say ower muckle; ye ken fine that if the wife left ye the key of the sideboard, ye would na let your commentator turn ower *dry* on your hand." Further praise of "Matthew Henry," we fear, was at an end.

But men of far other stamp than this, be sure, have had their home in the Merse. Good Ralph Erskine, one of the leaders of a great secession from the church of Scotland in the last century, was the son of the holy Henry Erskine, minister of the parish of Chirnside; and we used to hear long ago how that he was wont to wander by the bonnie green haughs of the Whitadder below the little village of Allanton, and dream into being his once famous "Gospel Sonnets." In the same parish, in a quiet little mansion which has been associated with the name of Hume for many a generation, often dwelt David Hume the historian, of whom we have had something to say already. And some loyal son of Berwickshire will perhaps tell you—and let us hope he may be right—that one of the greatest schoolmen of the Middle Ages, John Duns Scotus, sprung from the neighbourhood of the little town of Dunse.

The mention of Dunse, however, reminds us that the lands of the Merse, peaceful though they seem to-day, have not always been so: and this little town itself has witnessed in days gone by many a warlike scene, and has been for the time a military centre. For Dunse is an ancient town; and as it lies there now so quietly at the head of the plain of the Merse, and backed and flanked by the Lammermoors, we look at it and dream of the days when there dwelt here no less a personage than the royal Randolph, Earl of Moray. Its nearness to Berwick, which standing as it did on the border-line was ever a bone of contention between England and Scotland, made it a convenient spot, perhaps alike

for skirmishing and for making rendezvous. And so we read in the old-fashioned poem of Barbour, how Syme of Spalding, a Berwick burgess, having been offended by the governor of the town, sent a letter to the Earl of Dunbar, showing how the king, Robert the Bruce, might proceed in the taking of Berwick. Bruce commanded the Earl to gather his men at "Duns-park," where he arranged that Randolph and Douglas should meet him. And the gathering is thus described in Barbour's quaint lines:—

"Than of the best of Lothiane
He him till his tryst has ta'ne;
For schyreiff thereof then was he:
To Duns-park than with his menyne
He came at evyn privelige."

And not to mention other times in history when Dunse heard the clang of armour, or, at least, saw the ranks of soldiers set in array, we must remind our readers of the fact that during the earlier period of the Scotch rising against Charles I., Dunse Law—the hill beside the town—was chosen as a place of encampment. Says Chalmers:—"The Scottish leaders encamped their bands at Duns, where armies had assembled of old, under very different auspices. And the borderers are said to have exulted when they saw their native hills again traversed by hostile spears; as they delighted in the tumults of war, and hoped for the plunder of both sides." The Scotch people, wearied of the king's persistent attempts to Anglicize them and their Church, had begun to think that nothing but the sword would settle their difficulties. King Charles, too, was appealing to the issues of war; and, as he approached the southern side of the border, they took up their position on its northern side. Cromwell's biographer thus tersely describes the position:—

"His majesty got an army ready; marched with it to Berwick,—is at New-

castle, 8th May, 1639. But, alas! the Scots, with a much better army, already lay encamped on Dunse Law; every nobleman with his tenants there, as a drilled regiment, round him; old Field-marshal Lesley for their generalissimo; at every colonel's tent this pennant flying, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant*; there was no fighting to be thought of."

And Cooke, the Scotch church historian, tells how that "the most popular ministers in military array, though exempted from all duty inconsistent with their profession, frequented the camp; sermons, calculated to animate and inflame, were regularly delivered; prayers were offered to God for what was styled" [so he un-

sympathetically puts it] "his own cause; the audience were assured that hitherto they had been conducted by a Divine hand; and from these religious exercises they retired with that intrepid fortitude which glowed in the breasts of the martyrs for the truth."

Little came of this demonstration—visibly, at least; save a "pacification" between the two forces, which lasted only too short a time. And from that day to this the quietude of the rural town has been but little disturbed, and now, in the midst of its unpretending peacefulness, there is scarce aught to make one think of those doughtier days when it in some way earned for itself the proverb "Dunse dings a'."

BY THE TWEED—BERWICK.



WE pass now from the rich plains of the Merse to wander by the pleasant banks of the Tweed, to trace its silvery line, and as we wander upwards to tarry awhile and look at some of those spots famous in history which, through the writings of Sir Walter Scott and otherwise, have names which are as household words. But a word or two first concerning the river Tweed itself.

The river is supposed to have got its name from an old British word *Tuedd*, which means "on the border of a country," and thus it seems to have had settled for it at a very early date the place it was destined to take as the frontier-line between separate kingdoms. Wandering its long way from its quiet

fountain-head in Peeblesshire, "among the silent hills," it is through all its course a gentle and quiet-flowing stream, with nothing of the majesty and grandeur of the Tay, but with a quiet beauty all its own. Quiet and smooth, its way lies through placid lands: and yet quiet as it is, its current is so quick that it is not navigable higher than a little way above its mouth. "The lengthened district through which it passes is usually styled the 'Vale of Tweed'; in general, it is of a pleasing sylvan character, the hills being never far from its banks, and the eminences and lower lands frequently clothed by woods and plantations." To any man who has lived by its side the mention of the name recalls only thoughts that are calm and pleasant, and as we speak of it now we think little of the rush of waters; no thoughts come to us of rushing torrents and deep ravines; we think only of gentle, if quick, motion, and recall the sacred

words which promise to the chosen people "a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." Let us carry this thought of it with us as we ascend the stream, and let us think of it, as an influence which has been present, quiet and observant, amid the many scenes of turbulence and violence which have been enacted on its banks.

Beginning with its mouth, we must first of all speak of Berwick, a town which, though not now Scotch, had the honour once of being reckoned to Scotland, and which has had much to do with the varying fortunes of Scotch and English arms. Berwick, which is about 300 miles from London, and 47 from Edinburgh, is built upon the top and side of a slight hill which rises by the northern side of Tweed. It is still, as everybody knows, in the possession of walls, and is now one of the very few walled towns in our island. Its ramparts were reared in the days of "good Queen Bess," and on the north and east sides are made of earth and stone; whilst at intervals along the line of them are "bastions" with "cavaliers," and a dry ditch extends alongside of them to the river. The ramparts have five gates, and have been kept in good condition; although for the last sixty years the comparative absence of guns from the fort may well be said to mark the fact that they are kept in existence mainly as a noble and striking memorial of warlike days that are long gone by. And, indeed, in this regard they are not useless, for no imaginative soul can walk along them without feeling that he is somehow united with the shades of the departed, and without in imagination seeing outside the eager ranks of some besieging army, within the grimly earnest faces of the besieged, evidently determined to starve and even to die rather than to yield. These walls now measure about a mile-and-a-half in cir-

cuit; but the older wall, of which there are still some remnants, was two miles in circuit. This latter wall was reared by Edward I., and surrounded the part now occupied by the little "suburbs" of Castle-gate and "the Greens," or "Greenses," as they are locally called. Of other antiquities in Berwick besides the walls, the chief is the ancient castle, which has been significantly in ruin since about 1603, when the kingdoms of England and Scotland happily became united, and when, therefore, the "occupation" of Berwick's strong old castle, and of Berwick itself as a military position, was indeed gone.

The town-hall of Berwick is a very handsome building for a small town, and is surmounted by a spire 150 feet in height, and the parish church, dating from the time of Cromwell, is worthy of a passing mention. Just opposite to the parish church stands the beautiful Wallace Green Church, belonging to the Presbyterian Church of England; and hereby hangs a good tale. It is said that upon some public occasion, perhaps some thirty years ago, the then vicar declared that there was *only one church* in Berwick. An excellent gentleman, a stranger to the town, hearing of this, thought to himself, "What! here is a town with ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, and only one church! Can I do better than devote a sum which I had laid aside for the building of a church in a destitute locality to the erection of a second church here?" He acted upon his resolution, and a new church, in connection with the Church of England, was built. Coming to Berwick some time afterwards, and being with the vicar at the parish church, he saw a handsome building close by. "Why," said he, "you have surely built my church very near to your own." "Oh, but that is not your church," said the vicar. "I thought," was the rejoinder, "that yours was the only church in Berwick, until mine was built?" "Yes, indeed," said the church's

vicar; "mine was the only church, but there are a dozen chapels." It may be said that the minister of this Presbyterian church which the worthy vicar had ignored as not worth mentioning, was the Rev. Dr. Cairns, now Principal of a Theological College in Edinburgh, and one of the most gifted preachers and ablest philosophers at present living in Scotland.

The town of Berwick has a very ancient history, its beginning, indeed, being lost in an obscure past. Its character was confirmed by several sovereigns from the time of Edward I.; but it is supposed that it first attained to some position as a town when Scot and Saxon struggled together for the possession of the south-eastern district of Scotland; its position made it a natural meeting-point for contending armies, and he who held Berwick might be said to be master of his surroundings. So far back as the time of Alexander I. of Scotland, it took rank with Edinburgh, Roxburgh, and Stirling, as a royal burgh; and those who know only the little market-town of to-day can scarcely realise its proud position and prestige in those early times. A proud position, however, is neither gained nor kept without trouble; and Berwick had to pay very dearly, in often finding itself the theatre of strife and tumult, for its ancient importance. Here in 1292—at the old castle—Edward I. gave his decision in favour of Balliol as rightful claimant to the Scottish crown. Hither in 1296 Edward I. returned again, and, on his way north to overthrow Balliol, who had turned against him, he made an onset upon the border town. The taking of Berwick upon this occasion is a story of pitilessly-secured victory; and we shall in a succeeding article quote a legend of the

siege which will give the reader a picture of the place and the time.

Edward purposed, upon his victorious return south, to strengthen this already strong town; but his intention was for a time defeated. The victorious English met with a reverse at Stirling Bridge; and the reinvigorated Scots immediately gained back the lost town; it was so only, however, for a brief space, for Edward had only to reappear upon the scene in person to secure the restoration of the place to his possession.

Our readers will remember how, in barbarous triumph over the dead Wallace, the English ordered the quarters of his body to be exhibited in various places as a token of victory and of warning; and Berwick was one of the places so dishonoured and insulted. Nor is it a more pleasing reminiscence of those warlike times, or one more fitted to raise our estimate of the glory of war, that "the Countess of Buchan of that day, because of the hereditary right which her house claimed of taking part in the coronation of the Scottish kings, was hung in a cage from one of the towers of the castle." People who talk rapturously of "good old times," would spend a profitable hour in meditating upon some of these things.

With the union of the kingdoms the military importance of Berwick began to decline, and it has long ago ceased to hold any importance save as a market-town for the prosperous farmers around, as possessing a good harbour, and as being an important centre of the fishing trade. As one passes through it to-day, one can hardly realise the time when it was a little kingdom by itself, with its own lord-chancellor and lord-chamberlain, a governor, and a "Domesday Book." "So passes the glory of the world."

THE STORY OF RED HALL.



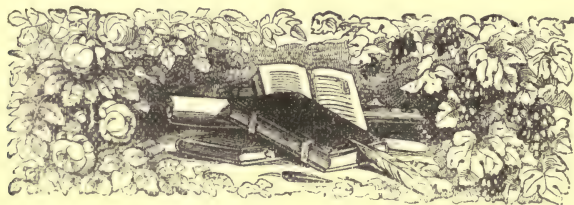
SOMEWHAT more than five hundred years ago, and Berwick-upon-Tweed was the most wealthy and flourishing city in Great Britain. Its commerce was the most extensive, its merchants the most enterprising and successful. London in some measure strove to be its rival, but it possessed not a tenth of the natural advantages, and Berwick continued to bear the palm alone—being styled the Alexandria of the nations, the emporium of commerce, and one of the first commercial cities of the world. This state of prosperity it owed almost solely to Alexander III., who did more for Berwick than any sovereign that has since claimed its allegiance. He brought over a colony of wealthy Flemings, for whom he erected an immense building, called the Red Hall (situated where the Wool-market now stands), and which at once served as dwelling-houses, factories, and a fortress. The terms upon which he granted a charter to this company of merchants, were, that they should defend, even unto death, their Red Hall against every attack of an enemy, and of the English in particular. Wool was the staple commodity of their commerce; but they also traded extensively in silks and in foreign manufactures. The people of Berwick understood FREE TRADE in those days. In this state of peace and enviable prosperity, it continued until the spring of 1296. The bold, the crafty, and revengeful Edward I. meditated an invasion of Scotland; and Berwick, from its wealth, situation, and importance, was naturally anticipated to be the first object of his attack.

To defeat this, Balliol, whom we can sometimes almost admire—though we generally despise and pity him—sent the chief men of Fife and their retainers to the assistance of the town. Easter week arrived, but no tidings were heard of Edward's movements, and business went on with its wonted bustle. Amongst the merchants of the Red Hall, was one known by the appellation of William the Fleming, and he had a daughter, an heiress and only child, whose beauty was the theme of Berwick's minstrels, when rhyme was beginning to begin. Many a knee was bent to the rich and beautiful Isabella; but she preferred the humble and half-told passion of Francis Scott, who was one of the clerks in the Red Hall, to all the chivalrous declarations of prouder lovers. Francis possessed industry and perseverance; and these, in the eyes of her father, were qualifications precious as rubies. These, with love for his daughter, overcame other mercenary objections, and the day for their marriage had arrived. Francis and Isabella were kneeling before the altar, and the priest was pronouncing the service—the merchant was gazing fondly over his child—when a sudden and a hurried peal from the Bell Tower broke upon the ceremony—and cries of 'The English! to arms!' were heard from the street. The voice of the priest faltered—he stopped—William the Fleming placed his hand upon his sword—the bridegroom started to his feet, and the fair Isabella clung to his side. 'Come, children,' said the merchant, 'let us to the Hall—a happier hour may bless your nuptials—this is no moment for bridal ceremony.' And in silence, each man grasping his sword, they departed from the chapel, where the performance of the marriage rites was

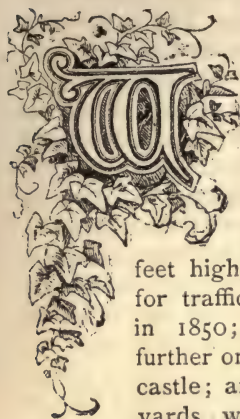
broken by the sounds of invasion. The ramparts were crowded with armed citizens, and a large English fleet was seen bearing round Lindisfarne. In a few hours the hostile vessels entered the river, and commenced a furious attack upon the town. Their assault was returned by the inhabitants as men who were resolved to die for liberty. For hours the battle raged, and the Tweed became as a sheet of blood. But, while the conflict rose fiercest, again the Bell Tower sent forth its sounds of death. Edward, at the head of thirty-five thousand chosen troops, had crossed the river at Coldstream, and was now seen encamping at the foot of Halidon Hill. Part of his army immediately descended upon the town, to the assistance of his fleet. It was the thirty brave Flemings, pouring their arrows upon the triumphant besiegers, and resolved to defend it to death. Amongst them was the father of Isabella, and by his side his intended son-in-law, his hands, which lately held a bride's, dripping with blood. The entire strength of the English army pressed around the Hall: and fearful were the doings which the band of devoted merchants, like death's own marksmen, made in the midst of them. What the besiegers, however, failed to effect by force, they effected by fire; and the Red Hall became enveloped in flames—its wool, its silks, and rich merchandise

blazing together, and causing the fierce element to ascend like a pyramid. Still the brave men stood in the midst of the conflagration, unquailed, hurling death upon her enemies; and, as the fire raged from room to room, they rushed to the roof of their Hall, discharging their last arrow on their besiegers, and waving their swords around their heads with a shout of triumph. There, also, stood the father, his daughter, and her lover, smiling and embracing each other in death. Crash succeeded crash—the flames ascended higher and higher—and the proud building was falling to pieces. A louder crash followed, the fierce element surrounded the brave victims—the gentle Isabella, leaning on her bridegroom, was seen waving her slender hand in triumph round her head—the hardy band waved their swords and shouted '*Liberty!*' and, in one moment more, the building fell to the earth, and the heroes, the bridegroom, and his bride, were buried in the ruins of their fortress and their factory.

Thus fell the Red Hall, and with it the commercial glory of Berwick. Sir William Douglas surrendered the castle to Edward, and the town was given up to plunder and brutality. Its trade in wool and in foreign merchandise was transferred to its rival, London—and need we say that it has not recovered it?"—*Wilson's Tales.*



BY THE TWEED TO KELSO.



WE leave Berwick now, and wander upwards; and as we go, we pass under the splendid railway viaduct, 126 feet high, which was opened for traffic by Queen Victoria in 1850; we pass, a little further on, the ruins of the old castle; and then, within a few yards, we seem, as we walk, to be recalled from the new time, with its engines of steam, to the old, with its echoes of its tremendous engines of war. If the day on which we ascend the river be fine, we shall probably see, when we get up a mile or two, some merry little company at one of the "shiels," holding an annual "kettle." "An 'annual kettle!'" says our reader; "what in all the world is that?" Well, good friend, we must not stay to tell you all about the origin of this use of the word; enough to explain that this does not signify a tea-kettle, but a "kettle of fish." A "kettle," indeed, in Berwick parlance, is a picnic party, with this specialty about it that fish is the chief thing consumed, and this fish is salmon taken out of the river after the company have gathered, and cooked upon the spot. Very delightful entertainments are these kettles, and strangers sojourning in the little town in summer-time count themselves happy if they can secure an invitation to one of them.

Leaving these innocent revels behind us, we pass onwards, coming by-and-by to the "Chain Bridge," itself a handsome structure, but chiefly interesting as being suspended over the river at one of the most beautiful points in this part of its course. We must not fail to observe near by the handsome mansion called

Paxton House, and if we had only time, we might well go aside from the river for awhile, and study the rich collection of paintings which it contains. We may not stay, however; and so let us "move on." By-and-by we come to Norham Castle, and recall the lines of Scott, in which he pictures the old place as he saw it in imagination amid the scenes of "Marmion" :—

"Day set on Norham's Castle steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle-gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he went along,
Some ancient Border gathering song."

As we move up the Tweed we are tempted to tarry a little while by the pleasant little town of Coldstream, a town thoroughly Scotch in character, though so close to England that it can only reach other parts of its own country by going into England first. And, speaking of this proximity, it is not a little curious to note the difference in tongue between the Coldstream folk and those of Cornhill, the village across the

Tweed where the railway station is. In Coldstream you will hear the broad, somewhat long-drawn, Berwickshire dialect, not, indeed, very Scotch in its vocabulary, but *very* Scotch in accent and pronunciation; while in Cornhill the whole is changed. The tongue is the tongue of the North of England, and the rolling *r-r-r-r* of the Berwickshire Scot is replaced by the curious, guttural *burr* of the Northumbrian.

The ford across the Tweed, of little use since the bridge was built, was once of great importance as a passage between England and Scotland. Edward I. passed into the country by this way in 1296; the Scottish army entered England by crossing the Tweed here in 1640; and Prince Charlie sent a small company across in 1745, in order that they might stand upon English territory and proclaim him king. But the nearness of Coldstream to England, in former times, gave it a character for favouring projects of love as well as war; and it takes rank along with Gretna Green, Lamberton Toll, and other spots on the Border, as the scene of many "runaway marriages." Chambers tells us in his "Gazetteer," how the landlord of the principal inn used to show, "with some pride, the room in which Lord Chancellor Brougham submitted to hymeneal bonds." To most of us, however, the chief interest of the little town must ever lie in the fact that a few miles south of it lies the battle-field of Flodden,

"Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!"

Scotland shudders to think of the story, and there is something in it all so inexpressibly sad that even victorious England says less of it than might be expected. Indeed, it is from a Scottish pen that it has received its noblest commemoration; for no chronicle of Flodden is like the poem of "Marmion."

We move now onwards up the rapid,

yet placid, banks of Tweed, passing the lands of Lees and Hirsell by the way, and a few miles further on we touch upon the parish of Ednam. The sweet little village which gives to the parish its name, lies not far from Tweedside, or the banks of a small stream called the Eden, and is dear to all Scotsmen and to all lovers of pastoral poetry as the home of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," who was born here in the year 1700. David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of the early Blackwoods, has described the hamlet so well that we give the reader his picture of it:—

A rural church,—some scattered cottage roofs
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air
Ascends, mingling with the summer sky—
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained—
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself—
And here and there a venerable tree
In foliaged beauty :—of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed.

But we hasten on to Kelso, sweetest—we had almost said—of all sweet towns in the south of Scotland, and with enough alike of picturesque beauty and of antique interest to have claimed a book all to itself. No wonder that the pious monks who neither disregarded fat lands nor fair, should have found here a home; and if, in this, they looked after their own interests, they looked after ours too; for if they had a noble dwelling, we have instead—what many of us perhaps prize more—a magnificent ruin. The monks who held it had first had a settlement at Selkirk, but Selkirk did not afford quite so many of the good things of the world which they professed to despise, and they besought the king to move them. This was done in 1128, in which year good King David I. founded Kelso Abbey, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. John. "The edifice," says Chambers, "was constructed in the form of a Greek cross, in a beautiful style of Saxon or early Norman architecture, with the exception of

four magnificent central arches, which were of the Gothic order, and thus it differed in its appearance from the Abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh, but in a style akin to the subsequently-erected Abbey of Dryburgh. When the latter was completed, in 1150, no part of Scotland, within so small space, could boast of containing so many splendid religious houses, and it may be supposed that when in full operation the whole of this beautiful district would be a complete halidome, teeming with ecclesiastics, the only learned men of their times, a great part of whom were foreigners; and that a society would be found of a comparatively refined description."

Well, the brethren who found a shelter in this noble house—let it be said for them—were not mere idlers; they were of the Tyrone order, and were distinguished as practising every sort of handicraft. No man was admitted into their fraternity who had not learned a trade of some sort; and the place was nothing less than a sort of technical college where tradesmen were instructed, and, moreover, a grand co-operative society which did the building, the gardening, the carpentering, etc., for the whole "country-side." It is well to bear this in mind when we are tempted to be too hard upon the monks of the Middle Ages; for we must not forget that the maintenance, not only of learning, but also of the arts, in dark times, is thus largely due to them. But here, as everywhere, ambition did its work, and the nobles whose policy before the Reformation seems to have been with kindness to spoil the church, and *after* the Reformation to *despoil* it, were lavish to the Abbey as usual; and the "poor" brethren had, by the end of the 13th century, "amassed vast property, and extensive privileges." "They held," says Chalmers in his "Caledonia," "the monastery of Lesmahagow, with its dependencies, thirty-four parish churches, several manors, many lands, granges, farms,

milns, breweries, fishings, salt-works, and other possessions; all which were spread over the several shires of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, Lanark, Dumfries, Ayr, Edinburgh, and Berwick, with the church of Culter, as far north as Aberdeenshire."

Well, indeed, if these excellent men exercised themselves in poverty after this, they knew that they had at least a comfortable reserve fund; and if they practised fasting, it can scarcely have been for want of food. The abbey has not been without its interest historically, for here was buried, 12th June, 1152, Earl Henry, son and heir of David I., the pious founder; and here, in 1460, immediately upon the death of James II. at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, James III. received the crown. Now of all this great building there remains but the great tower, and the transept, with arches, some of which are said to be grander than any other in Britain, save those of the Minster at York.

The thought of Kelso, however, is always associated with that of Roxburgh Castle, of which only a stone or two, and these not strictly belonging to the place itself, remain to mark its site. The castle stood upon a slight rising ground at the confluence of Teviot and Tweed, and its foundation dates from a time so ancient that no chronicle tells of its earliest existence. Perhaps it was reared by the Saxons in the days of the Heptarchy as one of the northern strongholds of Northumbria; but of this there is no record. The earliest thing we know of it is that David, Earl of Northumberland, and brother of Alexander I., dwelt in it, and, on his becoming king, turned it into a royal palace. From this time it became a place of immense importance. Here, in 1125, the legate of Pope Honorius II. held a council; and in 1136 the Archbishop of York came to it to seek from King David a truce. At times it was used as a prison, and amongst its annals is re-

corded the fact that, in 1306, Mary, Robert Bruce's sister, was confined "en une Kage," within the castle. Chalmers, our unfailing authority, gives the following record of events which took place within its walls:—

"In 1239, on the 15th of May, Alexander II. married Mary, the daughter of Ingelram de Coucy, at Roxburgh. In 1241, the 4th September, Alexander III. was born at Roxburgh, in the forty-fourth year of his father's age, and the twenty-seventh of his reign. Alexander III. resided at Roxburgh in September, 1255, with Margaret his queen, the daughter of Henry III., whom he married in 1251; and here they were received with great joy, after a grand procession to the church of Kelso. In 1266, Prince Edward, the brother of Margaret, was here magnificently entertained. In 1268 Edward returned to Roxburgh, bringing his brother Edmond with him. The marriage contract of the Princess Margaret with Eric, King of Norway, was settled at Roxburgh. In 1283, the nuptials of Alexander, the Prince of Scotland, with Margaret, the daughter of the Earl of Flanders, was here solemnized. Edward III. twice celebrated his birthday in Roxburgh."

Like Berwick, Roxburgh shared many vicissitudes of proprietorship and of fortune. William the Lion gave it up to Henry II. as part-price of his freedom; but 1189 saw it restored to Scotland by the gift of Richard I. King John "fired" it in 1216; and in 1292 the Court of King's Bench for England held a session here; while in 1295, Balliol allowed it to be held by Edward I. during the French war. The following year saw it yielded up entirely to Edward, the people then, in a body, yielding homage to him; and soon after it became the scene of a futile attempt at a siege by Wallace. An interesting tale is told of its being surprised by Douglas in March, 1312-13. "Having selected sixty of his most resolute followers, he disguised them with

black frocks, that the glitter of their armour might not betray them, and desired them cautiously to draw near to the castle, approaching on their hands and knees." The *ruse* succeeded; the sentinels mistook the black objects for cattle, and before the true state of things was realised Douglas's men had scaled the walls and were in possession of the place; but before many years had passed treachery had caused it to change hands again, for in 1334 Edward Balliol made it over (by an "insidious treaty," says Chalmers), with many other strongholds and lands, to the English king. In 1342 Ramsay of Dalhousie regained it for Scotland; but again, 1346, upon the capture of David II., it reverted to England, and so it remained until 1460 when it was retaken by Mary of Gueldres, immediately after the death of her husband James II., who died during the siege. To make sure that it should not again become an English stronghold, it was thereupon destroyed. Though partially rebuilt by the Duke of Somerset at the time of his invasion of Scotland (1547), it never regained any importance; and in 1550 it was finally destroyed upon being restored to Scotland by treaty.

Such was the chequered history of the castle of Roxburgh which now lives only in a few stones which are supposed to mark one of its outer defences, in the title which it gives to a noble family, and in the page of history. In olden times a town or city nestled there under the shadow of the castle, in the little "inver" formed by the junction of Teviot and Tweed, but that also is gone, and its memory is chiefly recalled by the ancient St. James's Fair, which, though decreasing in importance, is still held year by year on the grassy haugh where once it stood.

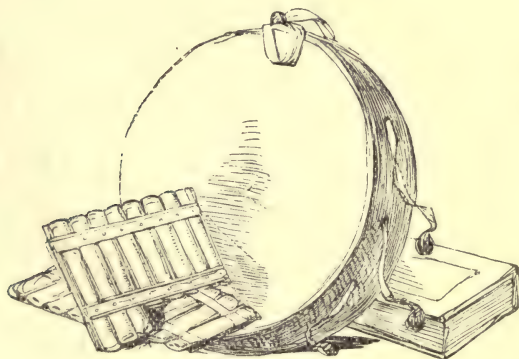
There is still a parish of Roxburgh, now thoroughly agricultural in its aspect; and few of the "livings" in the south of Scotland are more attractive,

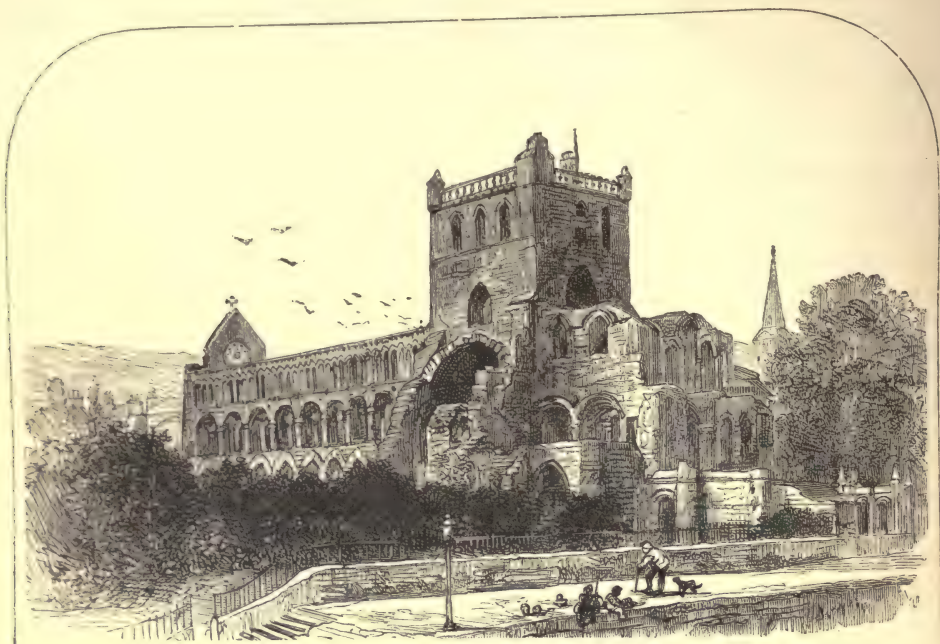
whether we consider the beauty of the scenery or the richness of the lands amid which it is placed.

We have not space to refer to the many beautiful mansions around Kelso, such as the noble Fleurs Castle, the residence of the Duke of Roxburghe; nor can we allude to the numerous elegant buildings which the modern town possesses, or to its extensive and fair park, called Shedden Park. We only pause a moment ere we pass from Kelso to note the fact that its name is associated with that of two of the sweetest sacred singers of this century—Henry Francis Lyte and Horatius Bonar. Lyte, the author of the hymn “Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,” so dear to us all, was a native of Kelso or its immediate neighbourhood; Bonar, whose “Hymns of Faith and Hope” are also dear to so many Christian hearts, was minister here for many years. And we recall for a moment the tender recollection of another, a youth of high poetic gift, who, after a few weeks of successful labour in the parish of Roxburgh, was suddenly called away to where poets learn their song anew, and sing it

amid scenes infinitely more fair than those amid which he was privileged to pass a happy portion of his life’s spring-tide.

There are many places in this part of the country which we must pass without a single notice, and if perchance some native of the neglected spots should happen to read these pages, let him pardon us and believe that our neglect does not arise from an undue regard to such places, for instance, as Sprouston, Ancrum, and others of more or less interest, but simply for lack of space. It seems impossible to overlook Yetholm, the residence of royalty, for is it not the home of the princes and princesses of the gipsies? This strange people has had its headquarters here from time immemorial, attracted thither perhaps in part from its position on the very frontier of the two countries, and not unlikely also from its comparative isolation in its nook at the foot of the Cheviots which has aided them in keeping their race distinct. But we are eager to move on to Jedburgh, and entertain our readers by reciting—not making—for them a legend of that ancient town.





JEDBURGH ABBEY—GENERAL VIEW.

JEDBURGH AND ITS LEGEND.



MAKING our way from Kelso and its immediate neighbourhood, we make a little bye-excursion to Jedburgh—or Jeddart, as it was wont to be called—a beautiful little town upon the Jed, a small tributary of the Tweed. It lies nestling in a valley surrounded by finely-wooded hills, and, seen in a summer's day, it might be taken for a nook in Fairyland. Many a delightful ramble can be made from the town—up Jed water, for instance, by the higher reaches of which you leave nature's softer beauties behind, and get into wilder country, coming at last to where the stream rises in the valleys that run

among the hills of Cheviot. Or you may make a small climbing expedition up the hill of Dunion, which stands about a thousand feet above sea-level, and you will be repaid by a view of peculiar loveliness, including the whole vale of Jed, and many a spot besides in the neighbouring vale of Teviot. But the chief interest of Jedburgh to a passing stranger consists in its Abbey, a grand edifice even now. It was founded by King David I. early in the twelfth century for the benefit of a company of Augustine friars from Beauvais in France. It occupies a lofty position close by the bank of the river, and from its tower a splendid view is to be obtained, in much resembling that from Dunion Hill, and taking in a great portion of the Cheviot range.

In its general style it is very like to the sister Abbey at Kelso, and, classing them together, Fergusson thus writes of both:—"The abbey churches of Kelso and Jedburgh, as we now find them, belong either to the very end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth century. They display all the rude magnificence of the Norman period, used in this instance not experimentally, as was too often the case in England, but as a well-understood style, whose features were fully perfected. The whole was used with a Doric simplicity and boldness which is very remarkable. Sometimes, it must be confessed, this independence of constraint is carried a little too far, as in the pier arches at Jedburgh, where they are thrown across between the circular pillars without any subordinate shaft or apparent support. Here the excessive strength of the arch in great measure redeems it." The west door, the chief entrance, is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture, and inside one very noticeable feature is the length of the nave, which consists of nine bays with aisles, and is said to be "one of the finest examples of the Romanesque in Scotland."

Until very recently the Abbey was used for the service of the parish church, but about ten years ago the Marquis of Lothian built a new church at a cost of about £16,000; and the grand old building now stands in its picturesque ruin, a tender memory of days that are gone.

We must pass over mention of any other of the public buildings of the little town, for we are going now to transcribe, for the benefit of our readers, a curious and interesting legend of the place, which we think it best to give, as nearly as may be, in its entirety. And our readers will not, we think, grudge our insertion even of the opening paragraph, which re-echoes in better voice than ours the praises of Jed and Jed-dart.

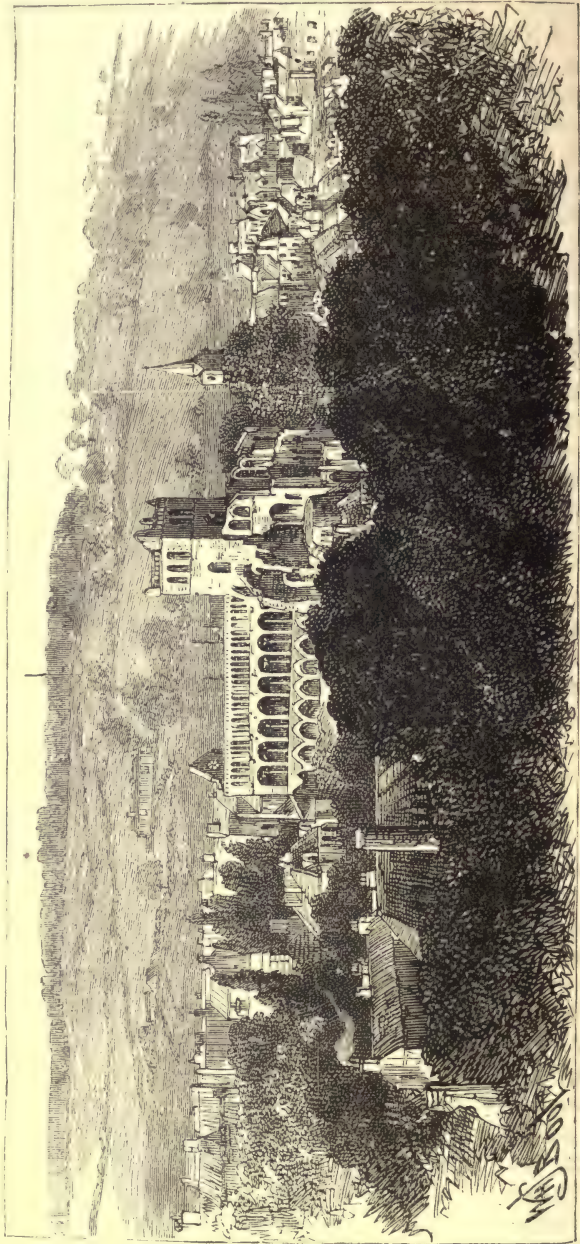
A LEGEND OF JEDBURGH.

"There is no river in this country which presents, in its course, scenes more beautifully romantic than the little Jed. Though it exhibits not the dizzy cliffs where the eagles build their nests, the mass of waters, the magnitude and the boldness, which give the character of sublimity to a scene; yet, as it winds its course through undulating hills where the forest trees entwine their broad branches, or steals along by the foot of the red rocky precipices, where the wild flowers and the broom blossom from every crevice of their perpendicular sides, and from whose summits the woods bend down, beautiful as rainbows, it presenteth pictures of surpassing loveliness, which the eye delights to dwell upon. It is a fair sight to look down from the tree-clad hills upon the ancient burgh, with the river half circling it, and gardens, orchards, woods, in the beauty of summer blossoming, or the magnificence of their autumnal hues, encompassing it, while the venerable Abbey riseth stately in the midst of all as a temple in paradise. Such is the character of the scenery around Jedburgh now; and, in former ages, its beauty rendered it a favourite resort of the Scottish kings.

About the year 1270, an orphan boy, named Patrick Douglas, herded a few sheep upon the hills, which were the property of the monks of Melrose. Some of the brotherhood, discovering him to be a boy of excellent parts, instructed him to read and to write; and perceiving the readiness with which he acquired these arts, they sought also to initiate him into all the learning of the age, and to bring him up for their order. To facilitate and complete his instructions, they had him admitted amongst them as a *convert* or lay-brother. But, though the talents of the shepherd boy caused him to be regarded as a prodigy by all within the monastery, from the

Lord Abbot down to the kitchener and his assistants; yet, with Patrick, as with many others even now, gifts were not graces. He had no desire to wear the white cassock, narrow scapulary, and plain linen hood of the Cistercian brethren; neither did he possess the devoutness necessary for performing his devotions seven times a day; and, when the bell roused him at two in the morning, to what was called the *nocturnal* service, Patrick arose reluctantly; for, though compelled to wedge himself into a narrow bed at eight o'clock in the evening, it was his wont to lie awake, musing on what he had read or learned, until past midnight; and, when the *nocturnal* was over, he again retired to sleep, until he was aroused at six for *matins*; but, after these, came other devotions called *terce*, the *sext*, the *none*, *versers*, and the *compline*—at nine in the morning, at noon, at three in the afternoon, at six in the evening, and before eight. These services broke in on his favourite studies; and, possessing more talent than devotion, while engaged in them, he thought more of his studies than of them. Patrick, therefore, refused to take the monastic vow. He

when he left, the Abbot and the brethren bestowed their benediction and gifts upon him. He also carried with him letters



JEDBURGH, FROM ALLESTON.

——— 'had heard of war,
And longed to follow to the field some warlike Lord.'

He, however, was beloved by all; and

from the Lord Abbot and Prior, to men,
who were mighty in power at the court
of King Philip of France.

From the testimonials which he brought with him, Patrick Douglas, the Scottish orphan, speedily obtained favour in the eyes of King Philip and his nobles, and became as distinguished on the field for his prowess and the feats of his arms, as he had been in the Abbey of Melrose for his attainments in learning. But a period of peace came; and he who was but a few years before a shepherd boy by Tweedside, now bearing honours conferred on him by a foreign monarch, was invited as a guest to the palace of the illustrious Count of Dreux. A hundred nobles were there, each exhibiting all the pageantry of the age; and there, too, were a hundred ladies, vying with each other in beauty and in the splendour of their array. But chief of all was Jolande, the daughter of their host, the Count of Dreux, and the fame of whose charms had spread throughout Christendom. Troubadours sang of her beauty, and princes bent the knee before her. Patrick Douglas beheld her charms. He gazed on them with a mixed feeling of awe, of regret, and of admiration. His eyes followed her, and his soul followed them. He beheld the devoirs which the great and the noble paid to her, and his heart was heavy: for she was the fairest and the proudest flower among the French nobility—he an exotic weed of desert birth. And, while princes strove for her hand, he remembered, he felt, that he was an orphan of foreign and of obscure parentage—a scholar by accident (but to be a scholar was no recommendation in those days, and it is but seldom that it is one even now), and a soldier of fortune, to whose name royal honours were not attached, while his purse was light, and who, because his feet covered more ground than he could call his own, was denied the insignia of knighthood. Yet, while he ventured not to breathe his thoughts or wishes before her, he imagined that she looked on him more kindly, and that she smiled on him

more frequently than on his lordly rivals; and his heart deceived itself, and rejoiced in secret.

Now, it was early in the year 1283, the evening was balmy for the season, the first spring flowers were budding forth, and the moon, as a silver crescent, was seen among the stars. The young scholar and soldier of unknown birth walked in the gardens of the Count of Dreux, and the lovely Jolande leaned upon his arm. His heart throbbed as he listened to the silver tones of her sweet voice, and felt the gentle pressure of her soft hand in his. He forgot that she was the daughter of a prince—he the son of a dead peasant. In the delirium of a moment, he had thrown himself on his knee before her, he had pressed her hand on his bosom, and gazed eagerly in her face.

She was startled by his manner, and had only said—"Sir, what means?"—though in a tone neither of reproach nor of pride, when what she would have said was cut short by the sudden approach of a page, who, bowing before her, stated that four commissioners having arrived from the King of Scotland, the presence of the Princess Jolande was required at the palace. Patrick Douglas started to his feet as he heard the page approach, and as he listened to his words, he trembled.

The princess blushed, and turning from Patrick, proceeded in confusion towards the palace, while he followed at a distance, repenting of what he had said and of what he had done, or, rather, wishing that he had said more or said less.

He fancied, however, that she had not altogether discouraged his advances, and resolved at least that he would not despair. But what was his horror to find that the commissioners who had arrived were no others than Thomas Charteris, the Chancellor; Patrick de Graham, William de St. Clair, and John de Soulis; and that their business was to

negotiate a marriage between his idolised Jolande and their king, Alexander the Third.

Alexander bore at that time a high character. He was described as the 'father of his people,' and as being like 'a husband to his kingdom;' he is spoken of as being 'wise, just, resolute, and merciful,' and as being beloved in his own kingdom of Scotland and honoured by all nations. But he had been sorely tried. One after another of his kinsfolk had died; he had lived to see all his own family die before him; and his granddaughter was the only survivor of his house save himself. The nation, fearing that his line might become extinct, were anxious to see him wedded once more; and Jolande was fixed upon by them as a fitting bride."

Alas for poor Patrick! All his happy dreams seemed to be vanishing into thin air; and he blamed himself for indulging even for a moment a passion which, from the first, had been so imprudent, and which now he regarded as nothing less than a calamity.

"But before another sun rose [so runs the story], Patrick Douglas, the honoured military adventurer of King Philip, was not to be found in the palace of the Count de Dreux. Many were the conjectures concerning his sudden departure; and amongst those conjectures as regarding the cause, many were right. But Jolande stole to her chamber, and in secret wept for the brave stranger.

More than two years passed away, and the negotiations between the courts of Scotland and of France, respecting the marriage of King Alexander and fair Jolande, were continued; but during that period, even the name of Patrick Douglas, the Scotch soldier, began to be forgotten—his learning became a dead letter, and his feats of arms continued no longer the theme of tongues. It is seldom that kings are such tardy wooers; but between the union of the good Alexander and the beautiful Jolande many obstacles were

thrown. When, however, their nuptials were finally agreed to, it was resolved that they should be celebrated on a scale of magnificence such as the world had never seen. Now the loveliest spot in broad Scotland, where the Scottish king could celebrate his gay festivities, was the good town of Jedureth, or Jedburgh. For it was situated [so says the partial chronicler] like an Eden, in the depth of an impenetrable forest; gardens circled it; wooded hills surrounded it; precipices threw their shadows over flowery glens; wooded hills embraced it, as the union of many arms; waters murmured amidst it; and it was a scene on which man could not gaze without forgetting or regretting his fallen nature. Yea, the beholder might have said,—'If the earth be yet so lovely, how glorious must it have been ere it was cursed because of man's transgressions!'"

Such was the spot [a picture of Paradise, according to our chronicler] where the nuptials were to be celebrated, and whither the now not youthful, yet not old, Alexander went with his court to claim his future queen. And there, in the ancient castle, near to the Abbey, he took up his quarters; while his nobles took up their abode in the neighbourhood.

On the very same day on which Alexander arrived, Jolande and her attendants came to Jedburgh from France. Very grand was her company, as we are told; very gorgeous were their dresses; and the inhabitants of Jedburgh—then a populous place—looked in awe-struck admiration upon all the royal grandeur which made their ancient town resplendent.

"The marriage ceremony was performed in the Abbey, before Morel, the Lord Abbot, and glad assembled thousands. The town and the surrounding hills became a scene of joy. The bale-fires blazed from every hill; music echoed in the streets; and from every house, while the light of tapers

gleamed, was heard the sound of dance and song. The Scottish maiden and the French courtier danced by the side of the Jed together. But chief of all the festive scene was the assembly in the hall of the royal castle. At the further end of the apartment, elevated on a purple-covered dais, sat King Alexander, with the hand of his bridal queen locked in his. On each side were ranged promiscuously the Scottish and the French nobility, with their wives, daughters, and sisters. Music lent its influence to the scene, and the strains of a hundred instruments blended in a swell of melody.

Thrice a hundred tapers burned suspended from the roof, and on each side of the hall stood twenty men with branches of blazing pine. Now came the morris-dance, with the antique dress and strange attitudes of the performers, which was succeeded by a dance of warriors in their coats of mail, and with their swords drawn. After these a masque, prepared by Thomas the Rhymer, who sat on the right hand of the King, followed, and the company laughed, wept, and wondered, as the actors performed their parts before them.

But now came the royal dance; the music burst into a bolder strain, and lord and lady rose, treading the strange measure down the hall, after the King and his fair Queen.

But lo! amid the resounding music and the many dancing, what change was this which came over the King's gaiety and turned the happy din into a hushed silence?—The King had held out his hand to his bride, and a skeleton's fingers had grasped it in their grim hold. He shrank back aghast; for royalty shuddereth at the sight of Death as doth a beggar, and in its presence feeleth his power to be as the power of him who vainly commanded the waves of the sea to go back. Still the skeleton kept true measure before him—still it extended to him its bony hand. He fell

back, in horror, against a pillar where a torch-bearer stood. The lovely Queen shrieked aloud, and fell as dead upon the ground. The music ceased—silence fell on the multitude—they stood still—they gazed on each other. Dismay caused the cold damp of terror to burst from every brow, and timid maidens sought refuge and hid their faces on the bosom of strangers. But still, visible to all, the spectre stood before the King, its bare ribs rattling as it moved, and its finger pointed towards him. The music, the dancers, became noiseless, as if death had whispered—‘*Hush! be still!*’ For the figure of Death stood in the midst of them, as though it mocked them, and no sound was heard save the rattling of its bones, the moving of its teeth, and the motion of its fingers before the King.

The Lord Abbot gathered courage, he raised his crucifix from his breast, he was about to exorcise the strange spectre, when it bent its grim head before him, and vanished as it came—no man knew whither.

‘Let the revels cease!’ gasped the terror-stricken king; and they did cease. The day had begun in joy, it was ended in terror. Fear spread over the land, and while the strange tale of the marriage spectre was yet in the mouths of all men, yea, before six months had passed, the tidings spread that the good King Alexander, at whom the figure of Death had pointed its finger, was with the dead, and his young queen a widow in a strange land.

The appearance of the spectre became a tale of wonder amongst all men, descending from generation to generation, and unto this day it remains a mystery. But on the day after the royal festival at Jedburgh, Patrick Douglas, the learned soldier, took the vows, and became a monastic brother at Melrose, and, though he spoke of Jolande in his dreams, he smiled, as if in secret triumph, when the spectre was mentioned in his hearing.”—*Wilson's Tales of the Borders.*



MELROSE ABBEY.

BY THE Tweed ONCE MORE—DRYBURGH AND MELROSE.

WE come again once more to the "Silvery Tweed," and we shall suppose that we have got transported to it by rail *via* Roxburgh and St. Boswell's, at which latter place we halt an hour or two to go and visit Dryburgh Abbey, ere we proceed to Melrose. This ancient

ruin dates from the time of Hugh Monville, Constable of Scotland under David I., and is supposed to have been built where once a temple of the Druids stood; but for us its interest lies less in its age than in its soft beauty, as it stands there in its grey glory at the foot of the Eildon hills, amid rich, green pastures and picturesque woodlands. But even its pastoral beauty—which it shares with so many spots in these border-lands—is less to us than the fact that within

the ruined walls are laid to rest the remains of Sir Walter Scott. Where more fitly could he have been laid for his last sleep, than here amid the scenes he knew and loved so well? His own Abbotsford is only a mile or two away; Melrose Abbey, which his verse has restored more than could mason's hand, is but a little further along the banks of Tweed; only a little farther off are Ashiestiel and "St. Ronan's." Yes, here you are in the midst of his own country, and if you were but to climb the lofty hill which is beside you as you stand here by his grave, you might see them all. He lies, as has been well said, "in the centre of the obscure border province where he was most at home, and which his genius has made a region more familiar than the places that they have themselves seen, to children born in America and Australia. As, looking back to Homer and Shakspeare, one thinks of them surrounded by the beings to whom they have given a mysterious life, so Scott also lies among the real though shadowy worlds of his own creation."* And now pilgrims come from all parts to Dryburgh, most of all from America, whose sons and daughters love our border bard and romances so well that no visit to the "Old Country" is deemed complete which does not include each place which he has marked out by his genius, each spot where he was wont to sojourn or to rest, and, not least, the quiet aisle which his ashes have changed to a literary shrine.

And of Melrose, how shall we speak fittingly? We can but tell somewhat of it in plain words, and then bid the kind reader, if he has not done so yet, go and see it for himself. The little town lies under a complete shelter of hills, the chief of these being the Eildons, of which we have already spoken. It does not possess many modern buildings of any note, the chief being one or two

public offices, the churches, and a hydro-pathic establishment. It is as if it had been content with its one great building—the Abbey.

In tracing the history of this noble building, we must betake ourselves to Old Melrose, a village at a distance of about two miles from the modern town, for here first in 635 a religious house was founded, which in a succeeding generation had the honour of enrolling amongst its occupants the holy St. Cuthbert, the friend of the Venerable Bede, and which also had in its earliest history the privilege of being presided over by the saintly Aidan. It was a light in a dark time; and whatever it may have afterwards become, it was a stronghold of piety and zeal for long after its foundation. By-and-by it fell into ruins, and in 1136, David I.—that "nursing-father" of the Church, whose munificence we have had again and again in these pages to commemorate—built instead the Abbey of Melrose on the fair green meadow which has become to us all a sacred spot in these latter times: the Abbey was occupied by Cistercian monks, and dedicated to the Virgin. With more zeal perhaps than wisdom, David set about the usual course of making the poor fraternity rich, and gave them the "lands of Melrose, Eldun, and Dernevie, Gattonside, the fishing of Tweed," "pasturage and pannage" in the forests of Selkirk and Traquair, and in that between the waters of the Gala and the Leader. By-and-by their possessions became wider still, stretching even into the counties of Ayr and Dumfries, till probably the honest monks hardly knew themselves where their property began, and where it ended. It was not long before the ownership of broad lands brought its show of controversy and care, scarcely to be called of the spiritual order; and we learn how, in 1184, but five decades from its foundations, William the Lion and his lords spiritual and temporal had to

* Palgrave's Memoirs in the *Globe* edition of Scott.

decide the vexed questions of "pasturage" and pannage between the Melrose monks (now, we fear, not so unworldly as in St. Cuthbert's day) and the "men of Wedale." Like many other spots in the border-land, it became a place for the transaction of national affairs, and in 1285 the barons of Yorkshire swore fealty to the Scottish king in the chapter-house of the Abbey. Darker times came soon, and 1322 saw the venerable house levelled with the ground, and its occupants slain. What was virtually a new Abbey was reared by Robert the Bruce four years afterwards at a cost of £2,000, then an immense sum. Most fitly it became the treasure-house of Bruce's heart, which, after an unsuccessful attempt to bury it in the Holy Sepulchre, was brought back to his native land, and laid here. In the course of the following century it passed through varying fortunes, which it is unnecessary here to detail; but the fifteenth century seems to have brought to it and its brotherhood a long and welcome interval of rest. With the changes of the sixteenth century, however, here as elsewhere, the ruthless hand of destruction came; and twice in one year—the year 1545—it was assailed by English forces, and sadly impoverished and destroyed. Finally it passed into secular hands, first being given by Queen Mary into the hands of the unworthy and miserable Earl of Bothwell; next gifted to Sir John Ramsay, for having preserved the life of his king; and to Sir Thomas Hamilton, an ancestor of the noble family of Haddington; and last of all it was "acquired" by the house of Buccleuch. The revenue of the monastery at the time of the Reformation is stated to have been as follows:—"£1,758 scots; wheat 19 chalders, 9 bolls; bear 77 chalders, 3 bolls; oats 47 chalders, 1 boll, 2 firlots; meal 14 chalders; with 8 chalders of salt; 105 stones of butter; 10 dozen of capons; 26 dozen of poultry;

376 muir-fowl; 360 loads of peat; and 500 carriages."

Of the building itself, as it now stands, it has been truly said that the ruins "afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which Scotland can boast." "By singular good fortune, Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical ruins scattered throughout this reformed land. To say that it is beautiful, is to say nothing. It is exquisitely, splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace, and unmeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect and its minute details, it is a study—a glory." We take the following more minute description at length from the same source:—

"Visitors usually approach by a stile leading from the east end of the village into the churchyard, so as first to get a view of the south side of the building. Having been reared in the form of a cross, with the upper part of that figure towards the east, that portion of the edifice which appears the most prominent, is the south part of the transept, containing the main entrance. The arching of this doorway is composed of a semicircle with various members of the most delicate work falling behind each other, supported on light and well-proportioned pilasters, with a projection on each side of rich tabernacle work. The cornices of this end of the structure are composed of angular buttresses, terminated by spires, also of tabernacle work. These buttresses are pierced with niches for statues; the pedestals and canopies are of the lightest Gothic order, and ornamented by garlands of flowers in pierced work. Above the entrance are several niches for statues, decreasing in height as the arch rises, in which some mutilated effigies remain, many in standing positions, others sitting, said to represent the apostles. In the centre are the arms of Scotland, a lion rampant, with a double tressure;

above which is the effigy of John the Baptist, to the waist, suspended in a cloud, casting his looks upward, and bearing on his bosom a fillet, inscribed 'Ecce filius Dei.' This is a very delicate sculpture, and in good preservation. On the buttress east of the door is the effigy of a monk; in his hand is a fillet extended, on which is inscribed, *Passus e. q. ipse voluit* [he suffered because himself willed it]. On the western buttress is the like effigy bearing a fillet, inscribed, *Cu. venit Jesu seq. cessabit umbra* [when Jesus appears, the darkness will pass away]. To the westward of this last effigy is the figure of a cripple on the shoulders of one that is blind, well executed; under which may be read *Uncte Dei* [anointed of God]. Above this south door is an elegant window, divided by four principal bars or mullions, terminating in a pointed arch; the tracery light, and collected at the summit into a wheel; the stone-work of the whole window yet remaining perfect. This window is twenty-four feet in height within the arch, and sixteen in breadth; the mouldings of the arch contain many members, graced with a filleting of foliage; the outward member runs into a point of pinnacle work, and encloses a niche highly ornamented, which it is said contained the figure of our Lord. There are eight niches which sink gradually on the sides of the arch, formerly appropriated to receive the statues of the apostles. The whole south end rises to a point to form the roof, garnished by an upper moulding, which is ornamented by a fillet of excellent rose-work; the centre is terminated by a square tower. It will suffice to remark, in this place, that the pedestals for statues in general are composed of five members of cornice, supported by palm boughs or some other rich wrought foliage, and terminating at the foot in a point with a triple roll. The caps, or canopies of the niches, are composed of delicate taber-

nacle work, the spires ornamented by mouldings and a fillet of rose-work, and the suspended skirts graced by flowers; the interior of the canopy is of ribbed work, terminating in a suspended knot in the centre. This description will suffice to carry the reader's idea to every particular niche, without running into the tediousness of repetition. At the junction of the south and west members of the cross, a hexagon tower rises, terminating in a pinnacle roofed with stone, highly ornamented: from hence the aisle is extended so as to receive three large windows, whose arches are pointed, each divided by three upright bars or mullions, the tracery various and light, some in wheels, and others in the windings of foliage. These windows are separated by buttresses, ornamented by niches. Here are sculptured the arms of several of the abbots, and that also of the abbey, 'a mell, and a rose.' These buttresses support pinnacles of the finest tabernacle work. From the feet of these last pinnacles are extended bows or open arches, composed of the quarter division of a circle, abutting to the bottom of another race of buttresses, which arise at the side wall of the nave; each of these last buttresses also supporting an elegant pinnacle of tabernacle work, are ornamented by niches, in two of which statues remain, one of St. Andrew, the other of the Holy Virgin; the side aisles are slated, but the nave is covered by an arched roof of hewn stone. From the west end of the church is continued a row of buildings containing five windows, divided by the like buttresses, the tracery of two of the windows remaining, the rest open; each of these windows appertained to a separate chapel, appropriated and dedicated to distinct personages and services; the places of the altar, and the fonts, or holy-water basins, still remaining. At the western extremity of this structure on the last buttress, are the arms of Scotland, supported by unicorns collared and chained;

the motto above broken, the letters E, G, J, S, only remaining. On one side is the letter J, on the other Q, and a date, 1505, which was the second year of the marriage of King James IV., a marriage concerted at this abbey between the king in person and Richard Fox, then Bishop of Durham. The east end of the church is composed of the choir, with a small aisle on each side, which appears to have been open to the high altar. This part is lighted by three windows towards the east, and two side windows in the aisle; the centre window is divided by four upright bars or mullions; the traceries are of various figures, but chiefly crosses, which support a large complicated cross that forms the centre; the arching is pointed, and part of the tracery here is broken. The side-lights are nearly as high as the centre, but very narrow, divided by three upright bars or mullions; the mouldings of the window-arches are small and delicate, yet ornamented with a fillet of foliage. On each side of the great window are niches for statues, and at the top there appear the effigies of an old man sitting, with a globe in his left hand rested on his knees, with a young man on his right; over their heads an open crown is suspended. These figures, it is presumed, represent the Father and the Son. The buttresses at this end terminate in pinnacles of tabernacle work; the mouldings and sculptures are elegantly wrought. The north end of the cross-aisle of the abbey is not much ornamented externally, it having adjoined to the cloister and other buildings. The door which leads to the site of the cloister (the building being demolished) is a semicircular arch of many members; the fillet of foliage and flowers is of the highest finishing that can be conceived to be executed in freestone, it being pierced with flowers and leaves separated from the one behind, and suspended in a twisted garland. In the mouldings, pinnacle-work, and foliage of the seats, which remain of the

cloister, it is understood that there is as great excellence to be found as in any stonework in Europe, for lightness, ease, and disposition. Nature is studied through the whole, and the flowers and plants are represented as accurately as under the pencil. In this fabric there are the finest lessons, and the greatest variety of Gothic ornaments that the island affords, take all the religious structures together. . . . The length of the edifice, from east to west, is 258 feet, the cross-aisle 137 feet, and the whole contents of its ichnography 943 feet. The north aisle is lighted by a circular window, representing a crown of thorns, which makes an uncommon appearance. Here are the effigies of Peter and Paul, one on each side of the tower, but of inferior sculpture. It is said that Alexander II. lies buried at the high altar, beneath the east window. There is a marble slab, the form of a coffin, on the south side of the high altar; but it bears no inscription, and is supposed to be that of Gualterus, or Walter, the second abbot, who was canonised. The chronicle of Melrose contains the anecdote that Ingerim, Bishop of Glasgow, and four abbots, came to Melrose to open the grave after twelve years' interment, when they found the body of Gualterus uncorrupted, on which, with a religious rapture, they exclaimed, *Vere hic homo Dei est*. They afterwards placed a marble monument over the remains. . . .

Many altars, basins for holy-water, and other remains of separate chapels, appear in the aisles, among which are those of St. Mary and St. Waldave."

Melrose, unlike Cologne, has had preserved to it the name of its architect, and the following rude inscription may be seen on the wall at the entrance of the south transept:—

"John Murrow sum tyme callit was I: and born in parysse certainly: and had in kepyng al mason werk of santan droys: ye hige kyrk of—glas gw: Melros: and paslay: of nyddys: dayll: and: of: geelway: pray: to god: and: mari: bath: and"

Here ends the trace of the original inscription.

So stands the noble ruin of Melrose to-day, a shrine of many a holy memory : consecrated by the memory of a St. Cuthbert, and thus, in earliest times, linking itself on to the religious life of England as well as Scotland, at a time when corruption had not covered the face of the Catholic Church ; sacred as the home of the heart of Bruce, and thus carrying within it, as it were, emblematically the heart of the Scottish nation ; for us made immortal alike in romance and in song by the Laird of Abbotsford, in his tale of "The Monastery," every page of which seems to call the old ruin into view, and in his "Lay of the Last

Minstrel," with some famous lines of which we close this chapter :—

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey,
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

ABBOTSFORD AND SIR WALTER.



SHORT and beautiful drive from Melrose brings you to Abbotsford ; or if perchance you should come not from Melrose, but from the busy, smoky, prosperous town of Galashiels—which, be it said, with all the materialising and coarsening tendencies of fabric-making and money-making, has retained much of Border gentleness and a great reverence for the bard—you may take train to Abbotsford Ferry, or Boldside as it used to be called, and go across the river in a little boat. In old times this latter mode of approach was rendered delightful from the fact that you were ferried across by Mr. Andrew Dun, himself one of nature's born gentlemen, who had known Sir Walter well, and had many a pleasant thing to say of the "Sheriff of Ettrick Forest." And here let us say, in passing, that much though

we have been at and about Abbotsford, we never heard any one say aught that was not kind of Scott.

Coming to Abbotsford, you are struck at once with the fine building and the fair surroundings, the dear river itself, the pleasant green *haughs* by its side, the rich woods that overhang the river, and cluster all about the building. Abbotsford does not, cannot, disappoint you ; and the building itself, though so comparatively new, has somehow so much of seeming age about it, and is by its very form so suggestive of a *past*, that you are charmed with it at once. You go inside, and enter your name in the book ; and then you are taken through room after room, and every nook and corner is full of its occupant of fifty years ago. You are shown into his library ; you sit in his chair, or at least see it ; you see in careful preservation the suit of clothes he wore ; and many another relic is shown which

here we need not stay to name. But best of all, it has been to us to linger awhile about the place, and think of the days when he was there himself; the halcyon days when all his thought was about the rearing of this house which was to be the home—alas, fond hope!—of sons and sons' sons; the happy days when his novels were everybody's talk, and when he had about him "troops of friends," men of culture and of power, and when his life was like a summer day; the darker days, when his fortune was wrecked, and when he lay down very humbly in his own Abbotsford to die.

Our readers will be interested in the following picture of the Abbotsford life from Lockhart's pen:—

"About the middle of February [in 1820], I accompanied him and part of his family on one of those flying visits to Abbotsford, with which he often indulged himself . . . during term. Upon such occasions, Scott appeared at the usual hour in court, but wearing, instead of the official suit of black, his country morning-dress, green jacket and so forth, under the clerk's gown.

At noon, when the court broke up, Peter Mathieson was sure to be in attendance in the Parliament-close, and five minutes after the gown had been tossed off, and Scott, rubbing his hands for glee, was under way for Tweedside.

Next morning there appeared at breakfast John Ballantyne, who had at this time a shooting or hunting-box a few miles off, in the vale of the Leader, and with him Mr. Constable, his guest. We all sallied out before noon on a perambulation of his upland territories. . . . At starting, we were joined by the constant henchman, Tom Purdie,—and I may save myself the trouble of any attempt to describe his appearance, for his master has given us an inimitably true one in introducing a certain personage of his 'Redgauntlet':—'He was, perhaps,

sixty years old, yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square-made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired, perhaps, by years, but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed the delightful portrait.' Equip this figure in Scott's cast-off green jacket, white hat and drab trousers; and imagine that years of kind treatment, comfort, and the honest consequence of a confidential grievance had softened away much of the hardness and harshness originally impressed on the visage by anxious penury, and the sinister habits of a black fisher, and the Tom Purdie of 1820 stands before us.

We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour, and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him, up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe his forehead, and remarked that 'it was not every author who should lead him such a dance.' But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the swag-bellied bookseller's activity was tasked. Scott exclaimed, exultingly, though, perhaps, for the tenth time, 'This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom!'—'You may say that, Sheriff,' quoth Tom,—and then lingering a moment for Constable—'my certy,' he added, scratching his head, 'and I think it will be a grand season for *our buiks* too.' But indeed Tom always talked of *our buiks* as if they had been as regular pro-

ducts of the soil as *our aits* and *our birks*. Having threaded first the Hexilcleugh, and then the Rhymer's Glen, we arrived at Huntly Burn, where the hospitality of the kind *Weird Sisters*, as Scott called the Miss Fergusons, re-animating our exhausted bibliopoles, and gave them courage to extend their walk a little farther down the same famous brook. Here there was a small cottage in a very sequestered situation, by making some little additions to which Scott thought it might be converted into a suitable summer residence for his daughter and future son-in-law.

As we walked homeward, Scott, being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to . . . the affectionate fellow just as freely as with the rest of the party; and Tom put in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment the Sheriff got his collar in his grip."

Such was the Abbotsford of Scott's heyday of prosperity: we add one picture more, of a very different kind. The great poet and man of letters is dying, and, having sought health in vain in more genial climes, he turns once more home to Abbotsford. As they rounded the hill at Ladhope (he and Lockhart), so writes the latter, and "the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on his couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then, resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, 'Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair—they began to fawn

upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him."

A day or two after he was moved to the central window, that he might look down upon the stream which he had loved so well, and whose name he has made familiar for all time. He asked Lockhart to read to him, and, in answer to an inquiry as to what book he wished to have read to him, he replied, "Need you ask? There is but one." "I chose," says Lockhart, "the 14th Chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild emotion, and said, when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were to be myself again.'"

On the 17th of September he sent for Lockhart early, and, with much calmness, he spoke to him, bidding him "be virtuous—be religious," and adding that "nothing else would give him any comfort when he came to lie there." Four days later, in the presence of all his sons and daughters, he breathed his last. "It was a beautiful day," writes Lockhart, "so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

So died Sir Walter, in the midst of his family, and in the midst of scenes so dear to his heart. A man he was, indeed, not perfect, not so prudent as his countrymen proverbially are, and too full mayhap of world-love to leave his soul so free as it should have been to find itself attuned to the music of the unseen world: but a man who did—who shall say how much?—more than most of those that have lived on Scottish soil to gladden life's weary hours with tale and song, and even to invest his own beloved Scotland with a new interest and a new beauty.

From thenceforward Abbotsford was

to look fair indeed, yet bereft, in some sort widowed and forsaken. "A glory had passed away from it:" and now, if men still flock to it, and love, as we have said, to hang about the place, it is for sweet memory's sake, and for the

love which they bear to one who, though long dead, still remains, wherever his books are read, as it were a member of each household, a bright face in every home. Sir Walter is "kith and kin" to us all.

YARROW.



LEAVING Abbotsford and coming to Yarrow, we still find ourselves among the poets: from its head at St. Mary's Loch to its junction with

the Ettrick near the ancient castle of Newark, its whole course may be said to have been celebrated in song. We shall not, therefore, attempt to do more than simply bid our readers listen to some of these immortal strains. You are standing, perchance, by St. Mary's Loch itself, and the words steal upon you from "Marmion":—

"——Lone St. Mary's silent lake:
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there.
Save where of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness;
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;

In summertime, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep:
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude."

A "stilly solitude" indeed it is—or rather *was*: for now, thanks to the poet who wrote these lines, and to others who have celebrated its beauties, all through the summer, parties of tourists from Moffat and Selkirk, from Innerleithen and from Peebles, find their way to St. Mary's and to the wild waterfall in its neighbourhood—Grey Mare's Tail. But even yet, for all the Americans with their Baedekers, Cockneys with those Scotch bonnets which the Scotchman does not wear, "Hydropathic" people from Moffat and Melrose, etc., etc., there is a wondrous quietude about the place: "the mountains speak peace to the people" and the streams echo it, each in its quiet bed.

St. Mary's, we may tell the reader, is about three miles long and from half-a-mile to a mile broad. And we may also tell him that whilst poets and tourists have delighted to honour it, we have known of some good people near to it who did not think very much of it. Some friends of ours once proposed to an excellent farmer, whom they were visiting in the neighbourhood, that they should go and see the famous lake. "Oh," said he, "I'll drive ye there gladly; but what d'ye want to gang for? what needs ye stand glowerin' (*staring*) at a loch?" It may perhaps do some of our more

poetical readers good to discover that there are good people in the world to whom lake and river, field and moor, hill and torrent, present no fascination and tell no mystic tale.

We come now down through a mile or two of wild country, and we are by Yarrow kirk with its ancient graveyard, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." It forms a kind of ancestral register, for there you may trace through generations some well-known farming family of this countryside: and descendants with a pardonable pride in the comparative antiquity of their kith and kin, and claiming amidst rich *parvenus* to be of old family, are wont to betake themselves to this simple kirkyard and trace upon the plain tombstones the names of the fathers of their house. But Yarrow kirk and its neighbourhood have other interests; for if you go a little way from it to the westward you will see two high stones marking the place of a conflict between John Scott of Tushielaw and Walter Scott of Thirlstane over the matter of a marriage dowry, which has formed the groundwork of much of the minstrelsy of Yarrow.

As we pass down the stream below the kirk, the scenery becomes softer, and the land is more under cultivation; but the fascination of Yarrow does not cease, and if you begin with it at St. Mary's, you end with its "dowie dens" under the shadow of grey old Newark Castle, famous in history and in song—

"Where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower."

And now how many a ballad and poem might be quoted in celebration of Yarrow! Fain would we quote "The Dowie Den's o' Yarrow;" fain dwell upon the strains of "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride:" but it must suffice to repeat the immortal verses of Wordsworth:—

YARROW VISITED, SEPTEMBER, 1814.
And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,

So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

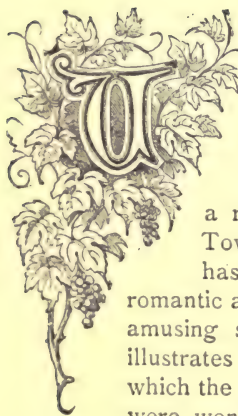
Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in ;
 For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
 And age to wear away in !
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
 A covert for protection
 Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
 The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,
 And on my True-love's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather !
 And what if I enwreathed my own !
 'Twere no offence to reason ;
 The sober Hills thus deck their brows
 To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee :
 A ray of fancy still survives—
 Her sunshine plays upon thee !
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure ;
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
 They melt, and soon must vanish ;
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
 Sad thought, which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
 Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

A LEGEND OF ELIBANK.



UPON a little spur of the hills by Tweed-side, between Clovenfords and Innerleithen, stands a ruin called Elibank Tower, around which has entwined itself a romantic and withal somewhat amusing story. This legend illustrates so well the relations which the old Border families were wont to sustain toward each other, that we shall give it here as briefly as we can, leaving the reader to seek the story in more detail in that charming collection of legends to which we have had so much occasion to refer—Wilson's "Tales of the Borders."

At the time in which the incident to which we are to refer took place—*i.e.*, early in the seventeenth century—there was a serious feud between Murray, the laird of Elibank, the ancestor of Lord Elibank, and the Scotts of Harden, who resided at Oakwood in Ettrick, and who were the ancestors of Lord Polwarth, and a branch of the house of Buccleugh.

Now in those times cattle-lifting was one of the most usual methods of making war upon an enemy. Some fine moonlight night a laird and his retainers would wander forth and get into his neighbour's territory, and before day-break he and his band would be returning homeward driving some choice sheep and cattle before him. Bearing this in mind, the motto of the Scotts of Harden, *Reparabit cornua Phoebe* (which in free rendering means—"the moon shall return again"), has a significance all its own. It tells how if during the moonlight nights of one month some of the Harden cattle were carried off, a new moon would give opportunity for reprisals.

Well, upon a certain night in October, when the moon was full, Will Scott of Harden said to his retainers,—"Look ye, friends, is it not a crying sin and a national shame to see things going a-glee as they are doing? There seems hardly such a thing as manhood left upon the Borders. A bit scratch with a pen upon parchment is becoming of more effect than a stroke with the sword. A bairn

now stands as good a chance to hold and to have, as an armed man that has a hand to take and to defend. Such a state o' things was only made for those who are owre lazy to ride by night, and owre cowardly to fight. Never shall it be said that I, William Scott, of Harden, was one who either submitted or conformed to it. Give me the good old manly law, that 'they shall keep who can,' and wi' my honest sword will I maintain my right against every enemy. Now, there is our natural and lawful adversary, auld Sir Gideon Murray o' Elibank, carries his head as high as though he were first cousin to a king, or the sole lord o' Ettrick Forest. More than once has he slighted me in a way which it wasna for a Scott to bear; and weel do I ken that he has the will, and wants but the power, to harry us o' house an' ha'. But, by my troth, he shall pay a dear reckoning for a' the insults he has offered to the Scotts o' Harden. Now, every Murray among them has a weel-stocked mailing, and their kine are weel-favoured; to-night the moon is laughing cannily through the clouds:—therefore, what say ye neighbours—will ye ride wi' me to Elibank? and before morning, every man o' them shall have a toom byre."

The men to whom the words were spoken, were just of the sort to rejoice in the proposal, so with one unanimous shout of "Hurrah," they set themselves to get their horses in readiness, and were soon on the way to Elibank, armed with "firelocks" or with "Jeddart staves" and with swords. Arrived at the scene of their depredations, they seemed to be in luck: all Elibank appeared to be asleep; and before the dawn cattle were being driven before them in hundreds back to Oakwood.

But, in the midst of their triumph, they were suddenly surprised by hearing a very unwelcome shout—"To-night for Sir Gideon and the House of Elibank!" It was Sir Gideon Murray, laird of Eli-

bank, with fifty sturdy followers—thirty more than those of Scott—who was close upon them. The fact was, that Harden had not been so clever as he thought, for Sir Gideon had got early notice of the raid, and had watched the lifters in the moonlight as they drove away the cattle. He allowed them to get well on the way home, and then with the words "Now for the onset!" he called upon his men to follow. The stratagem was so successful that before Scott had time to gather his men about him, he was surrounded. Some angry words passed between the two chiefs, and Scott and his men did not yield themselves without a desperate struggle, which has been thus described:—

"The conflict began, and on each side the strife was bloody and desperate. Bold men grasped each other by the throat, and they held their swords to each other's breasts, scowling one upon another with the ferocity of contending tigers, ere each gave the deadly plunge which was to hurl both into eternity. The report of fire-arms, the clash of swords, the clang of shields, with the neighing of maddened horses, the lowing of affrighted cattle, the howl of the sleuth-hounds, and the angry voices of fierce men, mingled wildly together, and, in one fearful and discordant echo, rang through the forest. This wild sound was followed by the low, melancholy groans of the dying. But as I have already stated, the Scotts, and the cattle which they drove before them, were scattered, and ere those who were in advance could arrive to the rescue of their friends in the rear, the latter were slain, wounded, or overpowered. They also fought against fearful odds. The young laird himself had his sword broken in his grasp, and his horse was struck dead beneath him. He was instantly surrounded and made prisoner by the Murrays; and, at the same time, old Simon [a favourite retainer] also fell into their hands."

Fear put "life and mettle in the heels" of the less brave of Scott's men, and so it came about that only Scott and this one follower were brought in triumph—along with the recovered cattle—to Elibank.

Murray, who was ferocious when roused, determined that Scott should die, and accordingly intimidated to him and his companion that they should hang upon the nearest elm-tree the following morn. But the fierce chief had a wife, more wise and more gentle than himself; and, moreover, his family consisted of three very plain-looking daughters, whom no neighbouring laird seemed to fancy. So, thought Lady Murray, here might be a means both of saving young Scott's life and of perpetuating the house of Murray, which was like to become extinct. Why not offer him his life, if he would marry Agnes, or "Muckle-mouthed Meg," as she was always called—the most ill-favoured of the three, but withal a very gentle maid? Sir Gideon agreed to offer Scott the choice—"Muckle-mouthed Meg" or the halter; but he gave his wife little hope that the stubborn laird of Harden would accept life upon the terms. Lady Murray went to prepare her daughter for the proposal: and her husband went at the same time to offer to Scott the strange alternative.

"Now," said he, "ye rank marauder, though death is the very least that ye deserve or can expect from my hands, yet I will gie ye a chance for your life, and ye shall choose between a wife and the wuddy. To-morrow morning, ye shall either marry my daughter, Meg, or swing from the branch o' the nearest tree, and the bauldest Scott upon the Borders shaunna tak ye down, until ye drop away, bone by bone, a fleshless skeleton."

But the proud young laird was as bad as that other condemned man who was once, so the story goes, offered a free pardon upon the same terms while being

driven to the place of execution. "Hangin's ill," said the man, "but marryin's waur; drive on the cart." Scott's answer was defiant and insulting:—"Look ye, sir," said he; "I am Scott o' Harden, and ye are Murray o' Elibank; there is no love lost between us; chance has placed my life in your hands—take it, for I wouldna marry your daughter though ye should gie me life, and a' the lands o' Elibank into the bargain. I fear as little to meet death as I do to throw in your teeth that, had ye fallen into my hands, I would have hung ye wi' as little ceremony as I would bring a whip across the back o' a disobedient hound. Therefore, ye are welcome to do the same by me. Ye have taken what ye thought to be a sure mode o' getting a husband for ane o' your winsome daughters; but in the present instance, it has proved a wrong one, auld man. Do your worst, and there will be Scotts enow left to revenge the death o' the laird o' Harden."

The laird of Elibank brought back the news of Scott's haughty refusal to his wife and daughter. Meg besought her father to allow four days to elapse before the sentence of execution should be carried out, in order to let Scott and herself become acquainted, and so lead him, perhaps, to choose the "wife" rather than the "wuddy:" and the laird somewhat reluctantly consented. Thereupon the gentle, if not *bonnie*, Meg dressed herself as a domestic, and found means of admission to the place where Scott was imprisoned. Introducing herself as a serving-maid—"a despised lassie, and an attendant upon Sir Gideon's lady," she told Scott that she had come, at her lady's instance, to say that, if he had any message to send to his mourning relatives at Oakwood, she would bear it. She also endeavoured to say a good word for "Meg"—namely, herself, reminding him that perhaps, after all, she was better than she was *bonnie*, and that he should not judge of her without seeing

her. On this point, however, he was obdurate; but he gladly availed himself of her kind offer to take a letter to his mother. He wrote, taking farewell of her, asking her to look after the wife and children of poor Simon, who was thinking anxiously about them in the prospect of death, and telling his mother about the kindness of the maiden who was the bearer of the letter; and, before he had finished, he had declared that, if he were free, he would make her his wife.

Meg, faithful to her mission, and still disguised, made her way speedily to Oakwood, and in conversation with Scott's mother said so much that was good of Sir Gideon's daughter that she also became anxious that her son should marry her. The old lady, at Meg's invitation, returned with her to Elibank, disguised as a peasant woman: and they came just in time, for Sir Gideon, impatient to see his enemy on the gallows-tree, had resolved to shorten the respite. Meg saw Scott first, and then, without letting him know that his mother was by, ushered her into his presence. Lady Scott rushed into his arms, and pleaded with him to marry Murray's daughter, assuring him that if he refused, it would be her own death as well as his. But even a mother's tears would not move him.

"My determination," said he, "is fixed as fate. I shall welcome my doom, an' meet it as a man. Come, dear mother, weep not, nor cause me to appear in the presence o' my enemies with a blanched cheek. Hasten to avenge my death, an' think that in yer revenge yer son lives again. Come, though I die, there will be moonlight again."

The hour of noon arrived, and with it the command of the warder—"It is the hour! prepare the prisoners for execution!" Sir Gideon entered the prison, and offered the alternative once more—"a wife or the wuddy?" which was answered by Scott with a demand to be led to execution.

There being nothing more to be said, the laird of Harden and his retainer Simon were led forth to a tall elm-tree; and the laird of Elibank and his people gathered around it to witness the execution. But just as the hangmen were preparing to do their deadly work, Meg, heavily veiled, came out, and besought her father for "a simple boon," and whispered something in his ear. Rather gruffly, her father indicated assent, and now going to his enemy once more he made a new offer. We give the rest of the story as it is given in Wilson's "Tales":—

"Rise, Meg, rise!" said he impatiently, "for yer sake, an' at yer request, he shall hae another chance to live." And approaching the prisoner, he added—"William Scott, ye hae chosen death in preference to the hand o' my dochter. Will ye noo prefer to die rather than marry the lassie that ran wi' the letter to yer mother, an' without my consent brought her to see ye?"

"Had another asked me the question," said the laird, "though I ken not who she is, yet she has a kind heart, and I should hae said 'No,' an' offered her my hand, heart, and fortune; but to you Sir Gideon, I only say—do your worst."

"Then Willie, my ain Willie!" cried his mother, who at that moment rushed forward, "another does request ye to marry her, an' that is yer ain mother!"

"An'," said Agnes, stepping forward, and throwing aside the veil that covered her face, "puir Meg, owre whom ye gied a preference to the gallows, also requests ye!"

"What!" exclaimed the young laird, grasping her hand, "is the kind lassie that has striven night and day to save me—the very Meg that I hae been treating with disdain?"

"In troth am I," she replied, "an' do ye prefer the wuddy still?"

"No," answered he; and turning to Sir Gideon, he added—"I am now willing that this ceremony end in matrimony."

"Be it so," said the old knight, and the spectators burst into a shout.

The day that began with preparations for death, ended in a joyful bridal. The honour of knighthood was afterwards conferred upon the laird; and Meg bore unto him many sons and daughters; and was, as the reader will be ready to believe, one of the best wives in Scotland.

Such is a story of the wild ways which were common on the border-lands in the olden time. It would appear from it that the "cattle-lifting" which was so extensively practised, was not carried on merely between lairds on the English and lairds on the Scottish side of the border, but also between those whose estates adjoined, though both on Scottish soil. We are not, therefore, entitled

to say that it was political plundering; rather let us say in all charity, that it arose from the difficulty of "riding the marches," and so of exactly knowing what was one's own and what was another's. We think we have known of many boasted "annexations" which have little more to be said for them.

Be this as it may, however, it is pleasant to think that the border-men of to-day live in a more peaceful fashion; indeed, no more tranquil a people will be found anywhere than the people of the border. When Scotts and Murrays meet, it is as neighbours and brethren, not as foes; and we can picture to ourselves how sometimes they occupy a genial hour by recalling the old-fashioned tale of "Muckle-mouthed Meg."



OLD TREE IN BIRNAM WOOD.

PEEBLES AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



PEAIBLES we must apologise for passing over many places of interest in the neighbourhood through which we are supposing ourselves to be wandering. We are, most of all, loth to pass old-fashioned Traquair, with the rhythm of "The Bush aboon Traquair" ringing in our ears; and Innerleithen, the "St. Ronan's" of Sir Walter Scott, a beautifully situated little town with a mineral well once more famous than it is now. But we must bid our reader turn to Sir Walter's delightful pages for a description of its natural beauties, as well as of the somewhat tawdry glories of fashion which it boasted in earlier days. We come now to Peebles, which lies a few miles up the Tweed from Innerleithen, and is notable both for its own sake, and for its place in the midst of one of the richest "bits" of Tweedside scenery — aye, and of southern Highland scenery too. We are often astonished that the tourist so seldom finds his way to Peebles; and that, if he does, he makes so brief a sojourn there. He talks in wild rapture about the Trossachs: he tells you of the delights of Aberfeldy, and grows almost poetic about the scenery around Kingussie. But you talk of Peebles, and he tells you artlessly that he has passed through it in the train, perhaps. We are inclined to account for this in part from the fact that, in a country so rich in fair landscapes, there are many comparatively neglected spots of necessary conse-

quence; and in part because travellers are in a hurry to get further north; and, having spent a little time at Melrose and Abbotsford, are fain to push on. Perhaps, too, the little town has itself to blame for being so little known, for it has been rather lazy, and has shown but little enterprise. But let us tell the reader that if he would spend a brief holiday amidst delightful scenery which yet has not become too common, and would, moreover, breathe unhindered the uncorrupted air of the hills, he may take his way wisely thither. It is but 22 miles from Edinburgh—a slow hour's journey by train. Let him take with him Professor Veitch's charming book on the Poetry and History of the Scottish Border, and dear John Brown's exquisite paper upon "Minchmoor;" let him, moreover, have with him "St. Ronan's," already spoken of; let him have rod and fly for use in lazy days; and let him take his best book with him and dream with new realisation of the Power which causeth "the grass to grow upon the mountains" and "sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." It will be enough for him, when his spirit is weary, to go and stand upon the bridge, and get soothing as he looks down upon the pure and placid, yet rapid, river; and if the weather should chance to be rainy—as it *sometimes* is in Scotland—he may spend a delightful hour in the Chambers Institution, whose library and museum will form a lasting memorial to two men (one of them happily still with us) who have, by their enterprise and zeal, done much alike to redeem their native town from the charge of indolence, and to reflect honour upon it; we mean William and Robert Chambers. It may now be interesting to

have some little account of the place. Its history can be traced back to the beginning of the Scoto-Saxon period, at which time, says George Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, "there was undoubtedly here a village, a church, a mill, and a brew-house;" and he opines that there may have been about the same time a castle and a chapel attached. That the latter did exist in the end of the 12th century, is proved by the fact that the then bishop of Glasgow assigned to the monks at Kelso "the chapel of the castle of Peebles." It is supposed that in those early times it was often visited by the king and his court, for whom a great part of the south of Scotland was a kind of "happy hunting-ground." One notable event in its early history was the gift to it by Alexander III. of a church, which was named the Cross-church. The gift came about after this fashion. Upon the 7th of May, 1261, according to the chronicler Fordun, was found "a certain and magnificent and venerable cross," which was believed to be "the very cross of the martyred St. Nicholas," who was put to death in the Maximian persecution. An urn was also discovered, containing what was believed to be the sacred dust of this saint; and, in celebration of these not very wonderful discoveries, the Cross-church and monastery were erected upon the place. Probably the one fragment of evidence for the St. Nicholas story was that his name was upon the cross which was discovered. At the Reformation the Cross-church became the parish church.

A famous poem, entitled, "Peblis to the Play," which is ascribed to James I., the poet-king of Scotland, gives a picture of life in the ancient town in his day, and especially of a notable fair which was there held on May-day. This fair, which was called Beltane, is supposed to have meant "fire of Baal," and the custom is thought by Chambers to point back to a pre-historic worship of Baal which he believes to have been practised in Scotland.

Of the Peebles of considerably later days everybody is bound to quote the description of Dr. Pennycuik, whose muse was rather topographical, we suppose, than imaginative:—

Peblis, the metropolis of the shire,
Six times three praises do from me require;
Three streets, three ports, three bridges it adorn,
And three old steeples, by three churches, born;
Three mills to serve their town in time of need,
On Peebles water and the river Tweed.
Their arms are proper, and point forth their meaning,
Three salmon fishes nimble counter-sweeping.

To our thinking, there is not much in the structural aspect of the quiet town to distract attention from those higher attractions of surrounding scenery to which we have referred. But you are not well out of the town going up the Tweed ere you come to the castle of Neidpath, majestic even in its ruin, and by its position adding a fresh beauty to the already fair river. This castle belonged to Simon Fraser, who, in his day, was sheriff of the shire, from whom it passed into the family of the Hays, and finally into those of Queensberry and of Wemyss. Of a legend connected with it we give the following account, which is given in a preface to Scott's ballad, "The Maid of Neidpath":—

"There is," says he, "a tradition in Tweedale, that when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family and a son of the laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence the lady fell into a consumption, and, at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, be-

longing to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants."

The ballad itself is singularly beautiful, and we hope we shall be pardoned for giving it entire:—

"O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining.
Till through her wasted hand at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

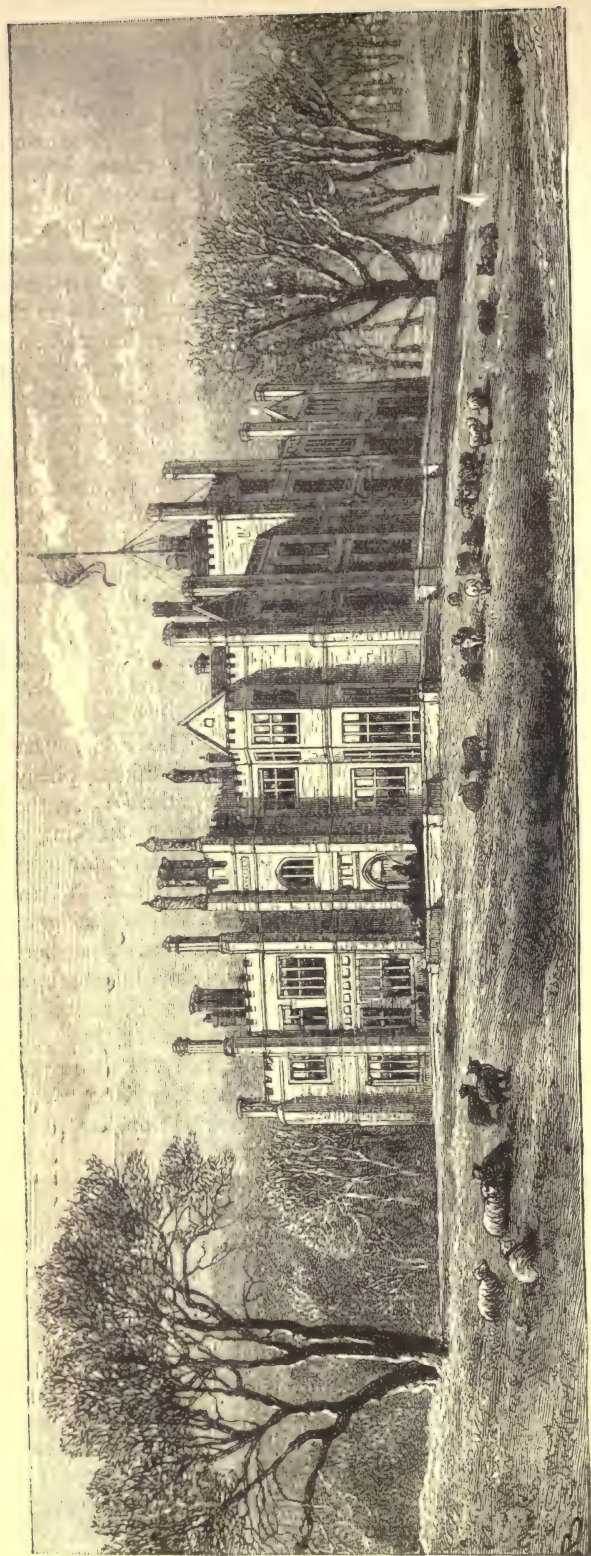
He came—he passed—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken."

There are many little excursions which you can make from Peebles, all of them beautiful—to Traquair, to Manor Water,

to Drummelzier, to the junction of the Powsail and the Tweed. But, dear reader, we cannot make these with you in the time we have at our disposal. Let us only close our article by referring to the last of these, over which hangs a tale of superstition, which it may please the curious to study. "Near the influx of Powsail with the Tweed," says Chalmers, "a thorn-tree marks the sacred spot where lies inhumed the prophet Merlin. Tradition has preserved his tale; superstition has repeated his saws; and the finger of age points to the eye of curiosity the very grave of Merlin. Our prophet was the cause of prophecy in others; and during King James's time, some seer foretold that

'When Tweed and Powsail meet, at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch have.'"

"Doctor Pennycuick," he adds, "has recorded the fulfilment of this prophecy: 'On the same day,' says the Doctor, that our King James was crowned King of England, the river Tweed so far overflowed its banks, that it met with Powsail, at the said grave, by such an extraordinary flood as had never been observed before nor since that time.' Yet has the Doctor left it undecided whether the prophecy begat the flood, or the flood the prophecy." It is not, however, Pennycuick alone who seems to have trusted this tradition, for Scott, in his notes to the "Vision of Don Roderick," seems to give some credence to it. The localisation is as old as Fordun the old chronicler, who devotes a chapter of his work to an account of the death of Merlin near to Drummelzier, which, Scott remarks, is supposed to have received its name—*Tumulus Merlini*—from this fact. The story, true or false, has other interests than those which immediately appear; for the association of the old British "prophet" with the Scottish border is only one more added to the many evidences that this



DALMENY PARK, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

Dalmeny Park, the residence of the Earl of Rosebery, is one of the most beautiful seats near Edinburgh. Within the grounds, near the sea-shore, stands what was formerly the old ruined keep of Barnbougle, an ancient seat of the Moubrays, which has now been converted into a magnificent mansion in the old Scotch baronial style to serve as an adjunct to Dalmeny House. The architects of the present edifice have, with great good taste, incorporated the ruins of the ancient structure with the modern buildings.

Much additional celebrity was conferred on Dalmeny when Mr. Gladstone became the guest of Lord Rosebery, at the time of his notable Midlothian political campaign. When the train conveying Mr. Gladstone arrived at the station at Elin-

burgh, there was no attempt at speech-making, but as quickly as possible Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Gladstone entered Lord Rosebery's carriage, and were driven rapidly away to Dalmeny House, where the party were to stay. The right hon. gentleman was received at Dalmeny Park by the tenantry on the Dalmeny estates and the magistrates and town council of the ancient borough of Queensbury, who presented him with an address expressive of welcome. Thence he was escorted by a torch-light procession to Dalmeny House, where he met and was warmly welcomed by a distinguished party. Bonfires were also lit in honour of the occasion, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed amongst the crowd assembled to aid in giving a hearty reception.

border-land was, along with Cornwall and Wales, one of the chosen homes of the ancient Britons. Professor Veitch has devoted considerable pains in his work already referred to, to the proof of this position; and, if it be accepted, it may perhaps serve as an explanation of the fact that the border-land and the border people are still to some considerable extent a land and a people by themselves—not so much allied even to the northern Lowlanders of Scotland as an outsider might naturally suppose.

FAREWELL TO THE BORDERS.

HERE we must close our rambles upon the borders, leaving much undone. We have not been able even to take our readers up, as we would willingly have done, to the higher reaches of the river Tweed, where, a little rivulet, it finds its being high up among the hills—not far from where the river Clyde also takes its rise, to run in a far different course, and to be as it were the silent witness of far other scenes than the rapid, yet placid, Tweed.

We close this part of our subject by bidding every tourist who has not done so yet to find his way through this border-land, so rich in landscape, in legend, and in song. Even the most brainsick will here find some soothing; the most prosaic will be forced into poetic thought; the weak will gather fresh health in the pure air of these hills; and the follower of Izaak Walton will have abundant opportunity to pursue the "gentle art" amongst its streams.

We retrace our steps now to Edinburgh, from thence to start again on our wanderings, first of all moving a little to the westward, and then turning our face by way of Stirling to the north. We purpose first to pay a visit to Linlithgow, and though we may not linger much by the way, we must make a somewhat circuitous route to the latter place, in order to take in the beautiful Dalmeny

Park and Castle, the home of the Earl of Rosebery. We leave Edinburgh from the west end of Princes-street, and go along the Queensferry-road, passing, amongst other places of interest, Craigmuck, where Lord Jeffrey for a long time resided. By-and-by we come to the sweet little village of Cramond, and crossing the bridge, find ourselves very soon in the midst of a group of beautiful residences, among them—perhaps chief among them—Dalmeny Park. You cannot picture to yourself its peculiar attractiveness without seeing it, and we know not whether most to praise its aspect as seen from within the grounds, or as looked at while sailing up the Frith. Its fairness is of that softer kind which you associate with the south rather than with the north,—a rich, umbrageous, woodland beauty, Dalmeny may indeed be said to "send her boughs into the sea, and her branches unto the river." No wonder that during the summer season so many of the citizens of Edinburgh are fain to find their way to it to rest and feast eye and mind amid its sylvan loveliness. The modern mansion is, as our illustration will show, a very handsome building; but, handsome as it is, one thinks of it less for what it is in itself, than for the fair domain in which it stands. The house, however, has all the added honours and interest which comes from being occupied by a family noble in character as in estate: and, writing as we do at a time when an Earl of Rosebery stands high in the friendship of a Prime Minister, and in the councils of the English nation, we may safely say that the ancient family of Primrose shows no token of decline. The visitor is interested to find in the grounds, besides the modern house, the ancient castle of Barnbough, now in ruins, which belonged to the old family of Mowbray, and passed into the hands of the house of Rosebery.

We move on now to the ancient and interesting town of Linlithgow

LINLITHGOW AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

THE PALACE—MARY STUART—MURDER OF THE REGENT
MURRAY.



LINLITHGOW is one of those quiet, ancient Scotch towns which, though they do not possess any very great features of special interest, have yet a distinct and busy life of their own, which might—as a type, at any rate—well repay close attention. It is in such communities, indeed, that what is most distinctive in Scotch life longest lingers. The course of Scotch history has been such that all the greater institutions of the country have been one by one swept away. The crown is merged in the greater diadem of the British Empire; the old faith has been long succeeded by a simpler and purer worship; the parliament is now something associated with London, and not with Edinburgh; and yet, quiet and undisturbed by these portentous changes, the burghers still meet in council, and devise plans for the good of the community, as their forefathers did when England was a name of terror, and when they had, many a time, one of their own Scottish kings of the ancient and unhappy house of Stuart for their fellow townsman. The lower life and the minor organisations of the country have been preserved, while what is above them has been destroyed, or, at least, has taken other forms. It is both a cause and a result of this that the Scottish people have been more faithful to their national Church and to their national life than the “upper classes”—their superiors in wealth and culture, yet their inferiors in many of the more sterling

qualities of human nature. The history of Scotland is very much mixed up with its towns. Of course this is the case in every country, but peculiarly so in this; and of the minor towns it is specially true of Linlithgow, for Linlithgow Palace and the ancient parish church of St. Michael are bound up with some of the most stirring events in Northern annals. Good St. Michael is the patron saint of the old burgh, and in his honour the church was erected by David the First. It was richly decorated by Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, escaped destruction during the fierce convulsions of the Reformation, and is still used for divine worship. One strange tradition is connected with it. James V. was staying at the palace a short time before the battle of Flodden. He had determined, against the advice of the wisest of his councillors, to make the raid into England which terminated so disastrously alike for himself and for his kingdom. He was worshipping in the church when there suddenly appeared before him a vision as from another world. It was dressed in “an azure-coloured robe, girt with a girdle or sash of linen, having sandals on its feet, with long yellow hair, and a grave, commanding countenance.”

In a voice whose accents froze with horror the king and his courtiers, it solemnly warned him to desist from his intended expedition, and then it vanished as suddenly as it appeared, without any present daring to bar its path. Even in that superstitious age there were not wanting men ready to give a natural and easy explanation to this remarkable occurrence. It was said that the opponents of the war had dressed up some

one "to represent Saint John, called in Scripture the adopted son of the Virgin Mary." The king was weak and credulous, but, like many weak and credulous persons, he was likewise exceedingly obstinate. He, at any rate, gave no heed to the warning, which, no doubt, would have received little attention had the English foray resulted in victory. Yet, when this was not the case, and when, round many a winter fire in the long desolate years that followed, men told each other "sad stories of the death of kings," and how, in this most fatal of all Scottish battles, the "flowers of the forest were a' weed away," we cannot doubt that this story of the warning conveyed in vain from another world to the headstrong monarch would serve to shed something of supernatural awe—of the light that never was on sea or shore—over the greatest disaster in Scottish history.

The palace, we need hardly say, is now a complete ruin, though here, as elsewhere, the precious relics are cherished with a care which forms a striking contrast to former neglect. It was tolerably complete till the time of the Jacobite rising of 1745-46. The English soldiers employed to stifle the revolt were not, as is well known, at all successful until the very end. Mortified by the ignominious defeat of Prestonpans, and the clever manner in which they were out-manœuvred by the young prince, they committed a good many unjustifiable acts, one of the worst of which was the destruction, by a so-called accident, of the old palace of the Scottish kings by a detachment under General Hawley. As it originally stood, the palace was a strongly-built quadrangular building. The principal entrance is to the south. The great hall was on the right, and in the centre of the quadrangle there was a fountain, of which the one that now stands before Holyrood House is a copy. The whole building is within a stone's-throw of Linlithgow Loch.

Many memories of the old Scottish kings, and of the royal house of Stuart, hang round this palace of Linlithgow, but one surpasses all others. The first room on the west side as you enter was the birthplace of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary. Here, on the 7th of December, 1542, during one of the darkest periods of her country's history, she first saw the light. A story is connected with her birth which, though it is well enough known, is yet of so pathetic and interesting a character, that we cannot but repeat it. The last years of James V. had been filled with misfortune. The disgraceful routs of Fala and Solway Moss, and the death of his two sons, pierced his very soul. He retired to Falkland Palace, and there he lay sick "unto death." They told him, near the end, that the crown of his ancestors was not to pass out of the direct line, for that his wife had given birth to a daughter. Perhaps the attendants hoped the news might help to revive the dying monarch; but he heard it with but little apparent interest. Things of this world no longer seemed to interest him. Yet, in a half-dreaming way, he pondered over the news. He remembered that two centuries ago, his ancestor, Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, had married Marjory, the daughter of the great Bruce, and that thus the crown had come into the possession of his race. A fateful coincidence seemed to strike him as he muttered with a sigh the well-known sentence, "Is it so? Then God's will be done. It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." And, so saying, the last of the purely Scottish kings passed away.

This is, of course, not the place to trace the career of Mary Stuart; nor to attempt to discuss the question of her guilt or innocence. It is not even the place to attempt an estimate of her character. It can hardly be denied that she was, in many respects, a guilty woman; still, whatever her crimes, it is also true

that she possessed many virtues; she had a royal magnificence and generosity of nature—a more than royal skill and courage. As of another character, it may be truly said of her, “that nothing in life so became her as the leaving of it.” As we read the story of her execution, retold to us for the hundredth time by Froude, in one of the most marvellous pieces of word painting in the whole range of English literature, we confess, that, like her grandson, she “met death with the placid courage that half redeemed her fame.” Whatever we may think of the crimes of the queen, we must drop a tear over the sorrows of the woman. The world has come to acknowledge this, and hence the profound interest that men have taken in the marvellous story of her life. History, indeed, seems capricious, or why has it signalled out the crimes and sufferings of this woman for such special treatment? The career of other human beings has been equally remarkable in many ways. The history of the world is full of striking events. We have deeds of heroism, murders, intrigues of love and warfare, examples of beauty and crime apparently as remarkable as any we find in the history of this woman, and yet the dust of ages lies thick on them, while to this very day scholars fight for her fame as if, like knights of old, they had sworn to be her champions. Froude asks this question, and partly gives the answer, when he points out that her personal affairs were bound up with the diplomatic relations of the chief nations in Europe. If the destiny of a nation depends upon a love intrigue, that love intrigue acquires an interest not its own. But there is something more than this. There is, after all, a certain sort of sentimentalism in history; men are attracted by events and people not in exact proportion to their importance, but because of a certain human interest about them. The story of their lives touches the hearts of their fellows, and so they become famous. It

is also to be added that a tale of suffering has always a profounder interest than a tale of joy. The greatest poems of the world are all tragedies, and so, too, are all the greatest events. Where is there a story more tragic than that of Mary Stuart, where a mystery so perplexing, a character so interesting, a fate so unequal? It appeals to us on almost every side, and touches all the varied phases of existence. Even Dr. Dryasdust's chronicles, when they treat of this period of history, assume for a little the vivid colouring of romance. It is a consequence of the fame of Mary Stuart that she has rendered famous the places where she stayed. A place is even thought worthy of notice if she but passed a night there. As she moved about a great deal in Scotland, the reader will find that we are continually crossing her track. Of course some places are specially connected with her. Of all the memories that crowd to the mind of the educated Scotchman when the name of “Holyrood” is mentioned, the most vivid is hers. Loch Leven Castle acquires its sole interest from the fact that here she spent the weary days of her first captivity, and Linlithgow Castle is famous for this above all else, that she was born there.

Mary's is not the only tragic story that is connected with Linlithgow. It was while passing through the narrow streets of that town, on the 23rd of January, 1576, that her brother, the Regent Murray, fell by the hand of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who thus imagined that he avenged his own wrongs and those of his country. Sir Walter Scott thus tells the story of the crime:—

“The assassin took his measures with every mark of deliberation. Having learned that the Regent was to pass through Linlithgow on a certain day, he secretly introduced himself into an empty house, belonging to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, which had in front a wooden balcony looking upon the street.

Bothwellhaugh hung a black cloth on the wall of the apartment where he lay, that his shadow might not be seen from without, and spread a mattress on the floor, that the sound of his feet might not be heard from beneath. To secure his escape he fastened a fleet horse in the garden behind the house, and pulled down the lintel-stones from the posts of the garden door, so that he might be able to pass through it on horseback. He also strongly barricaded the front door of the house, which opened to the street of the town. Having thus prepared all for concealment until the deed was done, and for escape afterwards, he armed himself with a loaded carbine, shut himself up in the lonely chamber, and waited the arrival of his victim.

Some friend of Murray transmitted to him a hint of the danger which he might incur, in passing through the street of a place in which he was known to have enemies, and advised that he should avoid it by going round on the outside of the town; or, at least, by riding hastily past the lodging which was more particularly suspected, as belonging to the Hamiltons. But the Regent, thinking that the step recommended would have an appearance of timidity, held on his way through the crowded street. As he came opposite the fatal balcony, his horse being somewhat retarded by the number of spectators, Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim. He fired the carbine, and the Regent fell, mortally wounded. The ball, after passing through his body, killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his

right hand. His attendants rushed furiously at the door of the house from which the shot had issued; but Bothwellhaugh's precautions had been so securely taken, that they were unable to force their entrance till he had mounted his good horse and escaped through the garden gate. He was, notwithstanding, pursued so closely, that he had very nearly been taken; but after spur and whip had both failed, he pricked his horse with his dagger, compelled him to take a desperate leap over a ditch, which his pursuers were unable to cross, and thus made his escape."

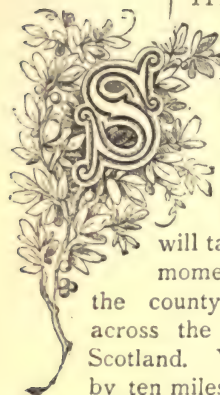
Scotland, under the rule of Murray, was just beginning to enjoy something of peace and prosperity when his cruel death plunged it again into confusion. It seemed the doom of all connected with the house of Stuart to injure their unhappy country by their deaths as well as by their lives. But we have tarried long enough in the old grey town

Where Time in passing in and out,
Hath gently set his footstep down.

We have dreamed in the shadow of the ruined castle long enough over the memories of other days. We leave the citizens to their lives of humble usefulness and quiet prosperity. If the later annals of their town are not so stirring as its earlier history, they are yet of a character much more satisfactory to the inhabitants. Paper mills and other industries are not so interesting as battles, but for all that they are surely preferable.



THE BATTLEFIELDS OF STIRLINGSHIRE.



STIRLING is a county which seems destined by position to play an important part in the history of Scotland. If the reader will take up the map for a moment, he will see that the county lies almost right across the narrowest part of Scotland. Were it lengthened by ten miles or so in one direction, it would touch the Firth of Clyde, and thus render the division complete. It has been the meeting-place, as it were, of Lowlander and Highlander, of English invader and Scottish patriot, of Jacobite and Hanoverian. The mere mention of the names of some of its localities shows its importance. Stirling, Falkirk, Bannockburn, are names of moment in Northern history, and we may well believe that it was something more than accident which made it the theatre of so many great events. Recent researches have given it a fresh interest. We all know the famous legend of King Arthur and his heroic knights of the round table, who, though they will never more

Delight their souls with talk of noble deeds,
Within the bowers of Camelot and Usk,

yet have an undying existence in the early romance literature of most of the countries of Europe. In our own day, too, Tennyson has revived the theme, and made it peculiarly his own. In the "Idylls of the King" the half-mythical figure of Arthur is summoned from the spirit world to appear as the embodiment of all that is best and noblest in Christian chivalry, and yet to represent, at the same time, the high-souled gentleman of the nineteenth century. There was,

no doubt, a real King Arthur—at least, we will continue to hope and believe so, and history gives us some ground for the trust; but he did not live in Wales or Cornwall. The country about Stirling was the scene of his exploits, and his glorious, half-mystic capital is the somewhat matter-of-fact Falkirk of to-day, famed, as the geography books prosaically say, for its cattle-markets. Alas!

The knights are dust,
Their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust.

But, indeed, Stirling does not require to supplement its battle history with mythical legend. The same battle history is great and important enough already. Let us look at it for a little. And first, then, we have, indeed, a battle of Falkirk fought under no mythical hero, for we must still hold William Wallace to have been a great patriot, though some of our modern historians would make him to be but a sort of robber chieftain, with no aim but his own advancement. The ingenious gentlemen who write our histories now-a-days, and who have made such havoc among the most revered heroes of our childhood, may, indeed, in time succeed in resolving him into a solar myth, or something quite as extraordinary. They have already done something of this to William Tell, and now, when we read of that popular creation, we never feel quite comfortable. Like some of the figures in Ossian, he is so unsubstantial that we seem to see the stars shining through him. But Wallace we must as yet hold not guilty of the crime of non-existence. He is not yet condemned, even by the severe tribunal of the new history. It is not necessary to dwell

long upon the events that led to the battle. We know that as Alexander the Third was riding along the shores of Fife one evening, he was thrown from his horse. Perhaps he was reflecting on some plan for the welfare of his people, for he was a good king; perhaps he thought on his young granddaughter, his only direct successor; perhaps he was only lulled into careless ease by the beauty of the evening; at any rate, he *was* careless, and so was thrown from the precipice and killed.

There is, perhaps, no great event in Scottish history without its legend, and it is said that Thomas the Rhymer had remarked that the 16th of March, 1263, would be memorable for a fearful tempest. The day was exceptionally serene and beautiful, and as it was closing they taunted the old wizard with the failure of his prediction. But a messenger was seen approaching in hot haste, and soon it was known that Scotland was without a king. "This," said Thomas, "is the tempest I foretold." It was not then the habit to look closely into oracular responses and such like fateful utterances, or perhaps some modern historian, whose spirit had wandered into the world some centuries too soon, might have remonstrated with Thomas, and urged that if similar latitude of interpretation were allowed, it would be quite easy to prove anything. But, at any rate, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, this shows how terrible a calamity the king's death was considered to be. Some simple, yet deeply pathetic lines, "the oldest specimen of the Scottish language which is known to remain in existence," also belong to the same time. They have been rendered thus:—

When Alexander our king was dead,
That Scotland led in luv and le,
Awa was wealth of Ale and Brede,
Of Wyne and Wax of Gamyn and Glee,
Our gold was changyd into lede.
Chryst born into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That standeth in perplexyte.

No doubt, in the fearful days that followed, when the present was dark and the future hopeless, men looked back on these times as to a golden age of peace and plenty. For, indeed, Scotland appeared lost when the maid of Norway died, and Edward—in his own way a grand imperial sort of man—got firm possession of the country, and seemed likely to keep it; but this was not to be, and the man to whom this change was due, was undoubtedly Wallace. But even Wallace could not stand against the enormous power which Edward was able to bring into the field. As has often unfortunately been the case, the nobility of Scotland were not so true to her as the common people. The aristocracy were wearing silken chains at Edward's court, or holding sullenly aloof in their castles; whilst the middle and lower classes were standing round Wallace at the battle of Falkirk—a defeat indeed, but a defeat more glorious than many a victory. The footmen, we are told, were marshalled round Wallace row on row. In their hands they held long spears, against which it seemed impossible for the English cavalry to prevail. Wallace, as he surveyed them with that "fierce joy which warriors feel" at the prospect of battle, addressed them in a brief sentence of quaint and sardonic humour, "I have brought you to the ring, dance gif ye can." They did "dance," and to some very considerable purpose, but still unsuccessfully. They were far fewer in number, they were not so well armed, their archers were far inferior, and though they fought with the courage of desperation, yet the ring was broken and the battle lost, and with it the cause of Scotland's independence for many a long and weary day. In the churchyard they still show the graves of two of the heroes who fell in this battle—Sir John the Graham, and Sir John Stuart, of Bonhill. The first was an intimate friend of Wallace, and perhaps this circumstance caused him to be more noted. Over his grave

the picty of a later generation raised a monument, on which it is written :—

Here lyes Sir John the Graeme, both wight and
wise,
Ane of the chief reskuit Scotland thrise,
An better knight not to the world was lent,
Nor was gude Grame of truth and hardement.
xxii Julii anno 1298.

Was it by a sort of poetical justice that Bannockburn, which retrieved Falkirk so completely, was fought in the same district? Well, probably not; poetical, or, indeed, any kind of justice, having but little to do with war. It was simply, we suppose, because, as already noticed, the position of Stirling made it the battle-ground of Scotland. Of course we cannot tell the full story of the battle here. The reader will remember how Bruce, an excommunicated fugitive, yet with all the determined energy of his country and his race, held to his purpose, and, bit by bit, won back the country from the invader; how, when Stirling Castle, the last stronghold of the English, was about to fall, Edward the Second at last roused himself, and prepared to make one desperate effort to regain possession of a country which had seemed so completely his own; and how that attempt, luckily for both countries, ended in disastrous failure, and Scotland was for ever free. The field of battle is two miles from Stirling, and the position of the rival armies can be easily traced. The Bore stone in which Bruce placed his standard is still pointed out. It is covered with an iron grating to preserve it from the too enthusiastic patriot, the reckless relic-hunter, and that modern Goth—the Cook's tourist. When the reader visits this famous field we are sure he will be too reverent to tamper with the venerable relic. If he will accept our advice, he will take his station by the side of it, and shut his guide-book. Do not let him bother to localise each spot where the famous incidents of the fight occurred. Far better to repeat to him-

self the grand war-song that the genius of Burns has given us. There you have the very spirit of the battle. To repeat it on the field is to have the very armies before you as they engaged and "clashed on their sounding shields the din of war" :—

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward ! chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Caledonia ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward : let us do, or die !

Or if this will not content him (though in that case he must be unreasonable indeed) let him fall back on Scott's poem of the Lord of the Isles, which contains a tolerably minute description of the battle, though, unfortunately, that is by no means the best of Scott's works, and it is sadly wanting in the passionate fire of Burns's ode. Here, however, is the account of the deciding moment of the fight, when the camp followers of the Scottish army, moved by some sudden impulse, rushed towards the field of battle, and were mistaken by the Southern

host for a new army coming to the assistance of their foes :—

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the relics of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
To hem the Islesmen round;
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

The multitude that watch'd afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsmen and serf; even female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal-word,
A frenzy fired the throng;
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to arms!"
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay;—
But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due!
In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.

The memory of Scotland's heroes is preserved in many ways, and our own time has not been wanting in respect shown to their memory. In 1877 a statue of Bruce was erected near Stirling Castle. The king is represented as returning his sword to its scabbard. The victory has now, we may imagine, been won, and he is already preparing to turn his attention to the affairs of his at last liberated kingdom. Few men knew better than he that "peace hath her victories not less renowned than war." On the Abbey Craig, about two miles from Stirling, rises a tower 220 feet in height. This is the Wallace monument. It is commendable that such structures should be erected, but it need scarcely be said that the memorial of these great men is in the verses of Scotland's poets and the hearts of Scotland's children. In the highest sense, their country, with all its glorious history and its present prosperity, is their monument. It is not our part to make an invidious distinction; but something may with propriety be said as to the respective merits of these two patriots. Bruce has the greatest

name, and he was the greater statesman of the two; but, at least, he fought for a throne as well as for his country's freedom. But with Wallace this, and this alone, was the object of a devotion lasting through a lifetime, and consecrated by a martyr's death. The popular imagination has instinctively realised this. Wallace is emphatically the hero of the people. There is hardly a district in Scotland but has its Wallace's cave or its Wallace's crag. His name has been linked to many a natural object of the land he loved so well.

There are many other battlefields in Stirling, and within a short distance of Bannockburn there is one as disgraceful as that is famous. We refer to Sauchieburn, where James the Third met his rebellious subjects in open conflict. The story goes that the king, struck with a sudden panic, fled from the field. He was thrown from his horse, and carried to a mill, where he recovered his senses. He believed himself to be dying, and faintly asked for a priest. The people of the house, perhaps with less deference than a monarch is used to, asked who he was. With a weak, yet pathetic assumption of dignity, he replied, "I was your king this morning." A man who professed to be a priest was brought to shrive the king. But he stabbed him to the heart. The murderer fled, and it was never accurately known who he was.

Another battle fought near here, ought, in chronological order, to have been taken earlier. This was the battle of Stirling, which occurred in 1297, where Wallace defeated John De Warrene, the English governor. The river Forth flows by Stirling. At that time a wooden bridge crossed it. The English were on one bank, the Scotch on the other. Both armies were under good generals, and the English commander, prudent as well as brave, tried first to see what negotiation would do. The country, as yet, was comparatively quiet; but he knew that

if this battle were lost, Scotland—for the time at least—was lost to England. There was, in Edward's dealing with Scotland, a good deal of judicious manœuvring, and this was an example of it. Better to come to terms with rebels than to drive them to desperation. But the mind of Wallace had long been made up, and he scornfully refused the offer of pardon. There was then nothing for it but to advance; but here was the difficulty: the Scots were strongly posted. If the English advanced over the bridge they would be exposed, whilst in a most unfavourable position, to the attack of their enemies. The leader hesitated; but he could not hesitate long. Every day brought Wallace new help; the country would soon be roused were not this incipient rebellion crushed in the bud. Cressingham, the treasurer, a hot-headed ecclesiastic, rather fitted for the battlefield than the pulpit, and who was evidently inclined "to prove his doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks," insisted on an immediate advance. In moments of doubt the hot-headed man carries the day. The order was given, and the English army began to defile over the bridge. It seemed that the movement was to be successful; file after file gained the other side, and began to set themselves in order. A strange apathy seemed to have seized the Scots. They stood apparently idle; though, indeed, it was with difficulty that they obeyed the stern commands of Wallace to remain perfectly still. And now half the English army was over, and Wallace felt the time was come. The command was given, and at this critical moment the Northern host swept down on the divided foe. The conflict was keen, but brief. In an incredibly short space of time the men on this side of the river were slain, or forced pell-mell into the water. Those on the other bank fled in confusion. The day was lost, and with it the English supremacy, though Falkirk was to re-establish that again for a brief

period, for "the end was not yet." Cressingham led the van, and atoned for his rashness with his death. The Scots are said to have flayed his skin, and used it as saddle-girths; though, as Sir Walter Scott justly remarks, it could not have been very fit for this purpose. This somewhat brutal act, taken with the flight of the part of the army on the other bank, suggests a reflection. We see how it came to be that both the victories and defeats of those days were so decisive. The conquered were treated by the conquerors with such terrible cruelty, that when some decisive incident seemed to have once turned the scale, a panic was almost invariably spread through the army. A trifling incident thus served to settle a victory. Now-a-days, a soldier is so much of a machine that he seems simply to go through certain evolutions, in which there is no opportunity for the display of personal bravery or cowardice. He does not know what is going on in other parts of the field, and has no real knowledge, till all be over, whether the day has been lost or won. Then the armies were comparatively small. The whole business was decided under a clear light, and the great majority of the army saw everything that occurred. A deed of personal prowess then had much more moral effect than it has now. Bannockburn was half decided by the blow that crushed De Bohun's skull. There was much more opportunity at that time for the display of personal prowess. The force of the blow from a battle-axe depends upon the strength of the arm that wields it; the force of a rifle-bullet hardly depends even upon the skill of him that shoots—for but little skill is required in firing among a mass of men—and upon strength not at all. Modern warfare is much more a game of skill than brute force. There is all the difference between a battle now and a battle then, that there is between a game of chess and a football match—though

both require skill, yet one requires it in a much greater degree than the other. The hero of the time of which we are writing required then to be powerful both in body and mind. It is this which gives such a charm to the great warriors of our early annals. They all had a certain perfection of manhood about them. The strong and active bodily frame, the capable and directing mind, were, by the very necessity of the case, alike present in them. Thus, with all their faults and errors, these gentlemen of nature move nobly over the stage of our history.

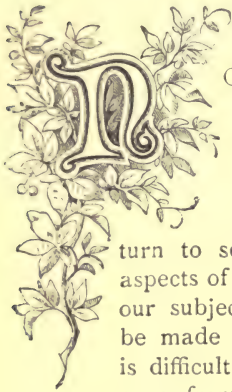
Another battle in Stirling brings before us yet another hero not less interesting, though in him the elements were "less kindly mixed" than in his predecessors. We refer, of course, to Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and his defeat of the English forces under General Hawley, near Falkirk, on the 16th of January, 1746. The whole affair was of rather a mixed nature. The Hanoverian cavalry were defeated, and fled, whilst the infantry were successful in repulsing the insurgent attack. "The battle was now in a singular state, both armies [according to Mr. Home's account] were in flight at the same time. Hawley's cavalry, and most of the infantry, excepting those on the extreme right, had been completely thrown into confusion and routed, but the three regiments which continued fighting had a decided advantage over the Prince's left, and many Highlanders fled under the impression that the day was lost. The advantage, upon the whole, was undoubtedly with Charles Edward; but, from the want of discipline among the troops he commanded, and the extreme severity of the tempest which had broken over the contending forces, it became difficult even to learn the extent of the field of battle, and impossible to follow it." It was, in fact, a purposeless victory, and though it served to throw a sort of dying splendour over a lost cause, it only lengthened out a

useless conflict, which, when it really did close, left the defeated more helpless, and the final conquerors more exasperated than would otherwise have been the case. Better for all parties had the inevitable Culloden been anticipated at Falkirk.

Then there would have been less rage on the part of the conquerors, fewer defeats to avenge, and so more moderation in the use of the victory. The reputation of the Hanoverians would have stood higher, and their fame clearer.

CHARLES EDWARD STEWART AND HIS RACE.

THE GUDE MAN OF BALLANGEICH AND HIS POETRY—
GEORGE BUCHANAN.



No doubt the reader is of opinion that he has had enough of "war's alarms" for some time, and it will be a relief to turn to some of the gentler aspects of Scottish life, which our subject at this point may be made to present. Still, it is difficult to pass away at once from Charles Edward; though, as he has met us already, so he will meet us again and again in our wandering. He is one of the typical figures of Scottish history. We may know, as a matter of fact, that he spent the rest of his days in ignoble ease, and we are surely all convinced that it is well indeed that the cause which he represented did not succeed; but who can help feeling sympathy with him and his gallant followers? His personality has a certain charmed life about it. Just as those who die as children are always figured by us as children in the spirit world, so he died young historically, and even on the old page of history is ever the young Chevalier. We may know that Helen of Troy must have grown an old woman, but we never think of her as such, and so with Prince Charles Edward; he ap-

pears on the historical stage as a youth, he leaves it as such, and as such he is permanently present to our imagination. In him there are two distinct lines of interest: that connected with the Stewart family, and that personal interest we have noted. And what a profound interest that first is! Every good and every ill of fate. A line stretching back till it is lost in dim antiquity—the command of the empire on which the sun never sets, the devotion of thousands of gallant hearts throughout succeeding generations, and the possession of many noble and endearing qualities, were not sufficient to save the unfortunate race from a series of calamities to parallel which we must go not to history, but to romance: to stories like those of "Thebes and Pelops line, and the tale of Troy divine." True, indeed, the misfortunes of the Stewarts were very much through their own fault, but this only makes the devotion of so many noble men to their cause more touching, and invests their whole history with a deeper tragic interest. Besides, this was not always the case; the death of so many of the earlier members of the race was due to the evil tendencies around them. And the darkest circumstance in their history was that the best and the most gifted

seemed doomed to the most utter ruin. Among many examples of this there is one which may be noted as specially connected with Stirling, and that is James V., who, as well as his ancestor James IV., was born in the castle, and whose death of a broken heart we have already alluded to. He succeeded to the throne when under two years of age, and was carefully educated by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and John Bellenden, the historian, and ruled rigorously and well till the rapid series of misfortunes that culminated at Solway Moss aged and killed him before his time. Near the castle of Stirling there is a walk called Ballangeich (by the winding way), and James, who, like the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, was in the habit of wandering in disguise among his subjects, partly from a desire to see how his officers administered justice, partly from mere love of sport or adventure, adopted whilst thus travelling incognito the name of the Gude Man of Ballangeich. According to all accounts he met with a remarkable number of adventures of all kinds, and these have been handed down to us in traditional story and traditional song. He was himself a poet, and one of the best songs of the period is ascribed with much probability to him. It is called the Gaberlunzie (namely, beggar) Man, and is a sort of comical reverse of the well-known legend of King Cophetua, for whilst that monarch married a beggar-maid "more beautiful than day," this represents the love of one who, though not a princess, was at any rate a substantial farmer's daughter, for a beggar man. If, however, the song is autobiographical, and the gaberlunzie was the king in disguise, then the young lady is to be congratulated on the goodness of her taste. At any rate here is the song, and so the reader may judge for himself, for though it is written in somewhat quaint language, yet it is quite intelligible, and the very quaintness gives it additional force:—

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken,
What thir sleet twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shoud' gang.
And O, quo' she, an' I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' wi' thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They rose a wee before the cock,
And wilyly they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat or her claise;
Syn to the servant's bed she gacs,
To spcer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane!
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife did say,
She's aff with the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

Meantime far 'hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang ;
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fauredly wad she crook her mou' ;
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my ee ;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

The transition from a roving king who was a poet to a roving king's tutor who was also a poet seems a natural enough one, and as we are roaming about Stirlingshire it is well to remember that in the village of Kiltearn, in February, 1506, the famous George Buchanan first saw the light. Buchanan is, perhaps, the most distinguished specimen of the Scot abroad, and to give an account of his wanderings and adventures would fill a volume. He is said to have studied at places of such very various degrees of importance as Dunfermline, St. Andrew's, and Paris. His freedom of writing early got him into mischief, for, having attacked the clergy in a satirical poem, he was obliged in consequence to leave his native land, and betake himself to the continent. For some time he acted as tutor to Montaigne, and then, having again got

into trouble with the Church, he was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He was afterwards transferred to a monastery, where he wrote his celebrated Latin version of the Psalms. On returning to his native country he was made Principal of St. Leonard's College in the University of St. Andrew's. It is also worthy of notice that, "though a layman, he was in June, 1567, on account of his great abilities and extraordinary learning, elected Moderator of the General Assembly."

He was afterwards appointed tutor to James VI., whom he flogged unmercifully. He certainly succeeded in putting a good deal of knowledge into his pupil's head, though, as he himself confessed, the result was not altogether satisfactory, but, as he said, "He had made him a pedant because he could make nothing else of him." James in after years took his revenge by denouncing Buchanan's History of Scotland, which was odious to him on account of its liberal opinions. He died in 1582, and was buried in the Greyfriars' churchyard at Edinburgh. His more fervent admirers have claimed for him that he wrote Latin better than the classical writers themselves. As classical Latin is simply the writings of these very authors, the compliment is an obvious bull. But of his learning there cannot be a doubt. Even Dr. Johnson was forced for once to admire Scotch scholarship, though he somewhat ungraciously conveyed a compliment to Buchanan at the expense of his native land. "He was, sir, the only man of genius his country ever produced!" The student of English literature now-a-days takes a somewhat different view, and is inclined to wish that Buchanan had given less of his great powers to writing Latin, and more to writing English. Here, however, is a specimen of his work—a poem "translated from the Latin of Buchanan by Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd":—

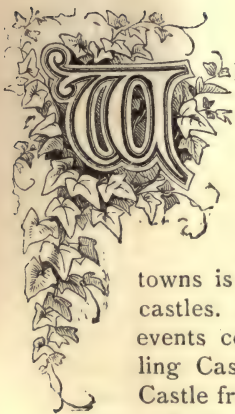
THE FIRST OF MAY.

All hail to thee, thou First of May,
 Sacred to wonted sport and play,
 To wine, and jest, and dance, and song,
 And mirth that lasts the whole day long !
 Hail ! of the seasons honour bright,
 Annual return of sweet delight ;
 Flower of reviving summer's reign,
 That hastes to time's old age again !
 When spring's mild air at Nature's birth
 First breath'd upon the new form'd earth ;
 Or when the fabled age of gold,
 Without fix'd law, spontaneous roll'd ;
 Such zephyrs, in continual gales,
 Pass'd temperate along the vales,
 And soften'd and refresh'd the soil,
 Not broken yet by human toil ;

Such fruitful warmths perpetual rest
 On the fair islands of the blest—
 Those plains where fell disease's moan
 And frail old age are both unknown.
 Such winds with gentle whispers spread
 Among the dwellings of the dead,
 And shake the cypresses that grow
 Where Lethe murmurs soft and slow.
 Perhaps when God at last in ire
 Shall purify the world with fire,
 And to mankind restore again
 Times happy, void of sin and pain,
 The beings of this earth beneath
 Such pure ethereal air shall breathe.

Hail ! glory of the fleeting year !
 Hail ! day the fairest, happiest here !
 Memorial of the time gone by,
 And emblem of futurity !

STIRLING AND ITS CASTLE.



WE have said that Scottish history is very much the history of one or two towns, and it may be said that the history of these towns is the history of their castles. Take away all the events connected with Stirling Castle and Edinburgh Castle from Northern annals, and what a gap you make !

The origin of this same castle of Stirling is lost in antiquity. It is easy to conjecture, however, that such a prominent place was the very situation that would be chosen for a fortress, and then a town would in time gather slowly round it, as the town of Edinburgh did round *its* castle. The progress of towns then was not as now. At present the people come first, and then churches and fortifications are built. But long ago a population grew up round the church and the fortress.

Stirling Castle is still used as a mili-

tary station, and it still towers over the landscape which it can no longer profess to guard. The chief points of interest in it are the quaintly decorated palace to the south ; the Douglas room, so called from the assassination of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, by James II. ; on the north-west, and adjoining it, the once richly-adorned Chapel Royal, now degraded to a store-room ; and touching this, the Parliament House built by James III. It is not architecturally that the old rock possesses its deepest interest. It is in its situation and its history. The view from the battlements is hardly to be surpassed by any in Scotland. At our feet, in many a winding and devious way, flow the silvery waters of the Forth through a rich country, where wood and hill and cultivated plain all blend into one mass of beauty. Away to the north rise line upon line the masses of the Highland hills. All round us the hills and mountains bound the prospect, and grand old Celtic names pass "like a glorious roll of drums" through the mind as we gaze. There is Ben Lomond

and Ben A'an, and Ben Ledi, and the peaks of Benvoirlich, and Uam-var, and the great masses of the Ochil and Campsie hills. No wonder the old poet, the famous Lord Lyon, King-at-Arms, felt regret at leaving it, as he tells us in the quaint lines—

Adieu, fair Snaw-down, with thy towers high,
Thy Chapel-royal, park, and table round;
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee
Were I a man to hear the birds sing,
Whilk doth again thy royal rock re bound.

As we gaze at the scenery, perhaps our fancy wanders into the past, and before the mind's eye there passes a long procession of king and warriors, and priests and armies, for the most famous spots of Scottish history are in sight. Yonder mount is Hurlyhacket, from whence, as our poet tells us, the young King James V. used to slide down. It has a far darker memory, however. It is the Tower Hill of Scotland, as its name of the "heading hill" implies. Here Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and Regent of Scotland, along with his two sons, and the old Earl of Lennox, were put to death under James I., for having abused the King's authority. On this same hill the murderers of that same king, Robert Stewart, the Earl of Athole, Sir Robert Grahame, and others, were put to death with fearful tortures. Grahame, in special, who had the chief part in the murder, "spoke in defence of it to the last. He had a right to slay the king, he said, for he had renounced his allegiance and declared war against him, and he expressed his belief that his memory would be honoured for putting to death so cruel a tyrant. He was tortured in the most dreadful manner before his final execution, and whilst he was yet living his son was slain before his eyes."

Near here was executed Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, Primate of Scotland, accused of complicity in the

murder of the Regent Murray. Leaving this

Sad and fatal mound
That oft hast heard the death axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—

we must note the "Round Table" and the "Valley," where of old jousts and tournaments and all sorts of knightly sports were held. The mention of the round table puts one naturally in mind of the Arthurian tradition, and it is interesting to note that some of the early Scottish writers have called Stirling Castle Snowdown from some supposed legendary connection with the half-mythical King Arthur. The shire also possesses, or rather possessed, the extraordinary structure called Arthur's Oven. Antiquaries report of it that "it was a round building open at the top like the Pantheon of Rome, but of far inferior workmanship and dimensions. Its height was 22 feet, and its diameter in the inside 19½ feet. In the time of Bœce, its area within was surrounded by stone seats, and on the south there was an altar. Buchanan calls it the Boundary Temple, thus adopting the opinions of those antiquaries who hold that it was a temple erected to the god Terminus by Agricola, on his fixing here the boundaries of the Roman empire." A barbarous proprietor demolished this interesting relic many years ago, and built a water-mill with its materials. The river Carron forthwith rose in flood and carried the prosaic structure away, but whether this was a mere accidental coincidence or connected as cause and effect, we do not presume to say. Let us back to Stirling, however, from which we have digressed for a moment. The castle is specially rich in memories of four of the Scottish sovereigns. James IV. was born here, James V. was crowned here, and so was his successor, the unfortunate Mary. Froude has drawn a brilliant picture of the progress

of Anne Boleyn through the streets of London as the wife of Henry VIII., and then contrasted it with the dismal pageant of a succeeding day, which was to end her miserable life. A still more striking picture might be drawn between the solemn coronation of Mary in the presence of the three estates of the realm, and with the greatest possible pomp, in this her northern fortress, and her execution in the southern castle. But, indeed, the whole history of the unfortunate queen is full of these abrupt contrasts.

ancient Church. This was the special church selected for the coronation of James VI. It owes its preservation to the fact that it was found easily possible to make it serviceable for the new religion when that gained the upper hand. Indeed, like St. Giles's at Edinburgh, it "contrived a double debt to pay," and is divided into two churches. Here, as elsewhere, the changes required were not carried out with such care as absolutely to preserve the original structure; but one is inclined rather to be thankful for what is left, than vainly to



As we have already mentioned the subject of James VI.'s education, it only remains to add that it was in these walls that he received his lessons and his castigations from the learned Buchanan.

There are some monuments of interest in the town of Stirling itself which will repay a visit. The Greyfriars' Church was built by James V., and is known in history as the scene of one or two famous events. Here the Earl of Arran, governor of the kingdom, in 1543, publicly abjured the reformed faith, and was received back into the bosom of the

regret what is gone. "Revolutions are not made with rose-water," it has been well said, and when we consider the many advantages which the Reformation brought, we must, like sensible men, be reconciled to one or two of the minor evils which accompanied it. Every progress in human affairs is mixed. It is not a step from more bad to pure good, but at the best from more evil and less good to more good and less evil. Inconsiderate people, whilst quietly accepting the good, have complained of the evil; but we must re-

member that the two were, to some extent, inseparable. Still, there was some evil mixed with the great good of the Reformation. For one thing, it made Scotland more provincial. She was cut off from the great community of Catholic nations, and it is owing to this that we find so few of the softer graces of life in the centuries that followed. Most wonderful was the almost complete decay in taste. The nation seemed absolutely to have lost all sense of the beautiful. When we gaze at a structure like Roslin Chapel, we seem to be lost in a dream of beauty, and we wonder how it was that men of the same country could be found in one age so refined, in another age so rude. The ungainly barns in which the public worship of Scotland was carried on for the centuries that succeeded the Reformation are scarcely so repellent as the mutilated churches of the old faith, rudely adapted to serve for another, a simpler, and a better, and yet a far less beautiful and tasteful ritual. They strike the beholder like some beautiful face, disfigured with an unsightly scar. Yet there is a good deal to be said in extenuation even of the rough rabble, who, with the brutal jest that the crows would not "big" again were their nests destroyed, gave the pious toil of centuries to the flames. These fair buildings were rendered hideous in their eyes by the foul oppression, the dissolute lives, the unnameable crimes of those that dwelt within; whilst the meaner structures were consecrated by the moral purity and intellectual force which distinguished the first energy of the Reformation.

Next to this adapted church of the Greyfriars stands an erection now a ruin. It belonged to the Mar family, and was raised by the Regent of that name who held the reins of government when James VI. was a child. It was built of stone from the once stately abbey of Cambuskenneth, which, not far off, rose on the bank of the winding Forth. Men

wondered at the sacrilege, and something of their complaints seemed to have reached the Regent's ear; but he altered not a whit his purpose. The only reply he made was to carve on the completed building this quaintly impertinent inscription, which the passer-by no doubt read with horror, or rage, or amusement, according to his party—

Essy . Speik . Furth . I . Cair . Noth*
Consider . Weil . I . Cair . Noth*

The building was never finished, and is now as complete a ruin as the abbey itself. Another structure near is Argyle's Lodging, a house where one of the greatest of that great family feasted sumptuously in 1681 James II. of England, under whose reign he was afterwards to suffer. It was not built by Argyle, however, but by another nobleman, equally interesting, though not so famous. This was William Alexander, first Earl of Stirling, who was born at Menstrie, near Stirling, in 1580. He was another type of the roving Scot, was always on the wing, and yet had ever a remembrance of and passionate affection for his native land. As a young man he travelled on the continent with Argyle, and afterwards was one of the band of Scotchmen who, not always to King James's delight, followed that monarch southward. Scholar and poet like the King himself, he was a favourite at court, and filled several offices of considerable importance. He afterwards went as lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, but the colony did not succeed well, and Alexander, who, though a poet, had as keen an eye for business as the rest of his countrymen, disposed of his rights there to the French, "for a matter of five or six thousand pounds English money." On his return home he filled various high state offices in Scotland, and seven years before his death, which took place in 1640, he was created Earl of Stirling. He had several most in-

teresting associations with the famous literary men of the day. Drummond of Hawthornden, who called him "that most excellent spirit and rarest gem of our North," and Drayton, author of "Polyolbion," wrote highly eulogistic verses in his honour. But the most interesting fact about him is a supposed connection with Shakspeare, who is believed, on no very sure grounds, we confess, to have gone to Scotland to pay him a visit. A passage in one of Stirling's poems, ending

"All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token,"

is supposed to have given Shakspeare the hint for the magnificent lines in the "Tempest," beginning, "The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces," though we need scarcely say that the imitation, if it really be an imitation, far surpasses the original. Stirling's songs are nearly all love songs, and they are not without a certain grace and beauty, though perhaps the position of the writer gave them more importance than they would otherwise have obtained. Here is a sonnet as a specimen:—

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks, whose lock none
slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearly shined;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me?

We have said something already about James VI., and it may be as well just to give a couple of specimens of his work as a composer. Here, for instance, is a really fine sonnet:—

We find, by proof, that into every age
In Phoebus' art some glistering star did shine,
Who, worthy scholars to the Muses sage,
Fulfill'd their countries with their works divine.
So Homer was a sounding trumpet fine
Amongst the Greeks, into his learned days;
So Virgil was among the Romans syne
A sprite sublim'd, a pillar of their praise!
So lofty Petrarch his renown did blaze
In tongue Italic, in a sugar'd style,
And to the circled skies his name did raise;
For he, by poems that he did compile,
Led in triumph love, chasteness, death, and fame:
But thou triumphs o'er Petrarch's proper name!

And here is a poem entitled—

A SHORT POEM OF TIME.

As I was panning in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The east was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweet, and smell
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit by the Delphienns heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpoure chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:
Yet idle men devysing did I see
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle
So willingly the precious tyme to tyne:
And how they did themselvis so far begyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backward syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe
So spedelie ourselvis for to withdraw,
Even from the tyme, which is in no wayis slow,
To flie from us, suppose we fled it nocht?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had socht.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing
 I wad we sould bestow it into that,
 Which were most pleasour to our heavenly king
 Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat
 Bot, sen that death to all is destenat
 Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
 In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

To this we shall just add a couple of verses from the translation of the Psalms which James (perhaps in hopeless rivalry of Buchanan!) wrote and Stirling revised:—

O thou who from thy palace oft letts fall
 (For to refresh the hills) thy blessed raine :
 Who with thy works maintains the earth and all :
 Who maks to grow the herbs and grass to gaine,
 The herbs for foode to man, grass dois remaine
 For food to horse and cattel of all kynde.
 Thou causeth them not pull at it in vaine,
 But be thair food, such is thy will and mynde.

Who dois rejoyse the hart of man with wyne,
 And who with oyle his face maks cleir and bright,
 And who with foode his stomack strengthnes syne,
 Who nourishes the very treis aright,
 The cedars evin of Liban tall and wight
 He planted hath, where birds do bigg their nest.
 He made the firr trees of a woundrous hight,
 Where storks dois mak their dwelling-place, and
 rest.

We think that these extracts go to prove that James VI. has been somewhat hardly treated by succeeding generations. His writings show that after all he was something more than a mere pedant—that he not only had knowledge, but also possessed the power to use it. He was by no means a bad-hearted man either. He seems to have been rather given to sentimentalism, indeed. And yet few men have been better abused than the British Solomon. There was so little dignity in him, that, like a dwarf in giant's armour, there is always a sense of the ludicrous when we think of him upon the British throne. This accounts for much. Then he was so terribly belauded that after-times have taken a disgust at the absurd flattery, and made him pay for it by visiting his memory with an extra

amount of contempt. He was so different alike from his predecessors and his ancestors. The grand dignity of the Tudor sovereigns, the royal bearing of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were but ill represented in one whose every movement conveyed a sense of the ridiculous. The contrast between him and his mother was still more striking. They hardly, indeed, seemed to belong to the same breed. Mary might be crafty and criminal, but there was always about her a certain grandeur, that spoke of one "born to the purple." She was never cowardly or ungrateful, and it must be confessed her son was both.

On the other hand she was implacable and unforgetting, he was only too easily pacified, and suffered his courtiers to praise the murder of his mother to his face. He was weak and infirm of purpose, whilst she could follow out great designs through long years, constant to them alike in triumph and defeat. He hardly ever seemed to know his own mind, and was easily wheedled from the most cherished of his schemes. And yet we repeat injustice has been done to a nature essentially kindly and well-meaning. His mother has obtained too great favour at the hands of the historians, and by some strange principle of compensation her son has been made to pay the penalty of it. By far the best picture of him is that given in the "Fortunes of Nigel," and that picture, whilst true to history, can by no means be pronounced unfavourable. At any rate it is favourable when compared with that usually drawn of him. His mental physiognomy is perhaps worthy of a deeper study than any to which it has been hitherto subjected, for it belongs to that small yet distinct type of Scotsmen whose characters are chiefly remarkable in that they are on most points directly the opposite of the national characteristics. James's bringing up will serve to account for very much of this. No doubt he preferred

his Southern to his Northern quarters. The luxury and magnificence, the soft adulation and flattering regard with which his later years were surrounded, were certainly in striking contrast to the comparative poetry of Stirling and the stern precepts of Buchanan. But we must return again to modern life.

The traveller passing through the eastern part of the county of Stirling in the swift night express seems to be in the midst of a perpetual illumination, though of rather a diabolical character. All along the horizon strange lights flash to the sky, and cast a glare on sleeping town and dark moorland. Fiery pillars move all around him, and these in the daytime are great masses of dark cloud and smoke. He is in a part of the chief iron district of Scotland, and what he sees, and unfortunately feels, is the flame and smoke from a hundred furnaces, whose "infernal monotony of ceaseless activity," to borrow Carlyle's phrase, he is probably not inclined highly to commend. And yet this is the chief agency that has made Scotland what she now is. If one turns up the account of the Tullyveolan village at the beginning of "*Waverley*," or the rural scenes in the "*Cottagers of Glenburnie*," one gets a notion of the inevitable discomfort and squalid condition in which the common people, not so very long ago, existed. Scotland used to be very much like the heroine described in the song as "the penniless lass wi' the long pedigree"—she had a great and noble history; but she had little or nothing of substantial prosperity. Nay, her people were accounted quite careless as to mercantile matters, and very much disinclined to steady industry. John Law of Lauriston, the author of the famous Mississippi scheme, in a curious treatise, entitled "*Money and Trade: considered with a Proposal for Supplying the Nation with*

Money," published at Edinburgh about the beginning of the eighteenth century, talks about the poverty of Scotland and the laziness of her inhabitants as facts that admitted of no dispute. There was, as he justly remarked, but little manufacturing business, and so little inducement for the people to work hard. It was only in later years, when the possibilities of wealth that the rich mineral fields between Edinburgh and Glasgow opened up were seen and realised, that this reproach was quite cast off. From that time wages began to rise, the towns to increase, the houses and food and dress of the people to get better, and a general air of well-to-do-ness to diffuse itself over the land. Even those who seemed furthest away shared in the great prosperity. We travelled some time ago in a not very frequented part of Perthshire, and passed on the way a fairly built, substantial-looking village, about as different from the typical "*Clachan of Aberfoyle*" as could well be imagined. The people on the coach began to talk about it, and the driver, an elderly man, told us that he well remembered the day when there was not a glass window in the abominable huts which then did duty for houses. As he justly remarked, it was the folk from Glasgow that did it! No doubt there were many causes which produced this; but of the chief of these, the mineral industries of Falkirk and Carron may fairly be taken as the type. Neither a coal-pit nor an iron-mine are picturesque objects; but neither loch nor glen seem particularly to have been admired till these same useful minerals had given people wealth, and procured them, through that wealth, leisure sufficient to admire the sterner aspects of nature. With which sensible if commonplace observation, we shall conclude the subject, and move on to other interesting scenes.



WHITE HORSE CLOSE.



CLOSE IN HIGH STREET.



CANDLEMAKERS' ROW.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE OLD TOWN, EDINBURGH.

DUNFERMLINE TOUN.



WE have seen that the history of Stirling is bound up in a very particular way with the history of several of the Scottish kings; but this is the case with several other of our Scottish towns, in which, for long periods, the kings, for some reason of state or personal fancy, resided.

Edinburgh, we must remember, was not always for them "Scotia's darling seat," as Burns called it; indeed, many of them were very glad to get out of it. They would go, for instance, to "Dunfermline toun," and there live in all their glory, as we have them represented in the fine old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, which the late Alexander Smith, who well knew "himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme," and who, besides, was no mean judge of ballad poetry, thought so highly of. There is some doubt as to the exact incident to which the ballad refers; but it would seem to be told of the escort sent to convey Margaret—afterwards called the Maid of Norway—to that country, to whose king she was betrothed. This vagueness is, it seems to us, rather an advantage; like the cobwebs on a bin of old wine, it gives a flavour of antiquity to a story embedded in the cobwebs of time:—

The king sits in Dunfermline toun
Drinking the blude red wine,
O whaur will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship o' mine?

Then up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea."

The king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway owre the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun tak her hame."

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he;
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
Has tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be 't wind or weat, be 't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem!
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we maun tak her hame."

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the haste they may;
And they hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

"Ye Scotismen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye lcears loud,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!

"For I brought as much o' the white monie
As gane my men and me,
And a half-fou o' the gude red gowd,
Out owre the sea with me.

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'
Our gude ship sails the morn."
Now ever alake my master dear,
I fear a deidly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
 It was sic a deidly storm;
 And the waves cam over the broken ship
 Till a' her sides were torn.

"O whaur will I get a gude sailor,
 Will tak the helm in hand
 Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
 To see if I can spy land."

O here am I, a sailor gude
 To tak the helm in hand
 Till ye get up to the tall top-mast—
 But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a stop,
 A step but barely ane,
 When a bout flew out o' the gude ship's side,
 And the saut sea it cam in.

"Gae, fetch a wab o' the silken clath,
 Anither o' the twine,
 And wap them into our gude ship's side,
 And let na the sea come in."

They fetch'd a wab o' the silken clath,
 Anither o' the twine,
 And they wapp'd them into the gude ship's side,
 But aye the sea cam in.

"Ye'll pick her weel, an' span her weel,
 And mak her hale an' soun',"
 But ere he had the words weel spoke
 The bonnie ship was down.

O laith, laith were our Scots lords' sons
 To weet their coal-black shoon,
 But lang ere a' the play was owre,
 They wat their hats abune.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That fluttered on the faem,
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathom deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

The objects for which Dunfermline is interesting, are chiefly these: the castle, of which hardly a fragment remains, the palace, and the abbey. It was in the first of these that we must suppose the king to have been carousing, when, quite in the delightfully inconsequent "happy thought" vein of the old ballad, it occurred to him to send away Sir Patrick on his dangerous voyage. It was the favourite residence of Malcolm Canmore, or Malcolm of the big head—a prince who, though ignorant and violent, was not without many noble traits of character. If he was unlearned it was rather his misfortune than his fault, as we shall see. During his reign the Norman Conquest took place, and a large number of exiles fled northward. Among these was Edgar Etheling and his sister Margaret. According to Buchanan, these royal fugitives had prepared a retreat to Hungary, but they were driven on to the coast of Scotland. At any rate, they somehow or other got to court, where they were received with the most open-minded generosity. To the king—rough and wild as he of necessity was—the coming of the exiles was something like a revelation from another world. Margaret had that rare, spiritual beauty which, exhibited in a far less degree, had charmed men in Edward the Confessor. Her blue eyes, golden hair, and graceful form, still more the courtesy of manner that with her was no mere mask, but the fit expression of a pure and gentle soul, made a profound impression on Malcolm. He loved her, nay, worshipped her, with all the deep, passionate devotion of his dark and gloomy Celtic nature. They were married, and the charm of her presence seemed still to grow on the king, and influence, moreover, the whole body of the people. In the fashion of those days,

and she knew no other, she was profoundly religious. Poor indeed are the forms which cannot be animated and turned to good account by the pure spirit. Her influence gradually softened and refined the life of the Scottish court till it attained to a higher civilisation. Under her fostering care the Church was constituted, and schools and learning flourished. Her husband aided, sometimes blindly, but always with the same profound faith. A touching story is told of his reverence for learning and religion. He could neither read nor write. His hands had held the sword too long ever to hold the pen; and to his eyes the mystic scrolls called books never took definite meaning. But truer of heart than most unlearned men, he believed where he could not understand. His wife's books of prayer and devotion were gorgeously illuminated, at his command, by the hands of cunning artists. He often took them up and gazed long at the strange lines which told him no story, and yet which, somehow, was mixed with the love he bore to his God and his wife. The bystanders noted that he reverently kissed the books before he laid them down. A noble and fearless man, too, was this same Canmore. Buchanan tells us that he had many troubles to contend with when he came to rule. Luthlac, son of Macbeth, "who was surnamed Fatuous, from his want of wit," was crowned at Scone, and supported by a large number of adherents. Malcolm met him and his foes "in the valley Bagian," and defeated them. Luthlac fell in the battle, and the conqueror, with royal generosity, had him laid in the royal sepulchre in holy Iona, for he remembered that he was of the royal race. At last, when all seemed peaceful, a dangerous conspiracy was entered into against the throne. A powerful chief headed it, but just before the outbreak the whole matter was discovered to the king. The chief of the conspiracy was then at court; but Malcolm did not

seize him. He sent for him, "who suspected nothing of the business, and, after much familiar discourse, led him aside into a lonely valley, commanding his followers to stay behind. There he upbraided him with the former benefits bestowed on him, and declared to him the plot he had contrived against his life; adding, further, 'If thou hast courage enough, why dost thou not *now* set upon me, seeing that we are both armed, that so thou may'st obtain thy desire by valour, and not by treachery?' The plotter, being amazed at this sudden discovery, fell down on his knees and asked pardon of the king, who, being a merciful as well as a valiant prince, easily forgave him."

Under the reign of Malcolm, Scotland underwent a complete transformation, which was signalled by his partial desertion of his old castle of Dunfermline, and his partial transference of the seat of Government to Edinburgh—from a Celtic to a Saxon city. Henceforward a Saxon dialect—the Lowland Scotch—became the language of the court; the royal burying-place was removed from Iona to Dunfermline, and the Church was more and more confined to the Roman model. The Celts then and the Celts of to-day may, perhaps, have regretted the change; but it cannot be denied that it placed the civilisation of Scotland on a higher and truer basis, and gave a firmness and purpose to the national life which it never afterwards quite lost. The Celt might console himself with the reflection that whatever he lost, the royal line, at least, was his, and he came, at any rate, as a conqueror. The change was ultimately of vast importance in British history. Had the Lothians remained part of Northumbria, and been finally incorporated with the English kingdom, there is little doubt that the Highlands could not long have held out against the mass of Southern power. Another Ireland might, perhaps, have cramped the Britain of to-day.

Malcolm Canmore fell during one of those interminable forays which the Scottish kings were always making into England. He died a warrior's death at the head of his army. His queen was lying on a sick-bed when her second son, who had escaped from the battle, approached. "How fares it," said the expiring queen, "with your father and with your brother Edward?" The prince answered nothing. "I conjure you," she implored, "by the Holy Rood, and by the duty you owe me, to tell me the truth." "Your husband and your son are both slain," was the sad answer. "Then God's will be done," said the queen, now mortally hurt. The Scots had brought Malcolm's body from the battle-field, and he, along with his queen—"for in death they were not divided"—were laid together in the church which he himself had founded. "A large slab of coarse blue marble" still marks the spot where they rest. Even at this distance of time their lives have a profound interest for us. They stand together at the fountain stream of our history as we now conceive it. Their reigns are the first beginning of modern Scotland. Hand-in-hand they seem to emerge from the mists of the Northern hills, and through all the intervening centuries seem joined to us by many bonds of common interest. It is well for us that such noble figures mark the first years of the new kingdom.

The few stones that remain of their early dwelling, and the slab that marks their last resting-place, will recall to the observer the memory of their fair and noble lives, and their heroic deaths. Of this priory, which was afterwards raised to an abbey, we are told "It was bestowed on monks of the Benedictine order, brought from Canterbury, and splendidly endowed. In 1303, Edward I. burned down this magnificent fabric, excepting the church and cells; 'because,' says Matthew of Westminster, 'the Scots had converted the house of the Lord into a

den of thieves, by holding their rebellious Parliaments there.' The cells thus spared, and the principal part of the church, were destroyed at the Reformation. The remains of the abbey are extensive and magnificent; the frater, in particular, with its beautiful window, is extremely striking; adjacent to it is the Abbot's house. The old church, part of which is used for parochial service, is supported by massive pillars twenty feet high, and thirteen and a half in circumference, ribbed spirally, and two of them marked with zigzag lines. In the area of the church are six flat stones, each nine feet in length, under which as many kings are said to lie buried. On digging a grave a good many years ago, there was discovered a stone coffin, six feet in length, containing human bones; and, at the same time, there were found fragments of a marble monument, finely carved and gilt."

In the centre of where the new church now stands is the grave of Robert the Bruce, who died at Cardross in 1329. His heart was buried at Melrose Abbey, and the story of this separation may be told somewhat as follows:—Bruce, on his death-bed, first gave explicit directions as to the affairs of his kingdom, and bethought him, in the second place, of his own concerns. He remembered with regret his grievous sacrilege in the murder of the Red Comyn in a church, and he confessed that he had long cherished a desire to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and there fight against the Turks for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. Affairs of state, a kingdom only newly constituted, a watchful enemy on the frontier had prevented this. He had preferred his country's welfare to his own. He knew that there was but one other journey that he could now ever take, and that was to another world, and so he begged the Lord James Douglas—the man who had stood by him in a hundred fights, and of whose fidelity in weal and woe he was

well assured, to carry his heart to Palestine, and lay it in the Holy Sepulchre. The Bruce died, and his heart was removed from the body, embalmed, and placed in a silver casket, carrying which the Douglas and a chosen band of the Scottish youth set forth. All went well till they came to Spain, where they were entertained at the court of Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile. Alphonso was then in deadly conflict with the Saracens, and he begged the assistance of his visitors. According to Buchanan, Douglas reflected "that it mattered not in what place he assisted the cause of Christianity;" but, indeed, the eagerness with which he acceded to King Alphonso's request is not without a slight touch of the comical. Like the dog of the story, the good Sir James "just never could get enuch o' fechtin'," and the present occasion was far too providential to be despised. Well, there was a good deal of fighting going, and of this the Scottish noble had his full share, but he found his opponents very different metal from the stubborn English soldiers with whom he had fought all his life. The Moors seemed men of an inferior race altogether, and easily to be crushed. Thus he made the common mistake of despising his foes, and the matter had a brief and tragic close. He pursued a band one day too far, till he found himself almost alone. His foes turned on him, and in a few moments he was surrounded with an overwhelming multitude. Retreat was not possible; nor was it his custom. In that moment he thought of the precious relic committed to his care. He ever carried with him the silver casket that contained the heart of the Bruce. This he now lowered from the chain to which it was attached, and adjured the cold dust to command the battle. "Pass first in fight as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die." So speaking, he threw the casket among the foe, and followed it headlong. His dead body

was found lying over the heart. In this disastrous skirmish the chief members of the little band had fallen, and the remainder were not inclined to continue their journey. They brought back the heart of the Bruce and the bones of the Douglas to their native land, where the first, as we have noted, was interred in Melrose Abbey. Centuries passed on, and, almost within our own time, it was determined to rebuild or repair the church at Dunfermline, which was then in a ruinous condition. No one knew the grave of the Bruce; but in digging for the purposes of the repair near the spot where it was thought he had been laid, the workmen came upon a skeleton of extraordinary size. Near it were found fragments of the stately marble monument which had once adorned the sepulchre of the greatest of the Scottish kings. The skeleton was undoubtedly his, for there still adhered to it fragments of the cloth of gold which, according to traditionary report, had formed his shroud, and the "breastbone appeared to have been sawn through in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighbourhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull, which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone, which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn."

This romantic incident of the death of the good Sir James is a striking example of the influence of what we may call the sentimental in history. As Sir Walter Scott justly remarks, Douglas was wanted at home much more than he could possibly be in the Holy Land, and no doubt this was fully recognised at the time. Still, as we see, he set out on this distant and perilous voyage, and not only that, but the Bruce's last request shows that he, too, was only restrained from an expedition to the Holy Land by an iron chain of circumstances which had something of the irresistible force of necessity.

There is an incident in the Bruce's life which still more strongly illustrates this force of sentimentalism, or shall we say heroic imprudence? He was fighting for his brother Edward in Ireland, and was retreating before an overwhelming force of English and their Irish auxiliaries. His army had halted for a little, but the enemy was pressing on them, and they were about again to commence their retreat, when a piercing shriek fell upon the king's ears. He asked the cause, and was told that one of the camp-followers of the army—a washerwoman by occupation—had just been delivered of a child, and was shrieking with terror at the prospect of the cruel death which would await her at the hands of the rough Irish Kerns. Bruce knew the danger of delay, and reason told him that it would be ridiculous to halt his army for such a trivial cause; but human sentiment was strong within him. It gained the day. The army was halted and formed in line, and the king exposed his own life, and the safety of his forces, to preserve two lives, seemingly worthless in comparison. It is certainly quite impossible to imagine a modern general doing an action of this kind, and reason tells us that the modern general would be right. No man would ever think of stopping the march of an army now for such a trivial cause. Yet it is round such actions that,

with a certain inconsistency, the imagination lingers. The heart approves what the reason condemns. Perhaps incidents of this sort had something to do with the passionate devotion with which, during the latter part of his reign, he was regarded. Buchanan has well said of him, "Nor did he ever do or say anything which was unbecoming a royal soul. He did not do as Cato the younger and Marcus Brutus, who laid violent hands on themselves; neither like Marius, who, incensed by his sufferings, let loose the reins of hatred and passion against his enemies; but when he had recovered his ancient state and kingdom, he so carried it to those who had put him to so much hardship and trouble, that he seemed rather to remember that he was now their king, than that he had been sometimes their enemy. And even a little before his death, though a terrible distemper made an addition to the trials of his old age, yet was he so much himself as to confirm the present state of the kingdom, and to consult the peace and quiet of his posterity, so that when he died all men bewailed him as being deprived, not only of a just king, but of a loving father."

With this old abbey there is connected a humbler memory which deserves at least a passing notice. Robert Henryson, the poet, lived and died here. Lord Hailes tells us "that he acted as preceptor in the Benedictine convent of the time." Of his life we know little, but he seems to have been comfortable and honoured, though both in a humble way. Mr. Wilson fixes his death a little before 1508, from a mention of him in Dunbar's "Deth of the Makkaris," or poets. But his memory seems scarcely to have had an inspiring effect on Dunbar, or he would never have perpetrated the following couplet of quaint doggerel:—

In Dunfermline he has tane Brown,
With gude Mr. Robert Henryson.

To borrow one of Macaulay's expres-

sions, "Nothing worse was ever written by Colley Cibber."

Henryson wrote a number of poems, but he is best known by his fables. The shrewd common-sense, the quiet humour, the forcible expression of these render them well worthy of their place in early Scottish literature. Here is the introduction of his poem on the "Borrowstown Mouse and the Landward Mouse"—

Esope, myne autour, makis mentioun
Of twa myiss; and they war sisters deir;
Off quhom the elder dwelt in borrowstown;
The yonger wend up-on-land, weil neir
Rycht solitair; quhyle under busk and breir,
Quhyle in the corn, in uther menys schacht,
As outlawis dois that levis on ylin wacht.

The rurall mouss into the winter tyde
Had hungar, cauld, and tholit grit distress;
The tothir mouss that in the burgh can byde
Was gilt brother, and made ane free burgess.
Tol-free alsua, but custom, mair or less,
And freedom had to ga quhair eir sche list
Amang the cheiss and meill, in ark and kist.

Ane tyme quhen scho was full, and on fute fure,
Scho tuk in mynd her sister up-on-land,
And langit for her cheir, and her welfair,
And se quhat lyfe scho led under the wand:
Barefute allane, with pykstaf in her hand,
As pure pilgrim, scho passit out of town,
To seik her sister, baith our daill and down.

Throw mony wilsum wayis couth scho walk,
Throw mure and moss, throwout bank, busk,
and breyr,
Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,
Cum furth to me, myne sueit sister deir!
Cry peip anis—with that the mouse couth heir,
And knew her voce, as kynnismen will do
By verry kind; and furth scho came her to.

And here is the moral from the same poem:—

MORALITAS.

Freindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,
In this fable a gud moralitie.
As fitchis myngit ar with noble seid,
So intermellit is adversitie
With erdly joy; so that no stait is fré,
Without truble and sum vexatioun;
And namely thay that clymis up most hé,
And nocht content of small possessioun.

Blissit be symple lyfe, withouttin dreid;
Blissit be sobir feist in quieté;
Quha hes enuche, of no moir hes he neid,
Thocht it be littill into quanteté,
Grit habowndance, and blind prosperité,
Of tymis maks ane evill conclusioun;
The suetest lyfe, thairfoir, in this contré,
Is of sickness, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man! quhilke usis for to feid
Thy wame, and makis it a God to be,
Luke to thyself, I warne thé weill, on deid;
The cat cummis, and to the mouss hewis é.
Quhat dois availl thy feist and reyleté,
With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun?
Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,
Is mirry hairt, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre, friend, thocht it be bot a gleid,
It warmis weill, and is worth gold to thé:
And Salamone sayis, and ye will reid,
Under the hevin I can nocht bettir sé.
Then ay be blyth, and leif in honesté;
Quhairfoir I may conclud be this ressoun,
Of erdly joy it beiris moist dégré,
Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

The dust of Henryson sleeps with the dust of kings and warriors, and his memory is deserving of some notice with theirs.

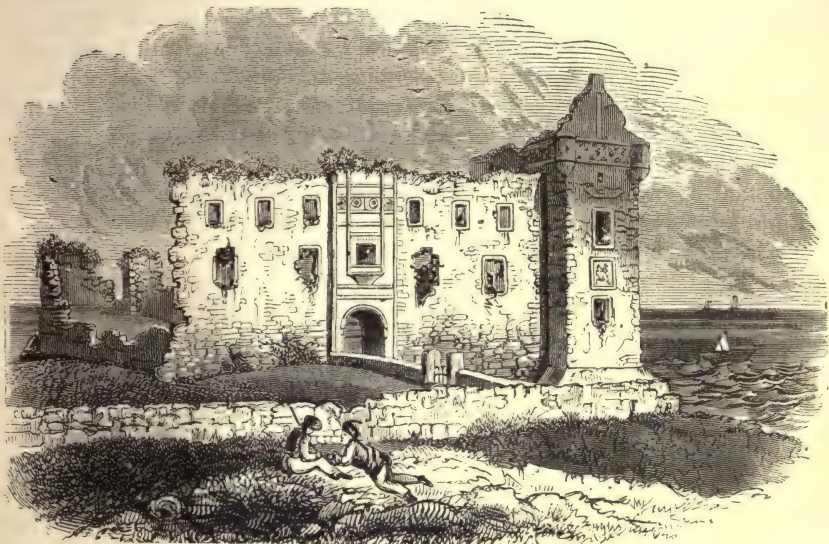
There is a certain amount of interest connected with the palace, though it cannot equal that which belongs to the castle or the abbey. Charles the First, and his sister Elizabeth, were born here. The latter became Queen of Bohemia, and from her the present royal family is directly descended. Here that "merry monarch," Charles the Second, yawned and loitered away some part of his sojourn in Scotland; and here he, with some faint show of alacrity, signed the Solemn League and Covenant. A king of France once said that a crown was well worth a mass, and perhaps Charles thought that with such a prize in view a man ought to subscribe to anything, though it may be questioned if he adhered to this when he was "dealt with" so faithfully and lengthily by the uncompromising divines who surrounded him, and who seemed to take a positive—in less devout men one would have said a malicious—pleasure in the task as to the

offences both innocent, and very much the reverse, which the careless youth had committed. On looking back at his past life, the king would laugh as he thought of his seat on the oak tree, but shudder as he reflected on his seat in the royal pew in many a northern church.

Dunfermline is beautifully situated. Hills and green valleys are all around it, and from the top of any of those eminences you can see away beyond the blue waters of the Frith of Forth the grand lion shape of Arthur's Seat, and the towers of Edinburgh. To the east of this is the semicircular sweep of the Lammermoors, gently sloping down in many a fertile field to the Tyne Valley. To the south-west, beyond the smoke of Edinburgh, are the Pentlands. To the

north are the Highland Hills, with Benledi and Benlomond standing out prominent among them; whilst in the middle of the picture we see the Forth in many a bend, winding away till it is lost beyond the Rock of Stirling. Truly they were in the right—those old Celtic kings—to make their dwelling-place at Dunfermline, and to place their castle on yon lovely hill! Of the Dunfermline of to-day, nothing need be said. With a certain touch of unconscious irony, a guide-book, which lies before us, after having in due order discussed the picturesqueness of its situation and its history, briefly adds, "Dunfermline is now distinguished for its linen manufacture." Long may it enjoy this felicitous distinction!





ST. ANDREW'S CASTLE.

ST. ANDREW'S, AND THE LEGEND OF ITS ORIGIN.

ITS CATHEDRAL AND UNIVERSITY—SOME FAMOUS PRIESTS.



AS to the origin of St. Andrew's, nothing certain is known, but there is a tradition to the following effect. St. Regulus of Achia left that place on a missionary enterprise, carrying with him the relics of St. Andrew, which the emperor was about to seize and place in one of the shrines at Constantinople. Where he was going to does not exactly appear; but, at all events, he managed to get clear of the Mediterranean, and off the coast of France, where he was overtaken by a fearful storm, and driven far out of his course. He was cast ashore at Fife, and was taken before the

King of the Picts, who—struck, according to the legend, by “his gravitie and piety”—gave him ground on which to found a settlement. It is said “the place was then a forest of wild boars, and was called Mucross—*i.e.*, a ‘land of boars,’ from *merca*, sow, and *ross*, a bend or island.” Whether this legend has any truth lying at the bottom of it or no, we cannot pretend to say. But it certainly may be taken to represent one fact—*viz.*, that the chief interest of St. Andrew's has always been in its ecclesiastical and learned relations, and that the whole history of the town centres round the cathedral and the university. The town may roughly be said to consist of three streets, which spring from the

cathedral and run west. These are North-street, Market-street, and South-street. The United College is in North-street, and St. Mary's, the theological foundation, is in South-street. These two colleges form the base of a triangle, of which the cathedral is the apex. With the details of the foundation of these establishments it is not our purpose to trouble the reader. Suffice it to say that Bishop Arnold began the cathedral in 1159, and that it was finished under Bishop Lamberton in 1318. How much quicker it is to destroy than to build! This will seem to the reader one of the most commonplace of reflections; but it strikes one with peculiar force when one hears that the wild havoc of one night of mad fury was sufficient to destroy this stately and noble erection—reared by the pious care of a long succession of generations. The mob

"Wi' John Calvin in their heads,
And hammers in their hands and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass and beads,
Dang the cathedral down."

The question is, however, whether it was really the love of the purer faith that caused the destruction of this, and of other like buildings, or whether it was not mere love of destruction, such as an unlettered mob, to whom the past is unknown and uncared for, will ever exhibit. Perhaps it is best to say that both elements were at work in the matter; that some struck from love of truth and some from love of mischief. However, the movement was so far judged necessary that it was sanctioned by the municipal authorities; and Knox himself evidently watched such proceedings with a certain grim satisfaction. He was but human, and his otherwise great character can well bear this reproach—if reproach it be—that he cared little for the tracery of a mullioned window, or the grand sweep of an arch. He had the sterner virtues, and it would be folly to deny that he was wanting in many of

the milder graces of life. With St. Andrew's his name is bound up in intimate relation, and one striking scene in his life shows this in a particular manner. It is the following oft-repeated tale. He was confined as a galley slave on board the French fleet, which, in 1548, was lying off the coast of Scotland. The captives were exposed to every hardship and indignity; and Knox, never a man of robust health, became so ill that his life was despaired of. His powerful and commanding mind was never better shown than in this situation. Something of the prophetic spirit animated his lofty soul as he assured his desponding fellow captives that "God will deliver us to His glory, even in this life." One day, as the dawn broke, their ship was found to be unexpectedly near the coast, and the towers and spires of St. Andrew's could be plainly seen. One of Knox's fellow prisoners turned to the apparently dying man and asked him if he knew that town. "Yes," replied Knox, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I may appear, that I shall not depart this life till that my tongue shall glorify His godly name in the same place."

There are other memories of the reformers about St. Andrew's, sadder indeed, but still more profoundly interesting. These are the martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton, and the assassination of Cardinal Beaton. Two acts not merely remarkable for their stern atrocity, but of this historical importance, that they served to embitter, to a very great extent, the feuds between the old and the new faith. It was now war to the knife, and no reconciliation was any longer possible. Sir Walter Scott has given us the following graphic account of these events:—

"The Scottish affairs were now managed almost entirely by Cardinal Beaton, a statesman, as we before observed, of

great abilities, but a bigoted Catholic, and a man of a severe and cruel temper. He had gained entire influence over the Regent Arran, and had prevailed upon that fickle nobleman to abandon the Protestant doctrines, reconcile himself to the Church of Rome, and consent to the persecution of the heretics, as the Protestants were still called. Many cruelties were exercised; but that which excited public feeling to the highest degree, was the barbarous death of George Wishart.

This martyr to the cause of Reformation was a man of honourable birth, great wisdom and eloquence, and of primitive piety. He preached the doctrines of the Reformed religion with zeal and with success, and was for some time protected against the efforts of the vengeful Catholics by the barons who had become converts to the Protestant faith. At length, however, he fell into the hands of the cardinal, being surrendered to him by Lord Bothwell, and was conveyed to the castle of St. Andrew's, a strong fortress and palace belonging to the cardinal as archbishop, and there thrown into a dungeon. Wishart was then brought to a public trial, for heresy, before the Spiritual Court, where the cardinal presided. He was accused of preaching heretical doctrine, by two priests, called Lauder and Oliphant, whose outrageous violence was strongly contrasted with the patience and presence of mind shown by the prisoner. He appealed to the authority of the Bible against that of the Church of Rome; but his judges were little disposed to listen to his arguments, and he was condemned to be burnt alive. The place of execution was opposite to the stately castle of the cardinal, and Beaton himself sat upon the walls, which were hung with tapestry, to behold the death of his heretical prisoner. The spot was also carefully chosen, that the smoke of the pile might be seen as far as possible, to spread the greater terror. Wishart

was then brought out, and fastened to a stake with iron chains. He was clad in a buckram garment, and several bags of gunpowder were tied round his body, to hasten the operation of the fire. A quantity of fagots were disposed around the pile. While he stood in expectation of his cruel death, he cast his eyes towards his enemy, the cardinal, as he sat on the battlements of the castle enjoying the dreadful scene.

'Captain,' he said to him who commanded the guard, 'may God forgive yonder man, who lies so proudly on the wall—within a few days he shall be seen lying there in as much shame as he now shows pomp and vanity.'

The pile was then fired, the powder exploded, the flames arose, and Wishart was dismissed by a painful death to a blessed immortality in the next world.

Perhaps the last words of Wishart, which seemed to contain a prophetic spirit, incited some men to revenge his death. At any rate, the burning of that excellent person greatly increased the public detestation against the cardinal, and a daring man stood forth to gratify the general desire, by putting him to death. This was Norman Leslie, called the Master of Rothes, the same who led the men of Fife at the battle of Ancram-moor. It appears, that besides his share of the common hatred to the cardinal as a persecutor, he had some private feud or cause of quarrel with him. With no more than sixteen men, Leslie undertook to assault the cardinal in his own castle, amongst his numerous guards and domestics. It chanced that, as many workmen were still employed in labouring upon the fortifications of the castle, the wicket of the castle-gate was open early in the morning, to admit them to their work. The conspirators took advantage of this, and obtained possession of the entrance. Having thus gained admittance, they seized upon the domestics of the cardinal, and turned them one by one out of the castle, then hastened

to the cardinal's chamber, who had fastened the door. He refused them entrance, until they threatened to apply fire, when, learning that Norman Leslie was without, the despairing prelate at length undid the door, and asked for mercy. Melville, one of the conspirators, told him he should only have such mercy as he had extended to George Wishart, and the other servants of God, who had been slain by his orders. He then, with his sword pointed to his breast, bid the cardinal say his prayers to God, for his last hour was come. The conspirators now proceeded to stab their victim, and afterwards dragged the dead body to the walls, to show it to the citizens of St. Andrew's, his clients and dependents, who came in fury to demand what had become of their bishop. Thus his dead body really came to lie with open shame upon the very battlements of his own castle, where he had sat in triumph to behold Wishart's execution."

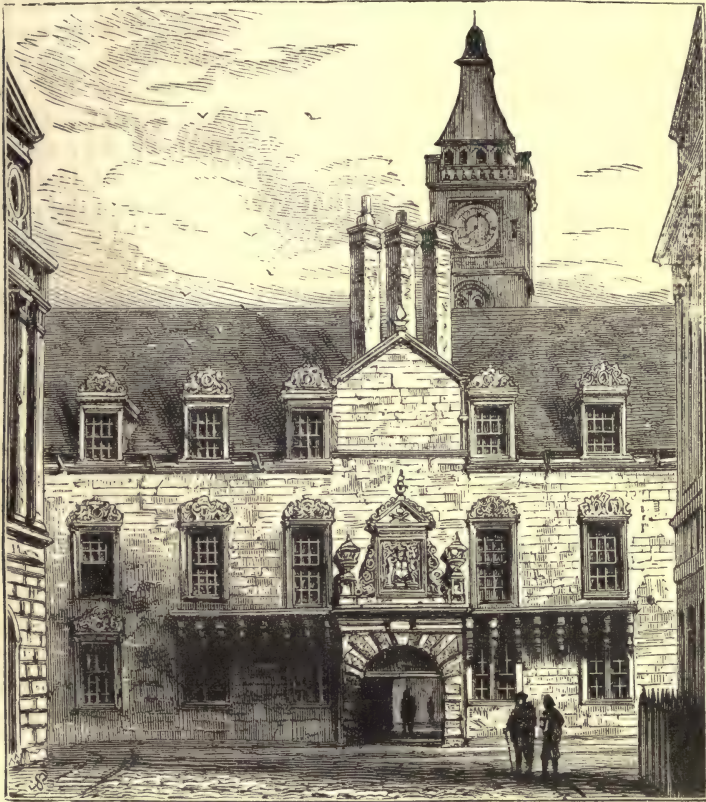
One other scene we may be allowed to take from the ecclesiastical history of that troubled time. It is the year 1571, and the reformed religion has definitely triumphed in Scotland. Knox is in St. Andrew's, but he is worn out, and feeble and sick. His friends are well aware that he cannot be with them much longer. He knew this well himself, and in a book written a little later, he describes himself as "John Knox, the servant of Jesus Christ, now wearie of the world and daylie luing for the resolution of this, my earthly tabernacle." He was weary of life, and besought his "deir brethren to pray that God, in His mercy, will pleis to put an end to my long and painful battle." He felt, too, that his uncompromising spirit had raised him up enemies even among the reformers. "As the world is wearie of me, so am I of it," he said. And yet there was much work to do, he thought, for the true faith in that land which he loved with so unselfish—so profound a devotion; and so, week after week, he

thundered against the greed of the nobility, the making of bishops, the tricks of the court, the lukewarmness of friends. James Melville, one of his most attached disciples, has left a striking account of those days. Melville was then a student at college, and the teaching of Knox made a profound impression on him. Sunday after Sunday, he tells us, he was there "with my pen and my little buike and tuk away sic things as I could comprehend." Knox had almost to be carried into the pulpit, and faintly and wearily began his discourse till he "enterit to application," and began to draw lessons as to the duty of those who loved the right in those days. Then he became more and more animated, till, as the hearer heard the burning words poured forth with passionate and intense conviction; "he made me," he says, "so greu and tremble that I could not hold a pen to wryt." It was these words that sank in Melville's heart, and that of many another St. Andrew's student, and made them strive, in after years, to realise that ideal of a Church which Knox had set before them.

Of the University of St. Andrew's, of which Knox and Melville, and, indeed, all the most eminent men of the day were, or had been, members, it would not serve our purpose to give anything like a complete history. We shall merely state that it was founded in 1411 by Bishop Wardlaw. This was St. Mary's College, which came to be exclusively appropriated to divinity. Two other foundations were afterwards added—St. Salvator's in 1458, by Bishop Kennedy, and St. Leonard's, in 1532, by Prior Hepburn. These were afterwards formed into one under the name of the United College, which is now in the exclusive possession of the faculty of arts. It is thus altogether of Roman Catholic foundation, and the mention of this gives us an opportunity of saying a much needed word as to the share the old Church had in education. The reformers

are usually given the credit for the foundation of the Scottish educational institutions, and certainly the zeal of Knox in the cause of learning, and his desire that the whole community should be properly taught, are among the most pleasing features in the character of that great man; but it must be remembered that the most prominent feature in

shows in a striking manner the effect of the older ideal upon modern life. For nearly 300 years the University of Edinburgh was a mere assemblage of lecturers. It had little or no corporate life. The Universities (Scotland) Act, 1858, gave it a new existence. For the first time it had a chancellor, a vice-chancellor, and a rector. It was conformed to the



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Scottish educational life is the universities, and that three of these directly, and the fourth—viz., Edinburgh—indirectly, owe their existence to the care of the bishops of the old religion. Intense zeal for education was a feature in the Scottish character, when the people were as yet quite loyal to the court of Rome. Even the history of Edinburgh University

state of the others, and that is very much the same as saying that this was the reversal of a Presbyterian plan in favour of an earlier Catholic one.

St. Andrew's, of late years, has not been a very prosperous university, for which many reasons—in no way derogatory to that ancient seat of learning—may be given. There is, first and chief,

the attraction which large towns seem to have in this age for the young and restless, and which brings all who can to Edinburgh or Glasgow. Then there is the fact that St. Andrew's is only an arts and theological school, and that it is impossible to complete the education of any student there save for the Established Church. Then it is not so well endowed—either for the benefit of professors or students—as the other universities. All these causes have acted and reacted on one another till the university has sunk to a very low condition. There is very much to be regretted in this, for one would think that the quiet seclusion of St. Andrew's exactly fits it for a university town. Oxford and Cambridge are by no means very important towns, and what importance they do possess is derived entirely from the universities, and yet these continue to flourish. But the Scotch are very much less conservative than the English, and a movement once begun is liable to be pushed to far greater lengths. One would hope that, even though the life of St. Andrew's may not be so vigorous as of yore, that it will still continue to flourish as it has done for so many long years.

Not very far from St. Andrew's lies Magus Muir, where the assassination of James Shairp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, took place. Shairp's name is closely connected with the town. There is a gorgeous monument to his memory in the church there, and as the event was not only strikingly illustrative of the times, but had important bearings on Scottish history, we shall give some detailed account of it. Of Shairp himself it is impossible to say much good. Attempts, indeed, have been made to whitewash his character, but these have been signally unsuccessful. He was daring and firm of purpose. He was able to endure, with almost absolute indifference, the concentrated scorn of a passionate and vindictive people, and the hardly concealed dislike of his colleagues, whom

his imperious spirit had alienated from him. This is all that can be said for him. At the Restoration he had gone to London to plead for the Presbyterian religion, and to remind Charles the Second that his majesty had himself sworn to observe the Covenant. That he was chosen for such an important mission shows the confidence that was reposed in him. He returned as Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and to the very end of life continued to persecute, with all a renegade's zeal, the cause that had been once his own. How passionately he was hated may be seen from the fact that his murder was considered as the natural and fit ending of such a man, even by those who could not bring themselves to approve it. By the great majority of the people of Scotland it was looked upon as a righteous and commendable act, and the perpetrators were considered as men whose memory deserved to be held in honour. It is difficult, indeed, for us to realise the feelings of those times, and more especially since one element, and that the very darkest, is wanting from all the hatreds of modern life. However a modern people may detest a tyrant or his ministers, they at least believe that he is merely human. But to the people of Scotland of that period, it was an unquestioning belief that Shairp had the powers of darkness in league with him. In a court of justice it was affirmed against him that "on Saturday night last, betwixt twelve and one o'clock, a muckle black devil was with him," and the statement was accepted by the common people as something horrible indeed, yet in the circumstances perfectly natural.

These things are stated, not to excuse the assassination, which it is certainly not our intention to do, but to explain it. If we look at the various circumstances of the time, we only wonder how one whom the Scottish people called by every name they most detested—renegade, prelate, persecutor of the saints, murderer of the people of God—had not

fallen long ago. And yet the circumstances that led to his death were curiously indirect—providential as the folk of the time named it. William Carmichael was at that time sheriff-substitute of Fife, and had made himself specially notorious for the zeal with which he hunted out the covenanters. A meeting was held to “consult anent the condition of the shire, the Gospel being quite extinguished out of it, the hearts of many like to wax faint anent the keeping up of the same, through the terror and cruel oppression of William Carmichael.” At this meeting some things were said about Shairp, “it being by many of the Lord’s people and ministers judged a duty long since not to suffer such a person to live, who had shed, and was shedding, so much of the blood of the saints, and knowing that other worthy Christians had used means to get him upon the road before.” Carmichael, whom they somewhat vaguely intended to “deal with,” escaped them; but, as they themselves afterwards said, they felt that they could not have been brought together for no purpose. As they were hanging about on the 4th of May of this year (1678) they were told that the archbishop, in his coach, was moving towards them on his way to St. Andrew’s. Situated as they then were, armed and brought together to hunt down a persecutor who had been unexpectedly removed from their grasp, it was “brought home to them,” to use their own phrase, that here was an opportunity providentially created for them, not so much for revenge as for the execution of justice. It was speedily determined that Providence had decreed alike the doom of the tyrant, and their appointment to carry it out. They set forward to meet the coach. There is now some difficulty in recognising the scene of the tragedy that followed. Smiling cornfields lie interspersed with pleasant woods; and everywhere there are the signs of cheerful prosperity. It was all then a wild moor, without

cultivation, with no dwelling-place in sight, but sad, and gloomy, and dreary—a fit stage for the tragedy about to be enacted; the only moving object on that spring-morning being the heavy, lumbering coach of the period, driving along the road in one direction, and the band of horsemen rapidly approaching it from the other.

Some shadow of his approaching doom seems to have fallen on the resolute soul of Shairp. As he looked out on the wild moor, and thought of the hatred men bore to him, he muttered, half to himself, half to his daughter, the only other occupant of the coach, “God preserve us, my child!” His forebodings were soon justified. A horseman galloped up alongside and fired into the coach. There was a vain attempt to distance the pursuers, but soon the carriage was stopped, and the attendants were cut down. The party that had now surrounded the vehicle, fired volley after volley, and then, under the full belief that they had slain the archbishop, were on the point of departure, when some sign caused them to make an examination, and they found him absolutely unhurt. The powers of darkness were evidently leagued together to protect their servant; but even such protection could not now avail him. With cries of “Judas, come forth,” they seized and dragged him out of the coach. His daughter prayed for his life, but she was sternly put back; he himself lost all his usual courage and resolution. He implored Hackston of Rathillet, who stood by on horseback, to intercede, piteously avowing that he had never done any of them any wrong. And then John Balfour of Burleigh, the leader of the party, spoke some cold, stern, resolute words, more appalling than the fiercest expression of rage. “Sir, God is our witness that it is not for any wrong thou hast done to me, nor yet for any fear of what thou could do to me, but because thou hast been a murderer of many a

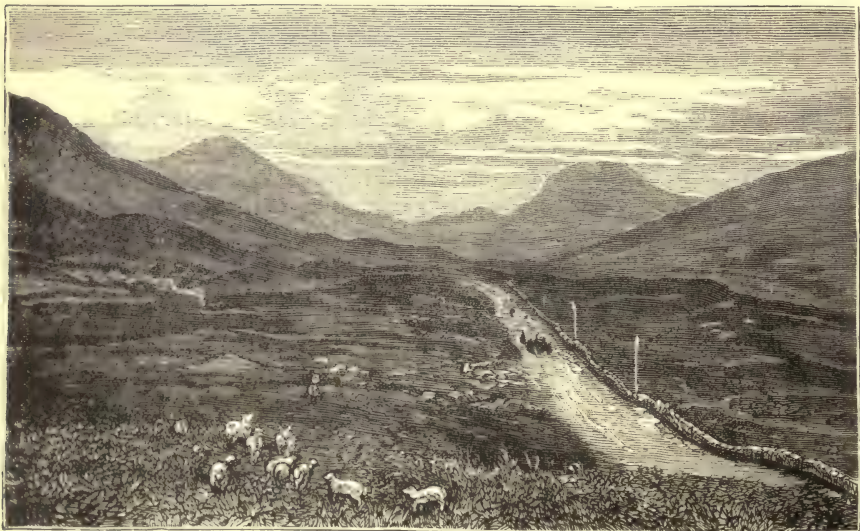
poor soul in the Kirk of Scotland, and a betrayer of the Church, and an open enemy and persecutor of Jesus Christ and His members, whose blood thou hast shed like water on the earth, and therefore thou shalt die." And so, after a good deal of blundering, the wretched prelate was despatched.

He who thinks that the perpetrators of this cruel deed felt or could feel remorse at it, may be sure that he neither understands the nature of the men nor of the times. The killing of Shairp was an act in which they all gloried to the last day of their lives. Some circumstances were noted as specially pointing to the Divine favour. Although the act was committed on the high road, and there were bodies of dragoons near, they were not at all disturbed, but were left to complete the deed in peace. Then the two of the party, Hackston and another, who had not actually touched Shairp, were the only two who were ever brought to answer to "the justice or injustice of human tribunals"—an evident reproof, it was thought, for their want of zeal.

Nor were they disturbed after the murder, for they all got away safely to the west, where the covenanters were in

greater force. One of them, William Daniel, fleeing just after the murder, was lodged in a lonely house, and saw no human countenance "except the gentlewoman, and her daughters brought him meat in the night-time." He was naturally occupied during this solitude in reflecting on the terrible tragedy in which he had been an actor, and this is his own account of the time, as given to his companions when he rejoined them:—

"He told them that he had never so much of the presence of the Lord before; for all that eight or nine days he was in a rapture, and the Lord had confirmed them, and approved of all that they had done; and still, to the day of his death, he was kept in a rapture of joy, and to his death witnessed against the indulgence, and declared that the Lord had let him see that it was hatched in hell for to ruin the Kirk of God." It were well that those who believe that any strength of personal conviction can prove the righteousness of an act committed under it, should ponder on these words, which, considering the circumstances that inspired them, seem to us as some of the most remarkable that ever fell from human lips.



A HIGHLAND GLEN.

SOME PLACES AND TRADITIONS OF FIFESHIRE.



A GREAT number of eminent people are connected with Fife. Some of these we have already mentioned, and there will be a good deal to be said about many others. But there is one name which at once springs to our memory whenever that county—we beg its pardon, kingdom—is mentioned, and that is Maggie Lauder. Years ago, we used to gaze across the Frith as we stood on the other coast, and imagine that her dwelling was somewhere between the shores of Fife and the Highland hills, and even yet, if we happen to be walking in those parts, we should not be very much surprised to see her coming dancing round the bend of the road, accompanied with a shrill blast of the bagpipes! This northern Venus was wed, and perhaps not very young, but she has the eternal beauty of the creations of the fancy, whilst Rab the Ranter, alias the piper of Kilbarchan, was, we are convinced, a piper such as none in those degenerate days could match. How instinct with real poetic fire and force is the ballad that celebrates them—we hear the hero and we see the heroine as she comes from fairy-land on the scene.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadnae be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder !
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her :
 Right scornfully thus answered she,
 Begone, you hallan-shaker ;
 Jog on your gate, you blether-skate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie ! quoth he ; now by my bags,
 I'm fidgin fain to see thee !
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee ;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 Men call me Rab the Ranter :
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, have you your bags,
 And is your drone in order ?
 If you be Rab, I've heard of you,—
 Live you upon the Border ?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rab the Ranter—
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 If you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted ;
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
 For brawlie could she frisk it :
 Weel done ! quoth he. Play up, quo' she.
 Weel bobbed ! quoth Rab the Ranter ;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed
 When I get sic a dancer !

Weel hae you played your part ! quoth Meg ;
 Your cheeks are like the crimson—
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid an wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

Now there is one thing in this song which we never could understand, and that was, why, when the piper "speir'd what was't they ca'd her," Maggie should have abused him so unmercifully. Maggie, one would have thought, would have been as courteous as she was beautiful, and would have returned a civil answer to a civil question. Ah, but there's the rub—*was* it a civil question? We think not. Rab, we imagine, was rather a sad dog, and when he met a young lady

walking along the high road, no doubt he thought this was a fine opportunity for a little sly flirtation. So with a wink and an *ahem!* just to attract attention, he began in an insinuating tone of voice by inquiring what was't (there is just a touch of insolent familiarity there) they ca'd her? But Maggie was equal to the occasion. With judicious firmness she forthwith intimated that she was not to be trifled with, justly described him as a "blether-skate," and bade him begone about his business. At the same time she *did* answer his question—My name is Maggie Lauder. Now was not Rab ashamed of himself? and yet he took his snubbing quite meekly. Indeed, he was so delighted at having at last met so famous a dancer that he at once offered to play her a tune. Well, Maggie, like all generous people, was easily pacified, and so he played and she danced to their hearts' content, and as they parted Maggie trusted him to meet her at Anster Fair, gently intimating that even in that vast crowd there would be no difficulty in finding her, so well was she known to fame.

It is only fair to mention the name of Francis Sempill (1605-1680) in connection with this ballad, though we must add that it is questionable if he really was the author. We shall meet Maggie again, but in the meantime we may state that the royal burgh of East Anstruther claims her as a citizeness, but whether the claim be just or not we cannot pretend to decide.

A German antiquary has said of Scotland, that it is a place where every stone has its history, and, indeed, there is no mouldering castle, no heap of ruined stones that once formed a fair cloister, that is not memorable for some story of war or piety, lighted with some gleams of long-past love, or dark with some tale of revenge. Here in Fife ruin and accompanying story meet us at every turn. Not far from *Aberdour* is *Dunbristle Castle*, memorable for a bloody

incident in a feud between the families of the Earls of Murray and Huntly. The then Earl of Murray was remarkable for his beauty, and the king thought that his queen, Anne of Denmark, looked on him with far too favourable an eye. He was therefore easily induced to believe that "Murray was in league with Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, in a traitorous attempt against the royal person." A warrant was issued against him, and put into the willing hands of the Earl of Huntly for execution. Huntly's grandfather had fallen at the battle of Corrichie, and his son John, with some of his adherents, had been executed immediately after. John was said to be a queen's lover too, and Murray commanded the opposing forces.

Cruel Murray gar'd the wae fu queen look out
And see her lover and lieges slain.

This young Gordon had been distinguished for his beauty, so history seemed to repeat itself in a curious fashion. When the house was surrounded Murray, who knew that he was doomed, refused to surrender. He fought his way out, sword in hand, but was overpowered. Huntly gave him a fatal stroke across the face, and as the dying man fell he gasped out, "Thou hast spoiled a fairer face than thine own"—a strange instance of the ruling passion strong in death. The ballad completes the story:—

Ye Hielands and ye Lawlands,
Oh whaur hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl o' Murray,
And hae lain him on the green.

"Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay."

He was a braw gallant,
And he'rae at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o' Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king!

He was a braw gallant,
And he rade at the glove,
And the bonnie Earl o' Murray,
Oh ! he was the Queen's love !

O lang, lang will his lady
Look ower the Castle Doun,
Ere she see the Earl o' Murray
Come sounding through the toun.

In the neighbourhood is the castle of Rosythe, once inhabited by a branch of the family of Stewart. Oliver Cromwell's mother is said to have been of this family, and the Protector himself had such faith in the tradition that he visited the castle when he was in Scotland. The story is, however, to be received with very considerable caution. The temptation to connect Charles II., the king in name, with Cromwell, the king in fact, and to join in ties of blood Charles I. and the man who killed him, was too great a bait for the myth-making imagination to resist. The statement would require stronger proof than has ever yet been adduced before it be accepted as historically true. One of the Lords of the castle was a bit of a gourmand—rather a rare character in Scotland—and moreover he detested waiting for his dinner. Accordingly he hung a bell in the tower, and carved there the following warning to his servants:—

In . Deu . Tym . Draw . Yes . Cord . Ye . Bell .
To . Clink .
Quhais . Mery . Voce . Varnis . To . Meat . And .
Drink .

On a precipitous rock near Kirkcaldy is the castle of Ravensheuch, of which Scott says it is "a large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkcaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair, as a slight compensation for the Earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III., dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine (now Earl of Rosslyn), representative of the family.

It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin."

It is now best known by the charming ballad which Scott has written, and which is entitled "Rosabelle." The incident is of course purely imaginary, though Rosabelle has always been one of the family names—"Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, having married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherne." In reference to family names and titles this line seems to have been particularly strong, and even Sir Walter, good old tory and keen anti-quarian as he was, becomes slightly ironical as he recounts the titles of the founder of Roslin chapel, to wit:—

"The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenborough, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord Saint Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the Three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-moor, etc., Knight of the Cockle and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland."

However, this noble and ancient family may well pardon one who has enriched their annals with this beautiful ballad, to the right understanding of which it is only necessary to add that it was a tradition in the family that the chapel glowed with supernatural light when one of the race was about to die:—

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay ;
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the see-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”

“’Tis not because Lord Lindsay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball ;
But that my Ladye-mother there
Sits, lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindsay at the ring rides well ;
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O’er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
’Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffined lie :
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men’s mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin’s barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapel ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

There are two places in Fife of which we must at least mention the names. There is Cupar, of which we shall only say—and we confess the information is neither “rich nor rare”—that it is the county town ; and the old burgh of Falkland, whose chief point of interest is of course the Palace. This, like so many of the famous spots in Fife, possesses a sort of half-mythical history, connecting it with the Macduffs. Here the Duke of Rothesay was cruelly murdered by his uncle in 1402, and here, too, James V. died of a broken heart. It was a favourite residence of James VI., and the last gleam of interest that attaches to it is also kingly, for that robber chieftain, the famous Rob Roy, without taking the trouble to ask permission, installed himself there during the ’15, and ruled right royally in the surrounding district—at any rate he performed one important function of rulers, viz., he levied contributions from his temporary subjects, so that, though they might agree in the first half of Bailie Nicol Jarvie’s estimate of him, viz., “that he was no guid enuch for blessing,” it is very much to be questioned if they concurred in the second part of the remark—“that he was o’er guid for banning.” No doubt they relieved themselves by “banning” him with great energy and—caution.



A TRIP ALONG THE SHORES OF FIFE.



FIFE, as we have already hinted, is a kingdom, and the expression was no doubt applied in the first instance to Pictavia, of which it formed a part, "and the continuance of the title," says an authority, "to the smaller portion, of which the present Fife forms the eastern half, was due as much to its being the southern part of Pictavia as to its distinct peninsular form, and to the fact that Pictish kings had their residence within its territories. In any case the title, as applied to Fife, had the sanction of very ancient usage. In the tract of the 'Scots of Dalriada' there occur the words, 'the men of Fife in the sovereignty,' and in Wynton's chronicle, whose date is 1380, Fife is spoken of as a Kynrich (a Kingdom). The power and influence of the thanes of Fife, and the existence afterwards of Royal residences at Dunfermline and Falkland, doubtless aided in continuing the title down to later times. The first trace of the name Fife occurs in the old verses ascribed to St. Columba, where, under the form Fife, it is used as the designation of one of the seven provinces into which, according to Bede, the ancient kingdom of Pictavia was divided."

But enough of these dry archæological details. Our purpose in the present article is to touch on some of the points of interest connected with the coast-line of the old kingdom; a coast-line which, as Buchanan graphically says, is "girt with townlets." We can imagine ourselves sailing right in the middle of the Firth, with the bow of our vessel turned straight out to the open sea. The "smiling plenty" of the Lothians

meets our eye on the right. Far off there is the white top of the Bass, and ruined Tantallon frowning stern defiance even in decay, whilst on our left is the somewhat more precipitous Fife coast, curving in many a bay, with its wooded heights glittering in the sunlight as it winds on to the ocean. First there is little Aberdour, with its fine woods. In the parish is the island of Incholm, where there are the ruins of a monastery. There is some dim tradition that it was, in pre-Christian times, a place frequented by the Druids, like the "shaggy top of Mona," where those old bards, the famous Druids, lie; but, at all events, at a very early period it was inhabited by a venerable hermit, who lived here in pious solitude. It happened that Alexander the First had occasion to cross the Forth, and that while on the way he was overtaken by a great storm. It almost seemed as if he would be wrecked. There was no refuge near but Incholm, and the waves were thundering on the shore of the little, and apparently desolate, island. In this hour of terror the King thought of those whose profession it was to sail daily on the treacherous element, and he vowed, if he survived this danger, to found a monastery on this bleak spot, whose special care should be to tend seamen and fishermen cast here by the storm. The party landed, not without difficulty, on the coast, and here were discovered by the hermit, who entertained them as he was best able, for three days, during which period the storm continued to rage. In due time the King got across to Fife, but he did not forget his promise. A stately erection soon rose, and for many a long day was a beacon of hope to the storm-tossed sailor. The King endowed it richly from his private possessions, and

the Lords of Aberdour gave it some of their best lands. It was formally constituted by Pope Alexander III. in 1178 and flourished in riches and splendour through many centuries. It is to be hoped that the King made the hospitable monk the first abbot of the new foundation.

A little further east is Burntisland, so called from the steep nature of the cliffs on the shore. On the coast near Kinghorn is the Black Rock, near which Alexander III. was thrown from his horse and sustained that "fatal fall" which had such effect on the history of his country. Kinghorn itself is a very old town, erected into a royal burgh by David I., though the name has nothing to do with royalty any more than Burntisland has with insular position. The small cape that is near the town is known in Gaelic as *garn* or *garm*, "signifying the blue head," and from this the name is derived, as is shown in the popular title of the town, which is *Kin-garn*. Although the pedigree of Kinghorn is very long, it cannot be said to be very distinguished, and the burgh, about the beginning of the century, is stated, on the authority of Chambers, "to have been one of the most irregular and meanly-constructed towns in the district"—though all has been much changed and improved of late years. A little further on and we come to the "*Lang toun*" of Kirkaldy, which is not only "*lang*," but somewhat straggling and ungraceful. Still, it has got a history of its own, and that a by no means discreditable one. The citizens have been "*true blue*" Presbyterians from the very first. In 1662 the Protestant churches of France were struggling with many and various and grievous difficulties—chief of which was a terrible lack of funds—and so it occurred to them that they would send an embassy over to Britain on purpose to raise money. They did so, and among the contributions they obtained was one for

no less than 1,030 marks from Kirkaldy, and the receipt therefor is still to be seen among the burgh records. When the Marquis of Montrose and the Royalists triumphed at Kilsyth in 1645, so many of the inhabitants of Kirkaldy were among the defeated party, that two hundred widows of the old burgh mourned the fatal day. The town did a good deal of shipping business in those days, and it gave liberally to support the cause of the reformed religion. Indeed, it seems to have been mulcted whichever star was in the ascendant—on the one side of its own free will, on the other side by force. At the Revolution of 1688 the citizens distinguished themselves by seizing the Earl of Perth, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, and one of the worst instruments of the tyranny of James. They kept him five days and five nights in prison "under a constant guard of 500 men, and sent him under a convoy of three boats, manned with 200 hands, to Alloa, where they handed him over to the Earl of Mar." It is not to be supposed that so many men and boats were needed for the apprehension and safe guarding and conveyance of a single man, but probably they wished to show how zealous they all were in the good work. They seem to have parted rather reluctantly with their prisoner—for they were inordinately proud of their capture—as they demanded and received a receipt for him. The town has later literary memoirs of remarkable interest. On the 5th of June, 1723, Adam Smith was born here, and here he remained till his fourteenth year, when he was sent to the University of Glasgow. It is interesting to note that when about three years old the little Adam was kidnapped by a party of gipsies. His uncle, Mr. Douglas, pursued them, came up with them in an adjacent wood, and promptly rescued the boy. On what small accidents do the whole course of the lives—even of the greatest of men, depend!

Had Mr. Douglas taken the turning to the left instead of that to the right, the gipsies might have escaped with their prey. The "Theory of the Moral Sentiments" and the "Wealth of Nations" would have remained unwritten, and Adam might have been known within the narrow circle of his tribe as one of the worst menders of pots and kettles on

and remove to Edinburgh. He preferred the long rambles in the woods and the quiet walks along the shore, to the gaieties of London or the literary glories of Edinburgh. Hume, who was joined to him in one of those close friendships which sometimes make beautiful the lives of literary men, again and again urged him, with that gentle warmth



THE PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE, GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

record! Smith must have had a strong liking for the old town, for after he had travelled over a great part of Europe, and filled a professor's chair at Glasgow, after he had seen most things that an educated man of the time might think worth seeing, he returned to Kirkcaldy, where he lived till a subsequent appointment made him break up his household,

which was so characteristic of the "good David," to come to Edinburgh, but it was long in vain, and when at length he was persuaded to shift his quarters we can imagine with what regret the quiet and studious scholar, the simple-minded and retiring man, exchanged these green solitudes for the small pretentiousness of Edinburgh society.

He sleeps in a neglected grave in the churchyard of the Canongate. His friend Hume lies not far off, under that classic-looking tower on the Calton Hill.

Kirkaldy holds the memory of another friendship not less honourable and hardly less distinguished. The names of Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving, no less than those of Adam Smith and David Hume, occur to us as we think of that northern burgh.

Smith said of Hume that he realised, as nearly as it was possible for human weakness to realise, the picture of the perfectly wise man. Of Irving, Carlyle has said, in words of fire:—"But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the purest, brotherliest, bravest human soul man ever came in contact with. I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever (after trial enough) found in this world, or now hope to find." They were both at Kirkaldy as young men, and both engaged in teaching—Carlyle hating his calling, and looking forward with gloomy discontent and uncertainty to the future: Irving full of high hope, preparing himself for the Church, from out of which, as unworthy, he was doomed to be cast.

Many a walk among the woods, many a ramble on the moonlit shore, had the friends, as we learn from the profoundly interesting, if saddening, "Reminiscences;" and no doubt Irving again and again strove to cheer the spirits of his friend. Both are at last at rest after their storm-tossed existence. With all their faults, it may be justly said that there are no names of which Scotland has more reason to be proud,

Past Kirkaldy is Dysart, which does not call for any special notice, and then we come to a part of the coast which demands some little attention. This is the shore of the parish of Wemyss, which is curiously indented by the sea into a number of weems or caves.

Hence it is the parish of caves. Between the little fishing villages of East and West Wemyss lies Wemyss Castle. Here Mary first met Darnley, and each was profoundly impressed by the "fatal gift of beauty" which the other possessed. Those who have the most rudimentary acquaintance with the history of Scotland will easily remember the baneful influence which the connection between Mary and Darnley had on Scottish history. If Queen Mary had only been ugly and stupid, how strangely altered the history of her country would have been, is the reflection which strikes one as one gazes on the "rude medallion figure of a Queen Mary's cap," which in loyal remembrance of her visit was carved over the door where she entered. The noble family of Wemyss—one of the oldest in Scotland—takes its titles from this part of the country, and here its representatives once resided. It is said to be derived from the still more ancient line of the Macduffs, Thanes of Fife, and various stories connect the families with the caves already mentioned. During the cave of Adullam period, Lord Elcho, who formed one of the famous band that took refuge therein, and whose name of "Adullamites" has become a recognised title in English political history, was called to account by his constituents for his defection from the Liberal party. He gave an explanation which, if not satisfactory, was at least ingenious and happy. He recalled to the memory of the electors the part of Fife from which his family name was derived, explained how intimately his family had been connected with caves from an early period, and accounted for his secession by the recurrence of an old family tendency! Beyond East Wemyss lies Macduff Castle, the traditionary seat of the Thanes of Fife. The sea washes its base and roars in the hollow caverns of the rocks, and thunders in storm-time on the bold headland. But the castle is

high above all mischief—a fine position for an ancient seat. We must hurry on, however, past the fishing village of Buckhaven, said to have been founded by the shipwrecked crew of a Netherlands vessel, and Innerleven, a fishing village belonging to the inland parish of Markinch. The origin of the connection was that it was bound to supply certain ecclesiastical establishments of that parish with fish in such seasons as the rules of the Church required that diet. We pass by the Leven, which here falls into the sea, and likewise the town of the same name, a place reported to be like Constantinople in one respect—that it looks charming from the sea, and—well, not so enticing when you are once in. But now we are in Largo Bay, and here we must anchor our good ship for a little, for we have several points of interest to dwell on. Largo itself is double, “There are two places of that name. There is the village inland half-a-mile, with its church and belfry, and there is the coast line of little ancient houses by the shore, where the fishermen dwell.” We are not specially interested in the village, double or single, which is much like other fishing villages, of evil odour, and much given to bickering and windy strife. Still, about fishing villages there is always the sea. If you get tired of the narrow street and the struggling lives of the poor fisher folk, you can go along the coast, and commune with “the much resounding main,” and if Largo be the fishing village, you have another choice, for the walks inland are most delightful, and you can climb Largo Law without very much exertion—it is but a thousand feet high—and then you can view the fair shores of the Kingdom of Fife, and the blue Firth and the fertile fields of East Lothian, whilst the eye catches many “castle walls” and “summits famed in story.” You will be inclined, if not like Fitz-Eustace’s gallant steed, to execute a “demi-volte in air,”

still to exclaim with its enthusiastic rider—

Where’s the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?

Largo is connected with two notable seamen—Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, and Alexander Selkirk, the original of the world-famed Robinson Crusoe. Sir Andrew was born at Largo about 1450, and was at first a merchant, and a very successful one too. In his good ships the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*, he traded to Holland, and thus acquired his wealth. He was afterwards appointed pilot to James III., who gave him “a lease of the lands of Largo, on the terms of keeping his ship the *Yellow Carvel* in repair, for conveying his Highness and the Queen to the Isle of May when they should make a pilgrimage hither.” Afterwards Wood gave himself up entirely to the defence of his country. The *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel* became a terror to the English vessels, and King Harry the Seventh gave private notice to his mariners that he who captured Wood, or at any rate put an end to his famous squadron, should be handsomely recompensed. Accordingly one Stephen Bull set out with “three tall ships,” well manned, and came upon Admiral Wood off St. Abb’s Head. The Scotch were outnumbered, but Wood ordered his “merry men” to be “stout against these their enemies,” and assured them that “for mine own part, with God to help, I sall show you a good example,” and to such purpose did he fight, that after a combat of two days’ duration, the English vessels were obliged to strike their sails, and were carried to the Port of Dundee, where both conqueror and conquered were right royally feasted by the King, who afterwards dismissed Master Bull and his brave companions without ransom. After many other victories the brave Admiral retired to

his native place, where, as he was a pious man, and wished to attend mass of a Sunday, and yet seems to have had a constitutional antipathy to any mode of land progression, he caused a spacious canal to be "howked" from his castle to the church, and along this, in a barge rowed by his old sailors—"souls that had wrought and fought and toiled with him"—he moved along in great state to his weekly devotions.

Alexander Selkirk, the other naval celebrity of Largo, was in many respects a contrast to Wood. He was left on Juan Fernandez as a punishment for mutiny, and his history is briefly given in the memorial tablet which, within the last few years, has been erected on that island—"In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports Galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke*, Privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died lieutenant of H.M.S. *Weymouth*, A.D. 1728, aged 47 years." Defoe, as is well known, conceived the design of "Robinson Crusoe" from the account he heard of Selkirk, and Cowper has also rendered the subject famously by the well-known lines beginning, "I am Monarch of all I survey," which are supposed to be a soliloquy of Selkirk. Selkirk's cup and chest have been preserved, and are now to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh. We cannot quit the district without at least mentioning the "Stannin' stanes o' Lundin." These are three tall stones, evidently of great antiquity, which stand upright and in the form of a triangle. Some say they are remains of a Druidical circle; others say they were erected by the Danes; whilst still others ascribe them to the Romans. The real truth, however, is that nobody knows.

But we must sail out of Largo bay and resume our voyage, and as we do

so we must have a song, and what song is better to be sung to the accompaniment of wave and sea-breeze, than the one that is Largo's own, and tells so simply and yet pathetically the joys and sorrows of the Fisher Folk?—

O weel may the boatie row
And better may she speed;
O weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle luck attend the boat,
The merlin and the creel.

I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine,
There's three to roast, and three to boil,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle lighter is the load
When love bears up the creel.

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And clead us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a'
That wish the boatie speed.

Three towns close together deserve a word—Easter Anstruther, Wester Anstruther, and Pittenweem. Anstruther is known in poetry, if not specially in history, for here is placed the birth-place of Maggie Lauder, and here was celebrated the famous Anster Fair, so well described by Tennant in his poem on that subject. The work also contains a description of Maggie Lauder, which, as we confess to not a little partiality for that illustrious lady, we shall do ourselves the pleasure of quoting:—

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star
 That, capp'd with lustrous coronet of beams,
 Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
 New washed, and doubly fulgent from the
 streams—
 The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
 And on his knees adores her as she gleams ;
 So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
 And so the admiring crowds pay homage and ap-
 plaud her.

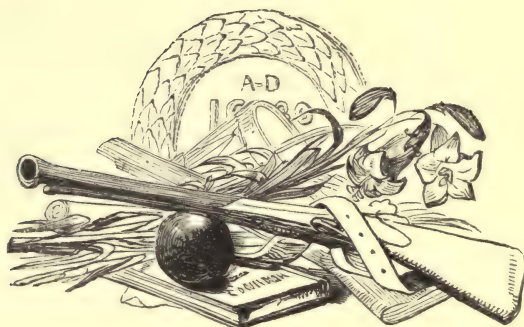
Each little step her trampling palfrey took
 Shaked her majestic person into grace,
 And as at times his glossy sides she strook
 Endearingly with whip's green silken lace—
 The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
 Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace—
 By Jove, the very waving of her arm
 Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm.

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
 The downing sun delights to rest his rays !
 Compared with it, old Sharon's Vale, o'ergrown
 With flaunting roses had resigned its praise ;
 For why? her face with heaven's own roses shone,
 Mocking the morn and witching men to gaze ;
 And he that gaz'd with cold, unsmiten soul,
 That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked be-
 neath the pole.

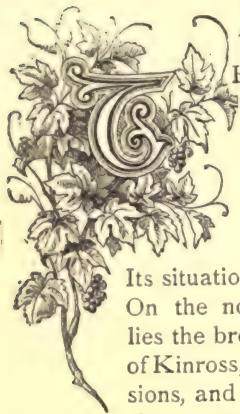
Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
 Lay on her fairy temples, fairly dangling,
 And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
 A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling ;
 The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
 The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
 And thrid in sport their lover-noosing snares,
 And played at hide-and-seek among the golden
 hairs.

Her eyes were as an honoured palace, where
 A choir of lightsome graces frisk and dance,
 What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
 Got dignity and honour from the glance,
 Woe to the man on whom she unaware
 Did the dear witchery of her eye elance !
 'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
 May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender
 bard.

But on we go, for our voyage is
 lengthening out too much, till we come
 to the East Neuk o' Fife, and then we
 round Fife Ness, and are in the open
 ocean! Only for a little, however, for
 we turn westward, and sail on till we
 disembark at the famous town of St.
 Andrew's, which has many curiosities
 that have been already described.



LOCH LEVEN AND ITS ISLANDS.



THE chief, if not the only special object of interest in the shire of Kinross is Loch Leven, which lies to the south-east of the county.

Its situation is very beautiful. On the north and west side lies the broad and fertile vale of Kinross, adorned with mansions, and finely wooded. It slopes gently up to the Ochil

Hills. At the east end of the loch the ground is much more precipitous. On the north are the Lomond Hills; on the south Binstary Hill—both rising from the very edge of the water—whilst in the ravine between the river Leven flows. At the extreme west are the town of Kinross, Kinross House, and the Castle of Burleigh. The loch is popularly supposed to be “mysteriously connected with the number eleven, being eleven miles round, surrounded by eleven hills, fed by eleven streams, peopled by eleven kinds of fish, and studded by eleven islands.” The most noted of the islands are two—one called St. Serf’s Island, this saint having come all the way from Canaan to Inchkeith. Bondeus, a king of the Picts, established a religious house here for the Culdees. Under David I., the foundation—of whose ruins but the scantiest remnants remain—was placed under St. Andrew’s. The other island is said to have been first fortified by “Congal, son of Dongart, king of the Picts,” and the castle on it played a very important part in various epochs of Scottish history. But there is one association that is the most deeply interesting of all. It was here that Queen Mary was placed on June 16, 1567, and from here she escaped May 2, 1568. This was after the

death of Darnley, and her rash and criminal marriage to Bothwell, when she was deserted by the whole nation. The confederate lords hardly knew how to dispose of her. The whole people about Edinburgh were raging for her blood, whilst in other parts of the town, where there were “Gordons or Hamiltons, or Catholic Highlanders,” a rescue might be attempted were she placed near them. Loch Leven Castle was in the possession of Sir William Douglas, half-brother to the Earl of Murray. Froude, in a few graphic words, tells the story of her journey:—“It was unsafe to remove her by daylight. After dark, on Monday evening, the Queen was taken down to Holyrood. The streets were full as ever, and a guard of 300 men was barely sufficient to keep off the howling people. She went on foot, between Athol and Morton, amidst weltering cries of ‘Burn her, burn her! she is not worthy to live! Kill her, drown her!’ Could the mob have reached her, she would have been sent swiftly, with a stone about her neck, into the Nor’ Loch. The palace was not safe even for the night. In an hour or two she was carried on to Leith, and thence across the water to Burntisland; a rapid ride of twenty miles brought her thence to the island fortress, where, early on Tuesday (so swiftly the work was designed and executed) the Queen of Scotland was left to rest and collect her senses.”

The almost immediate discovery of the famous casket letters roused the passions of the people against her to madness, and induced the lords to demand her abdication, or to bring her to trial for her life. Lindsay and Ruthven and Melville set out on the mission, and pressed the hard conditions on her. Weary with her refusals, and perhaps

unable to answer her subtle arguments, the brutal Lindsay, it is said, furiously seized her arm with his mailed hand, and rudely bruised her delicate skin. It is more likely that a private message to Elizabeth, to the effect that nothing that she might be forced to do by violence would be held to prejudice her rights, had something to do with her bowing her head to the storm. At any rate she signed, and "stood dethroned, a queen without a crown."

There is no part of Mary's life, romantic though it be, which is more interesting and mysterious than her year's captivity on this lonely spot. According to a French writer, the island was a gloomy place, always surrounded by mists, whilst bats and owls inhabited the sad dungeon, of the captive; but this is probably an exaggeration. Still, she must have been excessively uncomfortable. The castle was a square, narrow keep of the most commonplace character, in which a large household was crowded together, and in which much privacy was impossible. Then, Mary was a captive, and however kindly treated, her treatment must have always had much of precaution and restraint in it. She must have found the change terrible after the comparative roominess of Holyrood, after the deference of a court, and the hawking and hunting parties to which she had been accustomed. Still more terrible must the solitude of the little community have seemed after the mad-dening excitement of the past few months. "For quiet to quick bosoms is a hell," says the poet, and here it must have been specially true. Burton says that we really know nothing of what her life was during that year, and this is partly correct. Of the details we know nothing; but we know that she was continually intriguing, and that she was bending all her energies in order to devise some means to escape from confinement. It often—and naturally enough, too—happens that where history has to say least,

romance has to say most, and so this period has had a particular charm for the poet and the romance writer. Its details are filled in with all Scott's accustomed skill in the "Abbot;" and Burns, in one of his most charming poems, has given us what we may well believe to have been her sentiments as she saw the returning spring add tenfold beauty to the fair landscape stretched before her eyes. He has called it "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the approach of spring," and though some passages would seem to point it out as belonging to a much later portion of her life, yet it may very fitly be applied to this, her first imprisonment:—

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis wild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae :
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland,
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been :
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en ;
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there :
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae !



BURNS'S MONUMENT ON THE BANKS OF DOON.

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine !
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O ! soon to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

What gives the profoundest interest to this year's imprisonment, is a strange love intrigue, which ultimately procured her escape. How fascinating a speculation do the "might-have-beens" of history present. Had Mary not succeeded in charming George Douglas, the future history of the two kingdoms must have been profoundly modified.

As one has again and again occasion to note, it is this mixture of thrilling romance with grave state business that lends such a piquant charm to every detail of Mary's life. This George Douglas was the younger brother of Sir William Douglas, the Lord of the Castle, and he was for some time employed in the duty of guarding her. He conceived a passionate love for his charge, in which loyalty to his sovereign, romantic fidelity, and soaring ambition were all strangely mingled, and Queen Mary, whether touched by his devotion, or whether inspired merely by political reasons, gave him a certain encouragement. His brother soon had cause to suspect him, and therefore had him immediately expelled the castle, but he continued to intrigue for her release, and the two gained completely over to her purpose a still younger brother, William

Douglas, a boy of eighteen. The first attempt was made by changing clothes with the laundress, who came to pay her usual visit. The Queen in this disguise got safely into the boat, and was almost across at the shore, when the fact that she remained silent and kept her face covered, seemed to have excited the curiosity of the boatmen. "Let us see what manner of dame this is," said one of them, as he attempted to pull the covering from her face. She put up her hands to protect herself, and the boatmen noticed how white and delicate these were, and instantly they understood who the veiled lady was. When she found herself discovered, she was "little dismayed, but charged them, upon danger of their lives, to row her over to the shore." This, however, they would not do, but immediately carried her back to the castle. Her strange power of fascination seemed not to be without power even here, for with a certain touch of chivalrous feeling, they assured her that 'the attempt should be secreted, and especially from the lord of the house under whose guard she lyeth.'" On the shore at Kinross, George Douglas, and some other of her adherents, were waiting to bear her to a place of safety. The second attempt was more successful. William got hold of the keys of the castle one Sunday night, when the family were at supper. When all was still for the night, George Douglas and the other anxious watchers on the shore saw a light from the upper part of the keep gleam fitfully for a moment on the dark waters of the loch. They knew that the plan had succeeded, and soon they could clearly discern the outline of a boat as it rapidly neared the shore. William had safely let the Queen and her maid out of the tower and into the skiff. He then proceeded to row them over the loch. He had securely locked the castle behind him, and now, with a touch of boyish mischief, he let the keys drop into the loch, where they lay till

comparatively recent times, when they were recovered and placed in Edinburgh Castle—one of the most curious of all the curious relics of Scottish history deposited there.

But now the boat had reached the shore, and Mary was again free for a little. One chapter in her romantic history was closed, and another not less exciting was about to open, but with that we have nothing to do. We leave

her here, dashing through the night, surrounded by faithful followers, everything joy and excitement, full of hope, and probably only wishing, as she had wished five years before, on her northern expedition, "that she was a man, to know what life it was to lye all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and a knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword."

THE VALE OF ETTRICK.



FROM Queen Mary and her many adventures we make our escape to "Ettrick Forest," of which Scott loved to call himself sheriff. The river takes its rise in the hill-country near to the pleasant little town of Moffat, and wends its way through a beautiful stretch of country, uniting with the Yarrow near to Selkirk, and finally losing itself in the Tweed just by Abbotsford. To this vale the name of Scott, as represented by others than the great novelist, lends no little interest, for yonder, at the head of the river, lies Buccleugh, a little estate almost hidden among the hills, but notable as giving a title to the head of the great Border clan. We know little of the early representatives of Buccleugh, and all that can be surmised of them is that they were men of war, roving men as was the manner of the time. One Sir Walter Scott, who lived in the 15th century, rather despising this and some of his other estates, went down nearer to the Border, to a place called Branhholm, in the vale

of the Teviot, and it is to him that the naïve saying is credited that "the Cumberland cattle were as good as those of Teviotdale." He had been reminded that his nearness to the Border might lead to frequent losses of cattle, and this was his "pawky" way of indicating that it was easy to take reprisals. A later Sir Walter, under James I. of England, is celebrated in history after a very different fashion; for he is credited with having drafted off into foreign service many of the Border freebooters, and so brought about a state of tranquillity on the frontier which it must have seemed too much to hope for.

Indeed, the name seems written along the whole course of the river, for many miles further down than Buccleugh—just, indeed, about the junction of Ettrick and Yarrow—stands the tower of Oakwood, on a bank above the river, the residence of the terrible Sir Michael Scott, the supposed wizard of the 13th century. During what period of his life he resided in this ancient tower we cannot say, and we are left only to imagine him sitting there in his solitude, pursuing his studies; for the fact of the matter is, that he was an ardent student, and an

eminent philosopher; the while we can picture to ourselves how the folk of Ettrick, suspicious of any hidden lore, would point with awe and horror to the tower, and tell how there dwelt "auld Michael." Let us tarry a moment by this spot, and hear the monk in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" tell his tale of him:—

"I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God;
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott:
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone;
But to speak them were a deadly sin,
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakenéd:
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed;
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid,
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

I swore to bury his mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore."

And so the monk is made to tell how he buried Michael in Melrose Abbey on St. Michael's night, while

"Strange sounds along the chancel passed,
The banners waved without a blast,"

So far Sir Michael Scott, and so far the legendary history of him, with which this whole "countryside" used to teem.

Within the present century, however, another name has grown indissolubly associated with the river and the vale,—James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." It seems that he thought his own name too coarse to be owned by a son of the Muses, and so he adopted a title from his native soil. His earliest home is supposed to have been in the upper part of the vale, near to "Ettrick kirk," in a district tenanted mostly by shepherds and their sheep. Here Hogg spent his early years, and at the tender age of seven he is found a hired servant, herding some cows upon the lonely hills, and getting, as six-months' wage, we are told, "a ewe-lamb and a pair of new shoes." From this time until he was fifteen years of age, he was mainly occupied in the same way, enduring much hardness, as he tells us, yet not, we are sure, without some compensations. A nature like his was sure to have received expansion and illumination amid the glories of those lone hills, as well as softness and beauty by the banks of his native stream. And there is a little sentence in his autobiography which points to yet another well-spring of poesy of which he did not forget to avail himself in those solitary days. "All this while," says he, "I neither read nor wrote; nor had I access to any book save the Bible. I was greatly taken with our version of the Psalms of David, learned the most of them by heart, and have a great partiality for them unto this day."

By-and-by, Hogg left his native vale, and came, as he says, "to the metropolis with his plaid wrapped about his shoulders, and all at once set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius; anon we see him mingling in the comparatively wide circle of Edinburgh literary society, finding congenial company in such men as Christopher North, and taking his own part in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; but he is the "Ettrick Shepherd" still, his genius touched with the power of that Nature amid which he was

reared, his soul full, so to say, of the wild pastoral beauty of the Forest of Ettrick. It is impossible for us to give at length the tender and touching poem in which he bade "Farewell to Ettrick," but we must give a few lines of it to show how deeply graven his home was upon his heart; and, if so it may be, also to interweave, in the reader's mind, thoughts of the place and the man to whom it was a kind of foster-mother:—

"Farewell, green Ettrick! fare-thee-weel!
I own I'm unco laith to leave thee;
Nane kens the half o' what I feel,
Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me!

There first I saw the rising morn;
There first my infant mind unfurled,
Toween that spot where I was born,
The very centre of the world.

I thought the hills were sharp as knives,
An' the braid lift lay whomeled on them,
An' glowered wi' wonder at the wives
That spak o' ither hills ayon' them.

As ilka year gae something new,
Addition to my mind or stature,
So fast my love for Ettrick grew
Implanted in my very nature.

I've sung, in many a rustic lay,
Her heroes, hills, and verdant groves;
Her wilds an' vallies; fresh and gay,
Her shepherds' and her maidens' loves."

Perhaps, dear reader, you are wearied of this random talk about Ettrick, in which there has been, you say, little about the district itself. But we cannot help it; and when you turn your steps thither, you will understand what we mean. Just as by Windermere and Grasmere, at Keswick and at Fox How, your thoughts wander away to Wordsworth and to Coleridge, to Southey and to Arnold, as by "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" you think little about the old building, and much about Robert Burns, so by "Ettrick's stream" your thoughts are only, as it were, kept in tune by the river's murmur, while your mind turns now to the "bauld Buccleugh," and now to Ettrick's gentle "Shepherd."

Other associations than these, however, gather around this district, as the name "Ettrick Forest" indicates; but space does not allow us to dwell upon these. Enough to say that in early days it was not the quiet, pastoral land which we see to-day, but—so far as the lower reaches of the river are concerned,—was a great wood, in which the king and his courtiers were used to hunt. Hence the old lines:—

"Ettrick Forest is a fair forest,
In it grows many a seemly tree;
The hart, the hind, the doe, the roe,
And of all wild beasts great plentie."

But all this is now past, and we should not like to say how much or how little royalty, for many a day, has seen of the forest.

We do not look upon it as any chief part of our work in this book to say much about towns, at least about those of them which merely represent modern activity, and hence we have passed over Hawick and Galashiels, important centres of Border manufacture, without giving them what their respected inhabitants might think due notice; but Selkirk, to which Ettrick Water brings us, demands a notice, however brief. To-day Selkirk is little more than a pushing little town, busy in the manufacture of "tweeds;" but it has a history of its own. Its inhabitants in the dire day of Flodden—most of them *sutors*, or shoemakers—had a large contingent in the battle; and history tells, to their lasting honour, how, when the white feather was shown by many another clan, this band of perchance despised shoemakers stood firm, "and dyed the field with southron blood;" and how, despite the darts which flew about, and at risk of being trampled under horses' hoofs, they carried their standard away from the fatal field undishonoured, and kept it as a lasting memorial of their faithfulness. No wonder the old saying goes, then, "Up wi' the sutors of Selkirk!"

Nor must we neglect to mention that in later times Selkirk has been identified with the names of men who, in various ways, have reflected signal honour upon her. A little way out of the town, at Fowlshiels, lived Mungo Park, the African traveller. He received his education first from a private tutor, and then in the Grammar-school at Selkirk; and, after studying medicine, devoted himself, at the instigation of Banks, the eminent naturalist, to the exploration of the African interior. A good story is told concerning his return to his home after his earlier travels had made him famous. The household at Fowlshiels had gone to rest one evening at their usual hour, when their slumbers were disturbed by a loud knock at the door. "Who's there?" shouted one of the family. "I wadna wonder, if that be oor Mungo," said the farmer-brother of the traveller; "I heard somebody say that they had seen him in the market at Selkirk the day." Nothing could better illustrate the affectation of stolid indifference to the greatness of one's kith and kin which is somewhat characteristic of the Scotch.

In the beginning of this century Sel-

kirk had another citizen who made the little town famous, and whose memory is yet fragrant as that of a holy and withal wise man of somewhat quaint style,—Professor Lawson. George Lawson was a minister of the Secession Church, and was, moreover, the chosen tutor of all candidates for the ministry in his own denomination, and many stories are told alike of his power as a preacher and teacher, and of his simplicity and wit as a man. Of his absent-mindedness especially, they talk much. Upon one occasion he was out visiting, and was riding, *more antiquo*, with Mrs. Lawson seated upon a pillion behind him. They stopped at some friend's house, at which Mrs. Lawson alone wished to call, and the doctor remained in the saddle. While the lady prolonged her call, the pony grew impatient, and moved on, the doctor being the while so deep in study that he noticed nothing further till he reached his "manse" door at Selkirk. His servant was much tickled when called to "come and help Mrs. Lawson off the pony;" for no Mrs. Lawson was there, and how that good lady got home history does not record.



HOUSE OF PROFESSOR LAWSON.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

NATURE OF HIS POEMS.



HERE are many famous spots in Ayr county—many a pleasant meadow and winding stream, many a castle noted for historic events in the “brave days of old;” but nothing is so striking as the fact that Burns was born here, and that it was here he lived the best and freshest years of his life. The world has interest in Ayr and bonnie Doon and the castle o’ Montgomery, and some half dozen other spots, because Burns has described them. Their existence in his verse is wider and deeper, whilst it is as lasting and as true, as their natural existence. There will be a complete fitness, then, if, in talking of these scenes, we associate them with his name. Of Burns himself there are many biographies, and these treat him in all sorts of ways—most of them apologetic and laudatory, as Currie’s and Gilfillan’s; a few cold and sneering, as Principal Shairp’s; one or two judiciously discriminative, like Alexander Smith’s. It is one of those stories for which the world has a great appetite—an appetite so great that there never seems to be enough to satisfy it. There is in it the old tragedy of human life: power and genius striving against adverse circumstances, internal and external; an existence blighted almost ere its prime, the pathos that misfortune and misfortunes alone give. Yet the world, with its old desire of stoning the prophets and building their sepulchres, has never been quite able to make up its mind as to the life of Burns. Were it a necessity that this should be done, we are not anxious to maintain that the verdict would be altogether a favourable one.

We have all our difficulties, and if we look merely at external circumstances, it cannot be denied that many men have begun life under very much worse circumstances than he did, and have yet died well enough off. He was strong and clever, and well, if plainly, educated; and it may be said that if he wanted the commonplace comforts of home-life, and the respect of his fellows, it was because he did not choose to obtain them. Besides, there are many acts in his career, and many parts of his poems, which it is impossible not to condemn if we are to have moral judgment at all. And yet we feel that a judgment of this sort would be a false one. “What’s done,” Burns has himself said, “we partly may compute, but scarcely what’s resisted.” We are sure that any judgment passed upon such a man must be untrue, unless we take full account of what Burns was in himself, and this is just what it is quite impossible fully to do; so the world proceeds exactly like a court that empanels jury after jury, and examines again and again all the old witnesses, and gets a verdict sometimes one way and sometimes another, with which it is never satisfied, for in a very little while we have all the old process gone over again—

For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the scandal and the cry.

It is the penalty of greatness not to be avoided by him

That warbles long and loud,
And drops at glory’s temple gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd.

Burns has given us his own view of his life, and it must be said that it is by no means so favourable as that of some of his critics.

This poor inhabitant below.
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And sober flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name.

After every allowance has been made for Burns, it still must be said that not even the greatest geniuses are freed from the duty of obedience to the ordinary rules of morality, and hence it might be as well, on some grounds, if we could retain the poetry, and forget the life. This is, however, quite impossible. The world will always wish to know something of its great men, and in this case, so many of Burns's writings spring from the circumstances of his personal history, that a knowledge of these circumstances is necessary to him that would read with due understanding. The plan of this book will enable us to sketch a few of the scenes in Ayr and Dumfries with which Burns was connected, and to say something upon a few of the poems which arose from them, without requiring us to dwell on the graver and sadder aspects of the theme. As for these poems themselves, their prominent characteristics are known to all who have read them, and who has not? There is the passion that burns and palpitates in each line of some of the love songs, as in "Yestreen I had a pint o' wine, a place where body saw nae," there is the wild, mad, rough mirth of the "Jolly Beggars," the peaceful and reverent tenderness of a piece like the "Cotter's Saturday Night"—albeit, this piece is just a little over praised, the critics having gone into ecstasies of delight over Burns on the few occasions when he has shown a disposition to be a good boy—and still more of "Highland Mary." Where else can we find love

songs so tender and graceful as "Gae, bring to me a pint o' wine," or "Oh, wert thou in the cold blast?" where a humour so genial, or a fancy so grotesque, as in "Tam o' Shanter?" But we might exhaust every merit that a poem could possibly have; and we could pick out from the writings of Burns half a dozen that might serve as an example of every style and point of poetic grace.

If one were asked to name the first and chief merit of Burns, it would be his spontaneity and force. There is always a certain glow and fire about his wit. The history of the various pieces tells us this; like so many little Minervas, they all sprang fully armed from the head of this creative Jove. They were thought of, composed, and written all at once, and there, so far as Burns was concerned, was an end of them. We shall have something to say of "Tam o' Shanter" presently; but it may be well here to quote the account of its composition, in order that the remarks we have made may be illustrated by this reference to so long a poem. "To the poet's intercourse with Captain Grose we owe this admirable tale. Burns was desirous that Alloway Kirk should be made honourable mention of in the work which the antiquary was then preparing, illustrative of Scottish antiquities. To this Grose agreed, provided the poet would undertake to supply a witch story, to be printed along with the engraving. The poem was the work of a single day. Mrs. Burns, who distinctly remembered the circumstances, afterwards related them. Burns had spent the most of the day in his favourite walk by the river, where, in the afternoon, she joined him with some of her children. He was busily engaged *crooning to himself*, and Mrs. Burns, perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind with her little ones in the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who now, at some distance, was

seen to be greatly agitated. He was reciting very loud, and with the tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated lines which he had just conceived, 'Now Tam! O Tam, had they been queans.'" One other incident completes this sketch. The verses were committed

to the heart. They are read and sung by thousands who might be supposed to care little for poetry, and, at the same time, they never fail to charm the most highly educated. "Of all poets," says Alexander Smith, "Burns was perhaps the most directly inspired. His poems



THE BRIGS OF AYR.

to writing on the top of a *sod-dyke* over the water; when finished, Burns came into the house, and read them immediately, in high triumph, at the fireside.

It is this spontaneity that gives Burns's poems their chief charm. Written straight from the heart, they go straight

did not grow—like stalactites—by the slow process of accretion; like Adam, they had no childhood—they awoke complete. Burns produced all his great effects by single strokes." Here the question meets us, What would have been the effect on Burns's poetry if he

had been highly learned, and rich and comfortable? He was fairly educated as it was, but had he been what we may call a scholar, the loss would have been grievous. Even works of the high quality of Milton's sonnet would by no means have compensated for "Scots wha hae," or "My love is like a red, red rose." The intellectual quality, though different, might yet have been as high, still its application would have been less wide. The rich man might have had an addition to his flock, but the poor man would have been without his one ewe lamb. Then as to his life, it is plain that if he had been comfortable and prosperous we never could have heard such strains—comfortable and prosperous men never write like this. The passion that blazes in his song was the very same that wrecked his life. If he was to write so divinely, he had to pay a severe penalty for the privilege. When mere mortals drive the horses of the sun, they must expect to be struck by the thunderbolt. What might be considered as defects had an important effect as giving width to his work. Burns was not a man of firm and rooted convictions in religion, or politics, or life. He had a sort of attachment to the new lights, and a sentimental preference for the Stuart and Jacobite cause, because he had some notion that his ancestors had been concerned in it. But though he was a patriot, and was profoundly sincere when he wrote these lines, yet they express almost the only permanent feeling he had.

Even then a wish—I mind its power—

A wish that to my latest hour

Shall strongly heave my breast—

That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,

Some usefu' plan, or beuk could make,

Or sing a sang at least.

The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide

Amang the bearded bear,

I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,

And spared the symbol dear :

No nation, no station,

My envy e'er could raise :

A Scot still, but blot still,

I knew nae higher praise.

With this general changeableness of opinion there was combined the strong passion that allowed him to feel strongly on one side of a subject for a time, and then to feel just as strongly on what was quite the other side. He was thus fitted to describe every varying phase of Scottish life. Those who would attack the national faith on account of its hypocrisy, and those who would defend it on account of the simple and honest lives of those that hold it, may alike draw their inspiration from his pages. "The Holy Fair," and "Holy Willie's Prayer," might give many a biting line to the one, whilst the "Cotter's Saturday Night" would furnish a magazine of apt quotation to the other. We find Burns writing passionately in favour alike of Jacobites and Jacobins—two very inconsistent sides surely. His life was the best education that could possibly have been given to one whose destiny it was to write the brief, passionate songs which, under the name of Burns's Poems, are now one of the most precious literary treasures of the world. The circumstances of it were such that he was again and again stung into passionate rage—that through his whole life his spirit was never free from the application of bitter and continued caustic. It was then, when the furnace was heated sevenfold, that the molten mass was cast out. In a word, swift, direct, passionate force was the characteristic of Burns's poetry, and the circumstances of his life and nature were such as to stimulate passion and keep his mind at fever heat during his whole career. Merely from the artistic point of view we are not afraid to assert that the best possible life which Burns could have lived, if we consider the work he did as the only thing to be thought of, was the life he actually did live. This is, we are well aware, not the only side of the question. For all this wild excitement a terrible reckoning had to be paid. Mad excesses were followed by fits of deepest despondency,

and both mirth and care did their utmost, and but too successfully, to undermine a nature that originally was that of a Titan.

O Burns ! another name for song,
Another name for passion—pride ;
For love and poesy allied ;
For strangely blended right and wrong.

I picture you as one who kneeled
A stranger at his own hearthstone,
One knowing all, yet all unknown,
One seeing all, yet all concealed.
The fitful years you lingered here,
A lease of peril and of pain,
And I am thankful yet again
The gods did love you, ploughman ! peer !

In all your own and other lands,
I hear your touching songs of cheer,
The peasant and the lordly peer,
Above your honoured dust strike hands.
O sad sweet singer of a spring,
Yours was a chill, uncheerful May,
And you knew no full days of June,
You ran too swiftly up the way,

And wearied soon, so over-soon,
You sang in weariness and woe ;
You faltered, and God heard you sing,
Then touched your hand and led you so.
You found life's hill-top low, so low,
You crowned its summit long ere noon.
Thus sooner than one would suppose,
Some weary feet will find repose.

It were better if, in describing Burns's life, his biographers had confined themselves to a full statement of facts, and had not thought themselves compelled to enter into a disquisition of the *pros* and *cons* of all his doings. None save Burns himself ever fully realised the difficulties of his position, because none but Burns himself could ever possibly know all the circumstances of the case. In the accounts which we shall now give of some picturesque scenes to which his genius has added a lustre and a glory not their own, it is fortunate that we shall be able to keep away from the most disagreeable incidents.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

SCENES OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN AYR.



“NEAT, clean, one-story house” at Alloway, about two miles from Ayr, was the scene of the birthplace of Robert Burns. It was called in the neighbourhood the *clay-biggings*, from the material of which it was constructed. It consisted of two rooms, one of which had the rare luxury of a fireplace, instead of the usual hole in the roof. It is now enlarged, as another room has been built at the west end, so that we do not see it exactly as it was at that date. The birth took place in the second of the two original

rooms, and the spot where the bed stood is, of course, confidently pointed out. What might have been an inference from probability in one guide, is by his successor considered something much more definite. By a not quite uncongenial destiny, the cottage was afterwards long used as a tavern. The adjacent country is rich beyond what is usually found in Scotland. It is finely wooded, and there is many a variety of hill and dale to charm the eye. In the distance there was always the background of hills, for so it is in every Scottish landscape, and here “the ridges of Arran haunt Ayrshire,” so perpetually are they present to the eye. The various hills and streams, and kirks

and castles, were probably not very widely known at that time; but Doon water, which runs quite close, is now as famous as smooth-sliding Minchius crowned with vocal reeds; and Alloway Kirk, and Mossgiel, and the Castle of Montgomery are familiar to men in all lands. These are objects that are permanent monuments to the poet, but of course much of what was purely personal to him has disappeared; thus it is only by imagination that we can construct the greater part of the furniture of the cottage. It must have been very plain and simple. The "box-bed," the antique eight-day clock, a chest of drawers, a plain rough table, some wooden shelving for dishes, and a few chairs. It was here that, on the 25th January, 1759, Burns was born, as he himself says—

A blast o' Janwar' wind
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The birth of the poet was not wanting in various signs. Just before the event, his father had done some trifling act of service to a gipsy woman by conveying her across a ford which the storms of winter had rendered impassable save to men on horseback. She was afterwards entertained in the humble cottage, and when the child was born she inspected his palm anxiously, and prophesied, if we may believe the poet, as follows:—

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart-aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee Robin.

Horace has related the wonderful things that happened to him as an

infant, and why not our northern poet also? Nature was not so kind to the poet as the gipsy woman was. A fearful storm arose just after his birth. In the dark winter morning, before it was light, the gable of the cottage came smashing down, and the mother and child had to be conveyed through the darkness and storm to the friendly shelter of a hut as kindly and as rude as their own.

When the poet was seven years old, the family removed to Mount Oliphant, a farm of seventy-five acres, to the east of Doonholm House. The place is on a slope at two miles distance from the bridge of Doon. As it has some little elevation, it commands a wide view of the surrounding country. Below it the Doon flows to the sea between its famous "banks and braes." Beyond Ayr there is the wide expanse of the Firth of Clyde. The mountains of Arran rise up boldly at the back of the picture, whilst a dim line of blue on the horizon marks the distant Argyleshire hills. We know well enough that the poet saw and felt all this beauty. We have the trace of it in his verse. But there was something else to do besides gazing at the landscape, and rolling the poetic eye in a fine frenzy. The soil was hopelessly bad, and so was the weather, and, as a still further addition to their burdens, they were pestered by an unreasonable factor. Hard and hopeless drudgery was the lot of the poet, boy as he was, and of his father and brothers. It was here that he began his intellectual and his poetic education, for at the mature age of 15 he fell passionately in love with "a bonnie sweet sonsie lass," as he describes her in a letter which is much simpler and finer than most of his prose compositions. "Indeed," he continues, "I do not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from our labours, why the tones of her voice made my heartstrings thrill like an Æolian harp; especially why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I

looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles.' So he honoured handsome Nell by the first song that he ever wrote. It was fitting that the peasant poet should first sing the peasant girl. The poem itself is poor enough when compared with "Mary Morrison," and there is no touch in it of the solemn tenderness of "Highland Mary;" but though he called it "puerile and silly," it at least contains the promise of better things.

After Mount Oliphant, Burns's father removed to Lochlea, in Tarbolton parish, and the scene of his musing was now transferred from the banks of the Doon to those of the Ayr. The scenery about Lochlea is, in many respects, the same as that about Mount Oliphant. The background is identical, and the foreground is formed of much the same materials. Yet, as this is an upland farm, there is just a little more wildness in the landscape; but it was here that Burns first mixed with his fellows in social intercourse. The neighbouring village of Tarbolton had a dancing-school, which Burns attended, and this opened up opportunities for making a great number of acquaintances among the girls who frequented it, and this led to a number of love affairs, during which, says his brother, "the agitations of his mind and his body exceeded anything of the kind I ever knew in real life." He successively fell in love with the whole female population of the village of loveable years, and conferred on each of them immortality by the glowing songs which he composed in their honour. But it was not only love songs that he wrote; and several of the people who here and afterwards had the misfortune to encounter his displeasure, were gibbeted for ever in some bitter, sarcastic rhymes. "Even the gods cannot recall their gifts." Burns could not blot out what he had once written, and it is therefore easy to understand how those who thought themselves likely

"to catch it" kept out of the way. One very comical example may be quoted. When visiting St. Margaret's Hill, the residence of Dr. Laurie, one of his ministerial friends, he was asked to stay to dinner. He accepted, and the meal proceeded. But the "minister's man" had disappeared, and the meal had to proceed as best it could, the diners helping themselves. When the repast was finished, and Burns gone, the missing functionary at once reappeared on the scene. He was interrogated by his master as to the reason of his absence, and at once replied, "I was just fleyed to come in, for fear Burns should mak a poem o' me."

Kirkoswald and Irvine were places of transient interest in his life; but the chief event that next calls for mention in connection with the scenery of Ayrshire, is his occupation of Mossiel, begun in March, 1784, after his father's death. Burns certainly was unfortunate in his undertakings. "Their new home," says a biographer, "was a bare upland farm, 118 acres of cold clay soil lying within a mile of the Mauchline village." Burns had been losing money for some years, but here he determined to make up for all that had gone before. He was to toil, he determined, till the horizon of his prospects looked very different from what it did now. But "it is not given to mortals to command success," and happy would it have been for Burns if, whilst remembering this, he could have continued the quotation, "but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it." For some time, indeed, he *did* deserve it, and, as he says, in "spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh, I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed—the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops;" and so obstacle after obstacle seemed put in the way of poor Burns's desperate struggles towards respectability and competency.

Near Mossiel is the village of Mauch-

line, to the ladies of which he has addressed the humorous lines beginning—

Oh, leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning wheel :
Such witching looks are baited hooks,
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.

Of the parish and town before Burns's time, not much is to be said. The parish itself is in the centre of Ayr. It is high-lying, but flat, with but one eminence—Mauchline Hill, and one loch, Lochbroun—which, in the "New Statistical Account," is given as covering sixty acres. The one river in the parish is the Ayr. "In its course it passes between rocks of red freestone from forty to fifty feet high." There are many fine "bits," we may well believe, on a river like this. In this rock there are a number of caves, one of which is said to have been a retreat of Alexander Peden, the Covenantant. A traveller in the lowlands of Scotland soon finds that Wallace and Peden divide the caves between them.

The only historical event that seems to be connected with this parish is a battle, or rather skirmish, at Mauchline Moor, between the king's forces and the Covenanters, in which the latter were successful. There is a monument to five Covenanters at "the town head of Mauchline on the Green," which replaces an older tombstone. The curious inscription has been preserved, and it bears witness that Mauchline had a poet before Burns :—

Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas and Dundee,
Moved by the Devil and the Laird of Lee,
Dragged these five men to death with gun and sword,
Not suffering them to pray, nor read God's word,
Owning the work of God was all their crime,
The eighty-five was a saint-killing time.

The collocation of the devil and the Laird of Lee is quaint, whilst the general reflection which concludes the

poem and supplies the last rhyme, is, at least, unexpected. The whole, though rude, is not without a certain vigour. Burns has made this obscure Scottish village and its inhabitants of the period famous enough, however. He was here from twenty-three to twenty-eight, and his rapidly matured genius was then at its brightest. A number of events happened here which called it forth. "It was," says Dr. Chambers, "the scene of the 'Holy Fair,' and of the 'Jolly Beggars.' Here dwelt his hosts, John Dow and Nanse Tinnack. His mistress, Jean Armour, was one of the 'six proper young belles' of Mauchline, whom he celebrates. He proposes to meet Lapraik at 'Mauchline race,' or Mauchline fair. Its minister was the unfortunate Daddy Auld, whom he has characterised so ungently, and one of its elders was that Holy Willie into whose mouth he has put so remarkable an exposition of rigid Calvinism. And here was the residence of his friend, Gavin Hamilton, to whom he inscribes a dedication, and whose friendship was unquestionably one of the most important circumstances of his early life." But these are only a few of the great poems which belong to this period. Against certain modes of church life he was exceedingly bitter. There was a reason for this. He had an encounter with the session, from which he emerged by no means in the triumphant fashion mentioned in the epistle to Thomas Walker, an epistle which, for drollery, depth of humour, wild fun, and (we are obliged to add) grossness equals anything in Rabelais. "The Ordination," the "Twa Herds," belong to this period and place, and the "Cotter's Saturday Night," though its centre picture was drawn from the memory of his dead father, also belongs to this time. We have already said that we consider this last poem to be somewhat overpraised, and we have indicated the reason why it is so. Yet it is well for Burns that he wrote it. Like the rest of the human

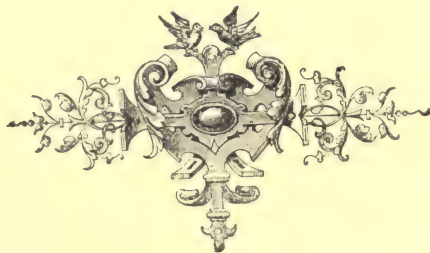
race, Burns was rather fond of compounding

"For sins he was inclined to
By damning those he had no mind to."

He was certainly *not* inclined to hypocrisy, or to too great austerity of life, or to be too severe on the shortcomings of suffering humanity. Hence he saw keenly the faults of Scottish Calvinism, and exposed them with trenchant power. The objections to it as a system are summed up in the briefest and most emphatic manner—with somewhat of the *suppressio veri*, we admit—in "Holy Willie's Prayer;" and the "Holy Fair" may be taken as an example of the abuses to which that system, when it began to be worked out in practice, was liable. Burns also had the "personal dealings" of the minister and session with him to avenge. It is the more to his credit, then, that even at this time he could acknowledge what was true and good in the religion of his country, and could embody it in a fine poem, which, if not of the very first order from a purely poetical point of view, yet bears unimpeachable testimony to the profound reverence and respect which lay at the bottom of the poet's heart, and which, even in the worst hour, were never entirely banished from his nature.

Mossgiel itself is all one rich memory of Burns. "A lane near is said to have been a favourite walk of the poet; the field in which he turned up the mouse's nest with the plough is pointed out, and a tree is shown underneath which he

loved to recline." The *spence*, or best room, in which he describes himself as receiving the vision, as rooms then went in that district and class, had some pretensions to comfort; but it was a mere act of politeness on his part to receive the muse in the best room. He did not live there, but in the *stable loft*, an apartment in which it was impossible to stand upright. The furniture was a bed and a table, and in the table there was a drawer, and this contained writings of which the originals are now worth many times their weight in gold. Most of them were written on the table, and the heap inside the drawer accumulated from day to day, till, in one of the darkest hours of Burns's life, he was induced to draw them forth and publish them. This is the famous Kilmarnock edition, which contains the most celebrated of his poems, with one exception. It is scarcely probable that many poems have met with such a reception; what poem is ever published now, indeed, that thrills a community? "Old and young," says a cultivated observer, "high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at that time resident in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, and I can well remember how even ploughboys and maidservants would have gladly bestowed the wages they earned most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might procure the works of Burns." Then followed the chain of events that removed Burns to Ellisland, in Dumfries, and Ayrshire was his home no more.



THE LAND OF BURNS.

SCENES OF SOME OF HIS GREAT POEMS.



HERE are many of Burns's poems which make excellent topographical commentaries on localities. The picture may not always be complete; but such of it as exists is vivid and life-like. Of these poems, by far the most celebrated is "Tam o' Shanter." This does not belong to the Ayr, but to the Dumfries period of Burns's history; but then it is all about Ayrshire scenes and folk. There is no mistaking its intense localism. Perhaps it was all the better for being written a little way from the place. Such pictures are cleaner cut when seen from some distance, and there is a greater chance of their being better art work. The opening scene is laid in Ayr.

When chapman billies leaves the street,
And drouthy neibours, neibours meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we set bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame.

Here, with a few touches, we have the picture of a Scotch small country town on market day. It is quite easy to amplify and fill out the sketch, without improving it, though we are afraid. At such a day, those who have worked all the week through by themselves on the upland farms, now find a change of business that in itself is a recreation. It is winter, and it is much better arguing on the price of corn than following a plough all day, with the wind cutting

through and through one. And then the selling of the corn does not take nearly so long as the performance in its less matured condition of one of the innumerable operations that go to make up the occupation of the farmer. How delightful, too, if the sales have gone better than we expected, and we find ourselves at evening with a little more hard cash in our pockets than we counted on. "Tam" has done this, or he is in company with others who have; but now all the corn has been long sold, the farmers have refreshed themselves and discussed each other's affairs, and are preparing to get their horses ready, and perhaps they urge "Tam" that it is time to go. They have, indeed, many things to urge that are undeniable enough, and "Tam's" conscience tells him they are right. Does he not know all the difficulties of the homeward way, for the short winter day is already beginning to darken? does he not remember that he faithfully promised his good wife Meg this morning, when he started from Shanter, that he would return before dark, and there is just time for him to fulfil his pledge? and hark to that ominous whistle in the wind! surely he does not wish to ride home through a stormy and moonless night. Ah, yes, but there was another side to the account, for wherever had such conditions of mirth and comfort, and free tipple and good company, ever existed before? No, no, Tam was not for home, for on this special night, had he not got planted unco' right?

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks tegither.
 The night drive on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
 And aye the ale was growing better ;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet and precious ;
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle—
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

But as the poet tells us, "nae man can tether time or tide," and so the jovial company had at last to part. It may be an irascible dame also demanded Souter Johnny's presence at home, or that the landlord wished to shut up, or that Tam's money was all done, but at any rate he *did* depart. Just at midnight, Maggie, most famous of horses, was brought round to the door, and Tam mounted and set off through one of the worst storms on record, with the thunder crashing every minute in his ears, the lightning flashing in his eyes, and the rain coming down in perfect buckets. Tam sat close on his steed, and "skelpit" right on, with his bonnet over his eyes, and humming a verse of a tune to himself; but he could not help thinking of the traditions connected with the various landmarks he passed, and certainly these were not cheering. Thus he could hear, when the storm lulled for a minute, the roar of the burn that crossed the road, and he could just catch a glimpse of the tumbling mass of water by the lightning, before his guid mare Meg was up to the middle in it. Ah, but it was here that, in a former winter, the chapman had perished, and there, too, was the "muckle stane" where "drunken Charlie," perhaps returning home in the same reckless fashion as himself, "braks neck bane." At that small group of trees a "murdered bairn" was found once, and near, too, he knows, is the thorn where Mungo's mother laid violent hands upon herself. But now the deeper roaring of a greater flood is in his ears, for the Doon is before him, and, as old

Kirk-Alloway is approached the storm seems to increase; and what terrible sight is this within the Kirk? as

Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing

Not, indeed, that this Alloway Kirk is any grand old monastic pile, but simply an old parish church that had gone to decay. Tam knew, or could have known, the history had he cared, of "the two bare walls, one story in height, with triangular gable ends, in one of which the old Kirk bell" was still to be seen. It was easy to remember that this once had been a parish, but that now it was but a part of Ayr, and he might have reflected that even the neglected burial-place was almost unused now, and that really there was nothing to fear.

But how could Tam be got to believe any such stuff of that sort? Did he not remember all the stories that had been told about the place, deserted alike by the Christian living and the Christian dead, given up as a retreat to all foul spirits; and then could he not plainly see, through the few trees, in at the open spaces which Time had made in the walls of the ruined building, the most horrible, unearthly, and hellish revelry?—for on this fearful night all sorts of unclean spirits were holding a very witches' revelry, and at

A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd his pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.

But was Tam alarmed? Not a bit. Why, he stopped his frightened horse, that would have hurried on at a quick pace, for Maggie had a good deal more sense than her master on this special night, and sat there actually enjoying the horrible

ings of one Nannie—a lately admitted novice to the secrets of the black art—so that at last he could contain himself no further, but gave vent to a loud roar of approval! Ah, *then* he saw his mistake, for—



THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.

scene, just as if the mad whirl had been some country dance of the innocent girls of the village—enjoying it “amazed and curious;” nay, as the fun grew wilder, he grew the more delighted, especially at the somewhat indecorous proceed-

In an instant all was dark.
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

There was but one hope for Tam. He was near the bounds of the ancient domain of Kyle, and everybody knows

that the Doon river separates Kyle from Carrick, and that the auld Brig o' Doon bridges it over quite near to Alloway Kirk. A fine old bridge this, too—though now the road runs in a different direction—high of arch, quaint of shape, strong of masonry, as they used to build "brigs" in the old days. But the point of interest with Tam was whether he could manage to get to the keystone before the witches seized him. Beyond the middle of running water it was well known they had no power to follow him. Maggie, we may well believe, needed no spur. She positively flew, but so did the witches, and, alas! they were gaining on him. Maggie's feet were already on the bridge as Nannie seized her, but she little knew Maggie's metal.

Ane spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail.
The carlin claut her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

What Tam's reflections were on the rest of the journey we shall not pretend

to say. No doubt he was a sadder and a wiser man, but at any rate he was by no means home yet, nay, he had to pass through the whole extent of Maybole parish, and a good bit of Kirkoswald, before he came to Shanter, a farm which lies on a slope overlooking Shanter Bay. Now this Shanter Bay was the very centre of the smuggling district, and there might have been enough drink here to have satisfied him. Besides, Souter Johnny usually dwelt at Glenfit, and how he was to put up in Ayr, unless he had remained there altogether, does not appear; moreover, there was a public-house quite close to him. Thus the potations of "Tam" and "Souter Johnny" at Ayr are clearly seen to be inexcusable, and the fright of the former well deserved. We are glad to know, however, on Burns's own authority, that poor Maggie, as she stood without her tail in the High-street of the local metropolis, was an "awful warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in the Ayr Market."

THE LAND OF BURNS.

COILSFIELD AND BALLOCHMYLE.



WE intend in this article to note some of the other localities in Ayrshire with which the name of Burns is more specially connected, and first of these must come that Castle o' Montgomery, memorable as the scene of the brief and pathetic episode of Highland Mary. "It seems to have been in the fierce rupture between himself and Jean that this white flower of love sprang up, sudden in its

growth, brief in its passion and beauty." His circumstances were at this time in a very bad way altogether, and he was contemplating emigration to the West Indies, and so this pure and tender vision glided across the troubled stage, soothed and calmed him for a moment, and then vanished for ever.

Not far from Tarbolton lies Coilsfield, then the residence of Colonel Hugh Montgomery. The house itself is of the ordinary, somewhat prosaic structure of a Scottish country house, but the situation has a quiet and pensive charm. The little rivulet Faile flows by it to join the

Ayr. The ground slopes up from the water brink to the level piece of ground on which the house is situated. A large portion of this slope, and of the grounds in the neighbourhood, are finely wooded.

bell, lived there at this time. Of her personal history nothing seems to be known save that she came from Argyleshire. For a moment she comes into the "fierce light" that beats round



THE AYR AT COILSFIELD.

The Faile runs a very devious course through the grounds, which—far from the neighbourhood of any large town—are comparatively secluded.

A Highland girl, called Mary Camp-

Burns's life, but of aught else of her we know not. What kind of being was she—an ordinary servant girl, glorified in a poet's imagination by the magic of love and death, or are we not rather

right in believing that she possessed some portion of that innate purity and refinement that belongs to the better spirits of the Celtic races, no matter in what station born? We seem justified in thinking so. Certainly this is the most, perhaps the only ethereal and *spirituelle* love that Burns ever had. There is nothing of the fleshly, or of the earth, earthly, about it. It is all pure and serious and tender—passionate enough, it is true, but a very different sort of passion from “Yestreen I had a pint of wine.” We do not even know how the lovers met, nor how often. But we do know that Burns had persuaded her to marry him, and that she went to her friends in Argyleshire for a time to prepare for the union. We must suppose her, at least, to know nothing of Jean Armour and the Mauchline alehouses. Before they parted they spent a long day together in these woods about Coilsfield, and they threaded the mazes of the burn till it brought them to the larger waters and more imposing banks of Ayr. Before they took what was to be a final farewell of each other, they went through a curious ceremony. They selected some small rivulet that joined the main stream near where they stood, and stationed themselves on opposite sides. They wet their hands with the water, and, holding a Bible between them, they swore to be true to each other. They parted. Mary went to Argyle, and in October came south to meet Burns. At Greenock she fell ill and died, and “was buried in a dingy churchyard, hemmed by narrow streets—beclanged now by innumerable hammers, and within a stone’s throw of passing steamers”—the saddest spot in that hideous town; worst of all there is in that coal and iron district. The news was brought to Burns at Mossgiel, and this was the monument that he raised to her memory, so that she “sepulchred in such state doth lie, that kings for such a tomb would wish to die” :—

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o’ Montgomery.
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O’ my sweet Highland Mary !

How sweetly bloom’d the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn’s blossom ;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp’d her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o’er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi’ mony a vow, and lock’d embrace,
Our parting was in fu’ tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder :
But Oh ! fell death’s untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green’s the sod and cauld’s the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed so fondly !
And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust
The heart that lo’ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom’s core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

With most of Burns’s love affairs, it was true that out of sight meant also out of mind, but that was not the case here. Three years afterwards he expressed his emotion, in the only way he could, by laying another stone on her cairn. It was the anniversary of the day when he heard of her death, and it was then that he sang that song :—

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love !
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah ! little thought we ’twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss’d his pebbled shore,
O’erhung with wild woods, thick’ning green :
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin’d am’rous round the raptur’d scene ;

The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

There are some points of interest about the name of Coilsfield, which—as it is connected with a curious tradition often referred to by Burns—we may notice. This middle part of Ayrshire—more emphatically *the* land of Burns—is called Kyle, the same name as Coyl, or Coil, or Coilus. This it derives from an ancient monarch of the Britons :—

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
 That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,—

as we have it in “The two dogs.” This Coil once went to war—at some period between The Flood and the Christian Era, in the B.C.'s anyhow—with Fergus I., King of Scots. Coil was defeated, slain, and buried on this spot. The whole surrounding district carries traces of a great battle. The rivulet that falls into the Faile is called the *Bloody Burn*; the *Dead Man's Holm* is the name of an adjacent field; a circular mound, surrounded with two huge stones of a very ancient appearance, is shown as the exact spot of burial of the jovial though unfortunate monarch. It was certainly some place of sepulture of an ancient race, for urns with dust have been found in it.

The little town of Irvine has rather a melancholy name in the Burns history, for it was there that he himself said he acquired habits which were the cause of all his subsequent suffering. He resided here for a brief period before he went to Mossiel, and was engaged in business

as a flaxdresser. His connection with the place was terminated in so peculiarly unfortunate a way that it makes us almost feel as if Nature was watching to make him suffer. His house was burnt down during some carelessness arising out of a New Year's celebration. A prose writer of fiction—not unworthy to be named after Burns as a delineator of Scotch life and manners—John Galt, was born here. Those who have read the “Ayrshire Legatees,” and the other works of that writer, will remember the many allusions to local spots of interest in these charming works.

One of the most famous of Burns's songs is connected with rather a curious incident in his life. On the Ayr, at about two miles from Mossiel, are the braes of Ballochmyle. “Bending in a concave form, a mixture of steep banks and precipices,” says Chambers, “clothed with the most luxuriant natural woods, while a fine river sweeps round beneath them, they form a scene of bewildering beauty, exactly such as a poet would love to dream in, during a July eve.” The property had remained for a long course of years in the possession of an old Ayrshire family of the name of Whiteford. Burns, with or without permission, was very fond of wandering in these parts, and he knew and sympathised with the sorrows of the family. One of them, called Maria, seemed acutely pained at the separation, and Burns has written a charming song on this theme, in which the lady's name is introduced.

The grounds passed to a gentleman named Alexander, who had been in the West Indies, and shaken the Pagoda tree to some purpose. Burns met *his* daughter, Miss Whilmena Alexander, the “Lass o' Ballochmyle.” It was one summer evening when this young lady, “distinguished by every grace, both of mind and person, walking out along the braes after dinner, encountered a plain-looking man in rustic attire, who appeared to be musing, with his shoulder placed



THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE, AYRSHIRE.

against one of the trees. The grounds being forbidden to unauthorised strangers—the evening being far advanced, and the encounter very sudden—she was startled, but instantly recovered herself and passed on.” Some time after she received a note from Burns, with the famous song beginning—

Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton’d round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along :
In ev’ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list’ning seem’d the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o’ Ballochmyle.

She knew Burns by reputation; but his reputation was then a very bad one. In addition to various moral backslidings, he was committing that heinous crime of being poor and unsuccessful, which is *the* one thing the world never forgives, so she probably thought the letter a piece of impertinence; at any rate, she never answered it. The girl showed afterwards a sort of poetical contrition for her fault. Burns became famous, and the family at Ballochmyle found, to their profound astonishment, that he was more likely to confer favour by noticing *them*, than they could confer favour by noticing *him*. The original manuscript of the poet was carefully sought out, and the lady used every means to *accentuate* the interview as time rolled on, and the fame of the poet, and the note of his song, became wider and wider known. Many years after Burns was dead, she pointed out, “as nearly as she could recollect, the exact spot where she met the poet, in order that it might be distinguished by an appropriate ornament in the form of a rustic grotto, or moss-house.”

Ayrshire, in the green west, may almost be said to be a land of streams, so many

are there. The most famous in Burns’s life is the Doon. Near it he was born, and spent the early years of his life. It is mentioned in many of his songs, especially in the charming “Ye banks and braes o’ Bonny Doon;” it is crossed by that famous brig, by passing the middle of which, just in time, Meg saved Tam o’ Shanter.

It flows right across the county, running from Loch Doon to the sea, and separating Carrick from Kyle. Loch Doon is bounded by Kirkcudbright and Ayr, and is situated among wild mountains. The river winds from the lake by a natural fall; but this was changed by some of the grasping proprietors, who constructed some artificial sluices, and half drained the loch—with little profit to themselves, one is pleased to know. At one end of the loch is a castle, which was occupied by Edward Bruce during the war of independence. The Doon river is eighteen miles in length, and for a part of the way, after leaving the loch, thunders along between lofty cliffs. It then becomes tamer, but as it approaches the haunts of the poet, it assumes a beauty less wild, but more pleasing than in the upper part of its course. It is to this part that the song refers—a song so well known that we can only venture to quote the first verse:—

Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu’ o’ care ;
Thou’ll break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro’ the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o’ departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

This has brought us to just where we started, or very near it. And, having completed a sort of charmed circle, we must pursue the remaining scenes of Burns’s life in a different county.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

ELLISLAND.



OF Burns's more temporary places of residence we take little account in these sketches. His visits to Edinburgh have been already briefly commented on. His border and highland tours have also occasionally met our notice; but two places still remain for special notice, and they are both in Dumfries-shire. At Ellisland he made a final desperate attempt at life as a farmer; at Dumfries he spent the last few years of his life. There he died; there he was buried.

Not very far distant from the place where Burns spent his first years, the river Nith takes its rise in the very hilly parish of Cumnock, in the Kyle division of Ayrshire. It flows north-east for some distance, enters the county of Dumfries in Kirkconnel parish, and continues its course south-east, flowing through the whole extent of the county, past the town of Dumfries itself, and finally into the Solway Firth. Five or six miles above Dumfries the banks—partly covered with broom, and partly shaded with trees—rise somewhat abruptly from the stream. A little way behind the bank is the house that Burns built for himself and his wife, and around it is the territory that comprises the farm of Ellisland.

Of all the places where Burns had yet stayed, Ellisland was by far the most beautiful. It looks across the stream, and is so near to it, that, when the shadow of the house lengthened with the departing day, it was thrown across the fields on the other side of the river—there pure

itself, and running over purest gravel. The hills and wood and trees round the house are familiar enough—though not so much as those of Ayrshire to the Scotchmen who “know their Burns” well. Dalswinton was just in front of the house, in the middle of the picture. Friars’ Carse, Lincluden Abbey, Dumfries itself were all in the immediate neighbourhood, and the Nith, as was natural, appears again and again in his verse. Perhaps he may have shown special tenderness for a river that owed its birth to Ayr. The water that flowed past his house door had come from his native hills though, the distance was hardly great enough to allow him to indulge, without some sense of the ridiculous, in such sentimental reflections. Besides, he had in truth something else to do. He had very hard work before him, and he knew it. Had his verse not been so absolutely spontaneous, it would have ceased altogether. But the “Castalian font” in him was no inert mass of water that had to be laboriously pumped up before it could be available, but a strong bubbling stream that would occasionally find its way out, despite of all obstacles. Burns engaged in this undertaking, during one of those brief gleams of prosperity that seemed to shine with almost devilish mockery at intervals in his life. He had made some money by his poetry. He had married Jean Armour, and no doubt intended to be a model husband and husbandman. Farming was the only calling he knew, and it was natural that he should apply himself to it. So he took this farm from Patrick Millar of Dalswinton. The lease, as is still the case with farms in Scotland, was for nineteen years. The

farm was a tolerably large one, more than one hundred acres, but it was wild and unimproved ground—the buildings and offices on it too wretched even for the modest requirements of a Scottish farmer of the last century. The tenant had got the land cheap, on condition that he was to do all the building at his own cost. It was a place where a man was likely either to “make a spoon or spoil a horn,” in the words of the old Scotch proverb. Some men would have left it with a considerable competency; many others, perhaps the majority, would have left it as Burns did—a sadder and a poorer man. The steward of the proprietor reproached Burns at the time for having made “a poet’s, not a farmer’s choice,” and, fair as is the prospect about Ellisland, and harmonious as is the name, it was *not* a fertile spot—at least, not with such appliances as the agriculturists of the time had. It was an additional misfortune that the soil was not of the same nature as that to which the poet had been accustomed; it was light and sandy, whilst his former farm had been wet and clayey. Then there was his usual ill-luck with the seasons, which were not favourable, and the fact that he had not sufficient capital. Moreover, he had obtained a place as exciseman, at fifty pounds a year. An addition of nearly one pound a week, utterly independent of bad seasons, too, was no doubt very desirable. Burns himself thought he had done “not bad for a poet,” but unfortunately he did not reflect that while engaged at this work he could not be attending to his farm, and that his regularity of life would be quite destroyed. It is also to be said that his fondness for company tempted him many a time away from home. Alas, the calling of a poet and farmer does not go well together in these parts. His destiny was cast in no Sicilian valley, where he could pipe and watch the distant flocks at his leisure; where the earth and the nymphs

were equally charming and kind, and where nature smiled with perpetual welcome, but amidst scenes where the land and the people were equally hard and stern, and where all the conditions were of quite another kind.

Though poetry did not interfere with his daily bread making, yet the fame it had procured him did. Every now and then a stranger came to see this natural phenomenon, and this was so much waste of time, and unsettling. He was welcomed into every convivial company, far and near, and we can understand how strong the temptation was to “drown dull care,” if for one short night, in the cup that cheered *because* it inebriated. It is not to be supposed that Burns was any mere idle drunkard. Had he been a useless loafer, less interest would be taken in him, however great his genius. It is because he was, on the whole, making passionate efforts to do well, and all in vain, that the gloom of the last years of his life seems so sad.

Burns was already very well known. It was not three years since the Kilmarnock edition had appeared when he went to Ellisland; but the effect had been instantaneous. Burns’s poems impress a man when he first reads them, or they never impress him at all. They *had* impressed the world, were already widely read, and were daily growing in favour, so that “Robert Burns, the poet,” was a man whose doings it was even then thought worth while to observe. So it happens that we have the most minute records from all sorts of people about this Ellisland life. We have it as it appears in the eyes of fellow poets, of fellow farmers, of travellers, literary men, and men-servants and maid-servants. The picture is a jumbled and yet very interesting one. Let us pick out a scrap here and there. But first, a word as to the house. It was to have been built with its *back* to the stream. This would have perhaps been more convenient for farm purposes, but

Burns would not hear of such a thing. So the "simple parallelogram of one story in height, about sixty feet long, by eighteen in breadth," which formed the dwelling, faced the Nith, and commanded the fine prospect of the woods of Dalswinton. "From the front of the house a pathway winds down the bank, towards a little slip of holm, here left by the river, a spot where children rejoice to weave rush caps and begem the thorn with the gowan, and lasses 'use to wash and spread their claiths,' as old Allan has it. Halfway down the pathway, a copious spring spurts out into a basin for the supply of the family with water." There were four chief rooms in the house, besides some closets. One of these, with "a pleasant window to the east," was the ordinary sitting-room of the poet; though it was out of doors, in direct communion with Nature, that *all* his *great* works were composed, and that some of them were written. In the stackyard he thought of that solemn hymn to "Mary in Heaven," and on a *feal dyke* adjacent, beseated astride-leg, and in a perfect passion of triumphal glee, he cast out "Tam o' Shanter."

At the building of the house he himself worked hard. "If he saw us," said one of the workmen, "like to be beat wi' a big stane, he wad cry, 'Bide a wee', and come running. We soon found out, when he put to his hand, he beat a' I ever met for a dour lift." Here we have the picture of a day's doings, drawn with a somewhat original, if not unfriendly hand:—"He was ever on the move, on foot or on horseback. In the course of a single day, he might be seen holding the plough, angling in the river, sauntering with his hands behind his back on the banks, looking at the running water, of which he was so very fond, walking round his buildings or over his fields, and if you lost sight of him for an hour, perhaps you might see him returning from Friars' Carse, or spurring

his horse through the hills to spend an evening in some distant place, with such friends as chance threw in his way." Some unexpected points in his character meet us here. These were repeated to after biographers by the servants whom Burns at this time kept, who "thought him to be as good a manager of land as the generality of the farmers in the neighbourhood." He was kindly and considerate to his servants, was rarely angry, never without just cause, and then it was soon past. There was one thing that Burns could not endure, and that was any sort of cruelty, or even carelessness, in the treatment of the lower animals. It put him in a perfect frenzy of passion.

Once a servant girl so carelessly prepared the food for one of the cows, that the poor animal was nearly choked in swallowing it. This was the only time the servant saw him really angry. "His looks, gesture, and voice were terrible, so that the girl was glad to get out of his sight." Had it been a man who had offended him, Burns would probably have given the careless one still worse treatment. During his Ellisland life he was out one morning cutting grass by the side of the Nith, when he heard a shot, and "presently a little wounded hare came hopping by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones." He sought "the inhuman fellow" out, and threatened him with a ducking in the river. He, however, took a deeper and a more poetic revenge. The poor hare did not perish "unhonoured and unsung," for Burns commemorated this incident in a poem, one of the finest he has composed in the purely English dialect. The last verse has always seemed to us peculiarly charming:—

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait

The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,

I'll miss thee, sporting o'er the dewy lawn

And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

Principal Shairp has said of Burns's bacchanalian songs, that, however good they may be as poetry, yet their moral effect has been bad—they have helped men a step on the way to destruction. Without pausing to discuss the truth of this, and the question of Burns's culpability in the matter, we may at least urge that his poetry on animals and natural objects—the field-mouse, the hare, the faithful horse and dog, nay, the daisy and the thistle—has tended to fill the minds of the humblest and rudest men with respect and care for the lower animals. Goethe has finely said that the very essence of Christianity consists in the third and deepest kind of respect, viz., the respect for that which is beneath us, and who has taught this more eloquently or beautifully than Burns? Witness these lines of true feeling in the "Winter Night":—

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle,
O' wintry war,
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.
Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee,
Whaur wilt thou cour' thy chittering wing
And close thy e'e?

We have a number of accounts of visits to him by neighbours and travellers: some of these are comical enough. Two English gentlemen "once went to wait upon him. They were told he was fishing. They went and found him seated on a rock that projected into the stream." He had a cap of fox's skin on his head, a loose great coat fixed round him by a belt, from which depended an enormous Highland broadsword. "Mr. Carlyle," says Shairp, "has smiled incredulously at the story." Well he might! Oftentimes the poet was conveyed away to some near or remote tavern, where there was riotous mirth till all hours of the morning. This

might have been all very well for the passing traveller, but not for the farmer-poet, whose work it naturally disturbed. "Fail! how could he miss but fail. He brought with him a bevy of servants from Ayrshire. The lasses did nothing but bake oatcake, and the lads sat by the fireside and ate it warm with ale." Such is the idyllic picture of rustic ease and contentment which presented itself to a neighbouring farmer as he looked in one day when the "maister was oot." It is evidently coloured—very highly coloured, we incline to think. When a man fails the world is not apt to weigh and judge carefully the matter. The broad fact cannot be denied, and it is very easy to give reasons for it. On the whole, he had made a hard fight of it, but he at last "threw up the cards," determined to go to Dumfries, and content himself with the excise appointment.

In August, 1791, he sold his farm stock, having obtained permission from the laird to resign his lease, and removed to the county town. He had lost £300 during his occupancy, and according to Allan Cunningham the only memorial he had with him was "a putting stone with which he loved to exercise his strength."

We have already seen that, although much occupied, and still more and worse distracted at Ellisland, he had written there some of the best of his poems. "Tam o' Shanter," the verses in honour of "Highland Mary," "Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut," "John Anderson my Jo John," "The Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn," are some of the best known. One of the most charming of his lyrical love songs also belongs to the beginning of this period. His wife was in Ayrshire, and he missed her very much, and we may conclude the article with the verses—well known as they are—with which he expressed the wish for her return.

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between :
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tuneful birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE LAST YEARS IN DUMFRIES.



THE last years in Dumfries (1791-1796) were the saddest in the poet's life; so sad that they cast a shadow backwards and darken the whole of the previous days with a gloom that is hardly their own. There were many reasons for it. Burns had "come down in the world;" he was no longer a tenant farmer with a number of servants in his employ; he was a subordinate government official. The change was not a comfortable one for him. If he had not been used to large houses at any period of his life, he had yet been used to open air surroundings. He could step from his door to the banks of some beautiful stream or grassy field. He had, in fact, lived in the country all his life, and now he was to live in a town with none of the alleviations which town life is capable of, and without which it is a very poor business indeed. True, he had now a settled income, small as it was, but even this was not without its disadvantages. "Tine heart, tine a'," says the Scotch proverb. Nothing that Burns could do would *now* improve his position. He had the mechanical duties of his office to fulfil, and if he rose at all

it could only be by interest. The great motive for exertion was taken away. He had, on the whole, made a brave fight of it up to now; but it was of no use. Some mysterious agency seemed to baffle all his efforts. He must now simply swim with the tide. There was, unfortunately, no doubt as to the way the tide did run. The opportunities for convivial meeting were only too frequent, and they were largely taken advantage of. As to Dumfries itself a few words may be said. It is situated pleasantly enough on the left bank of Nith. On the banks of a beautiful river, and with a fine neighbourhood of hills and woods and meadows, it may well deserve the title of Queen of the South, or capital of the South of Scotland. Its early origin was a castle and a church, but by the thirteenth century it was already a Royal Burgh. It was at the altar of the church that the assassination of the Red Comyn took place. The story how Bruce struck the first blow, and how, when affrighted at the deed and the place where it was committed, he rushed agitated from the church, and informed his savage followers, and how one of them, exclaiming, "I mak siccar," rushed in and despatched the unfortunate man, is well known. The town was famed for centuries afterwards in the wars which desolated the border counties. At

every raid of the English it was exposed to attack; hence the burghers were well suited to keep "watch and ward," and they assembled at the call of their Provost as readily as a Highland clan under its chief. Some memories of this old hatred caused it to offer a stubborn resistance to the union of the kingdoms in 1707, and its citizens passively allowed a party of Cameronians to burn the Articles of Union at the cross. In the '15 and '45 Dumfries, like the other lowland towns, stood up for the Presbyterian and Hanoverian interests, and suffered severely. Its later years tell the ordinary story of Lowland Scotland's steadily increasing and uneventful prosperity. The most remarkable monument of the past in Dumfries is the old bridge which crosses the Nith. It was built by Devorgilla, mother of John Balliol, the same who founded the monastery of Grey Friars. "This remarkable structure, believed to be the oldest bridge in Scotland, consisted originally of thirteen arches, with a barrier in the centre; but for some years they have been reduced to six, and the bridge is now only crossed by foot passengers." A small Scotch town is not the most pleasant place to live in by any means. The one virtue known or appreciated is orthodox respectability, whilst poverty is the great crime. The narrowness and hardness of the Scottish nature, its want of the softer graces of life, its tendency to exaggerate small matters, and elevate maxims of secondary importance to the place of moral laws, are all seen at their worst. Burns in various ways—in some of which he was to blame, in others not—did not conform to the required standard. So, although the Dumfries folk were proud of him in a sort of way, it was hardly possible that they could get on comfortably together. In a word, what happened there was something very natural, and of very frequent occurrence when two men not on the same plane meet. Burns was eminently superior to the

people with whom he associated in certain very obvious respects; he was also somewhat lower than they were in some almost as obvious respects. It was only natural that *he* should be chiefly occupied in considering the points in which he was superior to them, and *they* the points in which they were superior to him. The chief events of his last years may be passed briefly over. "The curse of country towns," it has been well said, "is the partial and entire idleness of large classes of the inhabitants. There is always a cluster of men living on competences, and a greater number of tradesmen, whose shop duties do not occupy half their time. Till a very recent period, dissipation in greater or less intensity was the rule and not the exception amongst those men, and in Dumfries at that time the rule held good." Into this company Burns came, and here, as elsewhere, he was much sought after, and we can imagine the scenes of dissipation which, again and again repeated, did so much to wreck the peace of his mind, and wrought such injury to his constitution. Still, let us not exaggerate. Burns was no worse in this respect than the rest, and at any rate he was always able to go about his duties. In politics Burns had turned a violent Jacobin. He had no very deep-seated political convictions, but he was disheartened, and he was a poet, and, like all the best poets in Britain, hailed the outbreak of the French revolution with passionate joy. He stuck to his faith longer than the rest, and was more violent in its expression. He shocked the respectabilities of the day terribly by his outspoken and vehement denunciations of tyrants and kings and governments. Nay, he bought some small cannon at the sale of the effects of a smuggling brig which he himself had been the foremost to capture, and sent them to the French Convention. They never reached their destination, but were seized by the government, and an

inquiry made into the matter, which resulted in a severe reprimand addressed to Burns, and perhaps considerable damage to his prospects of promotion, though this is by no means certain. When the war really broke out, Burns became a volunteer, and wrote a song for the corps full of poetic fire, and at the same time sound common sense. We quote the two first verses :—

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the loons beware, sir ;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

O, let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided :
'Till slap come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourself united :
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

Burns's sentimental Jacobitism would have disappeared like mist when he heard that the foreign foe had landed on Scottish soil. The Dumfries part of the poet's life had some still darker blots ; but enough on this disagreeable subject, of which the most has been made in his later biographies, and of which, in future times, the story will be again and again related. Let us draw one picture from Lockhart of the darkest days of the Dumfries connection :—"A gentleman of that county has often told me that he was seldom more grieved than when, riding into Dumfries one fine summer's evening about this time, to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognise him. The horseman dismounted

and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now,' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Bailie's pathetic ballad :—

His bonnet stood once fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than many ane's new,
And now he lits't wear any way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing.

O were we young, as we once hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green
And linking it ower the lily white lea !
And winna my heart light I wad dee.

It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. [We must say we think it was of the very essence of Burns's character to give passionate expression to the mood of the moment.] He immediately, after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner, and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably till the hour of the ball arrived."

Towards the close of his life it seemed as if the gloom would clear away. His promotion seemed sure, and perhaps, in prospect of it, the respectabilities of Dumfries were again beginning to smile, if somewhat coyly, upon him. Had he lived a few more years he would, perhaps, have died in prosaic comfort, but for good or ill, it was not to be. The summer of 1796 saw him dying. "At this crisis the faithful wife was laid aside, unable to attend him. But a young neighbour, Jessie Lawers, sister of a brother exciseman, came to their house, assisted in all household work, and ministered to the dying poet. She was at that time only a girl, but she lived to be a wife and mother, and to see an honoured old age. Whenever we think of the last days of the poet, it is well to remember one who did so much to smooth his dying pillow." So, justly remarks Principal Shairp, Burns wished to reward her. He had but one gift ; but

that was immortality. The girl's name will be known as long as his songs are sung. One, in special, of exquisite beauty, he addressed to her. Principal Shairp has sneered at the form of expression, which is the usual one of a lover to his mistress. The objection is not so just as Dr. Johnson's criticism on *Lycidas*. It is the fine compliment of a poet to a young girl. The song is a diamond without flaw. The central idea is the expression of help given to the loved one, and this idea is expressed in four different and yet similar ways, so that they all tend to strengthen the conception. Like so many of Burns's songs, we require to know the circumstances under which it was written, before we fully appreciate it. The remembrance that it was the girl who, in reality, was protecting him, only makes it more pathetic.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert was a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

At the end of June he went to the little hamlet of Brow on the Solway. One touching story is told of a visit he paid there to the manse. The sun was shining in his eyes, and one of the family seeing it, tried to adjust the blind so as to prevent this. Burns saw it, and said, "Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention, but ah! let him shine, he will not shine long for me." He returned to Dumfries, after a fortnight's absence,

on the 14th July. He was evidently dying. Some money difficulties had hastened the end. According to the common story he was threatened with legal proceedings. If Mr. M'Dowall's version, given in his carefully-compiled "*Burns in Dumfries-shire*," be true, this was not exactly the case, and the matter was a misunderstanding on Burns's part. Still, he thought himself in difficulties, and had to apply to friends for money. The appeal was promptly responded to, with offers of other assistance, but it was not needed; the end was very near. On the 21st of July, 1796, Robert Burns died in a sort of delirium, muttering curses on the lawyer whom he believed to be threatening his last hours. Jessie Lawers still faithfully tended him, for Mrs. Burns was not to do any work. Other faithful friends were there, and his eldest son was present to close his eyes. Not an altogether unblest death was that by which "he passed from the judgment of Dumfries and made appeal to Time." Death was kind to his fame, whatever it was to him. Over Dumfries a change came, when it was known that Burns was passing away. The townspeople began clearly to see that something that had made their town remarkable was being taken from them. It would be unfair to say that their sorrow was selfish. At such a time, the better elements of human nature come forth. The crowds that pressed round the kindly physician, and retired sadly when they heard there was "no hope," felt that some one specially near and dear to them was dying. One man, "with much simplicity," asked who would be their poet now. Who indeed? What *sacer vates* would now touch Nith and Drumlanrig and Lincluden with a light more glorious, more spiritual than that of the material sun? What Dumfries felt, Scotland felt, and feels to this day—mingled emotions of pride and shame and sorrow at the mention of the name of Robert Burns.

In well-known lines Shakspeare has said—

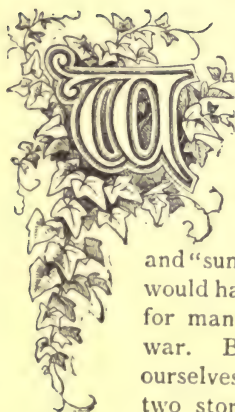
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Surely this is not the case with Burns. There are some things in his writings which we might wish unsaid, but these are few and far between. How little the dross, how great and fine the gold ! He has enriched the literature of the world with many and valuable additions ; he has quickened the love of country in all Scotchmen, for those who read his poems (what Scotchman worthy of the name has not ?) under the Southern Cross, or in distant backwoods, see again rise before them the dear remembered features of their native land ; he has quickened the kindly sympathy of men for one another, and for the dumb creation. These are merits that might outweigh more faults than ever Burns committed. Such, as we now know it, is the judgment of posterity ; who can venture to say that this judgment will ever be reversed ?

Dumfries contains a somewhat gaudy and pretentious mausoleum, erected over

his ashes, and Burns monuments and memorials are plentiful enough throughout Scotland. These we have not noticed. His best monuments are the streams and places he has sung. The names of Doon, of Afton, and of Nith recall his surely and inevitably. The day of his birth is kept as a day of festival by the innumerable Burns Clubs which meet to do his memory honour. It is right and proper that this should be. The monuments of various kinds have not been imposingly conceived, or executed in the highest style of art, and the convivial meetings on Burns's birthday may be made the occasion for senseless carnival ; but in their own place and time, both testify to the feelings of gratitude and respect with which Scotchmen regard his memory. And yet if some unexpected fate should gift Scotland with another strangely mixed spirit such as his—with another Robert Burns in short—would she treat him differently ? Would we not see again the old tragedy of which the first act is the starving and the neglect, and only the last the building of the sepulchre and the monuments ?

TWO STORIES OF AYRSHIRE CASTLES.



WE would fain say more of Ayrshire did our limits permit us to do so, for even had Burns never lived, its "castle walls" and "summits famed in story" would have given us occasion for many a tale of love and war. But we must content ourselves with a selection of two stories, in both of which there is a touch of the grotesque, and which are, in their

chief incidents, somewhat out of the common run. They are both connected with the Cassilis family : one with their residence on the Doon, the other with Dunure Castle, on the coast near the bold headland known as the heads of Ayr. The beautiful little green hills called Cassilis Downanis, near the first, were celebrated as the haunts of the fairies, as is mentioned in the opening of "Halloween" :—

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downanis dance.

And, appropriately enough, the story we



DUNURE CASTLE.

This fragment of a past age stands on a rocky eminence, and forms an interesting and prominent object in the scene. Its origin dates back to the famous battle of Largs. After that contest, Haco was pursued by McKinnon of the Isles; his sons ascertaining that he had taken shelter at Ayr, pressed forward in pursuit and captured him at Dunure. Here, also, Allan

Stewart, Commendator of the Abbey of Crossraguel, was roasted before a slow fire by Gilbert, Fourth Earl of Cassilis, to extort his surrender of certain lands.

The venerable pile, which has been in ruins since the seventeenth century, now gives a territorial designation to a branch of the Kennedy family.

are about to relate is one of the glamour or spell cast over a fair lady by Johnnie Faa, a gipsy or Egyptian apparently of a smooth and plausible exterior, and having "a wonderful way with the ladies," but undoubtedly a rascal of the very deepest dye.

There is a wise proverb to the effect that, if you give an ill name, even to a dog, you may as well hang him at once. Even modern civilisation has failed to reclaim the gipsy, and certainly the savage old Scotch rulers were by no means inclined to try. To a serious people like the Scotch, there was somewhat inexplicable in these wild wanderers utterly without purpose. They were something antagonistic to the national life. However split up that has often been, each of the sections has always had some definite aim before it, after which it strove with might and main; but here was a part of the world's inhabitants who cared for nothing that the rest of Scotland cared for. The Scots were not a people to ponder dreamily over this phenomenon; they lumped the race with "sorners, broken men, bards," and "other sic like runners about," and summarily declared the full vengeance of the law against them. And yet these people managed, in some sort of a fashion, to struggle on till even the law was forced to recognise them. Thus, probably with some notion of putting them under the control of a responsible person, James the Fifth issued a writ in favour of "Johnne Faa, Lord and Earl of Littil Egipt," clearly recognising a sort of feudal jurisdiction over the rest of his race in Scotland—if not according to the laws of the realm, at least "conform to the lawis of Egypt," though what these were does not appear.

Johnnie does not seem to have exercised his power well, for, in 1624, he and some of his companions, forcibly described as "vagabondis, sorneris, common thieves, callit, knawin, repute, and holdin Egiptianes," were caught, tried, condemned,

and strung up with the briefest ceremony and utmost despatch possible. The gipsy was irrepressible, and the Johnnie Faa, or Sir John Faa, as he seems to have called himself, about whom our tale is, and whom we may suppose to have been a descendant of this "Earl of Littil Egipt," was, without doubt, the most irrepressible of his tribe. He was wandering with a set of his companions about the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon," when he chanced to come near Cassilis House. It was at that time in the possession of John, sixth earl of Cassilis. He was a devoted adherent of the Covenant, and at this very time was away from home attending the meeting of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and engaged in the theological discussions that accompanied the drawing up of the confession of faith. At home was his wife—fair and young, and giddy and thoughtless—no fit companion for this stern old Calvinist. Johnnie Faa very soon learnt the state of affairs, and, of course, he was just the person to take advantage of it. We are inclined to think he threw himself in the lady's way as she took her walks about the castle, and by all sorts of plausible tricks and devices, got her to listen to his tale of love. But, according to the ballad that narrates the event, the process was very much simpler:—

The gypsies cam to our gude lord's yett,
And O, but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down cam our fair lady.

And she cam tripping doun the stair,
And a' her maids before her;
As sune as they saw her weel-faured face,
They cuist the glamour ower her.

"O come wi' me," says Johnnie Faa,
"O come wi' me, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

Thus the ballad tells us how the whole set were invited in, my lord's cellar was

laid under contribution, and there was exchange of gifts, of which the lady's were, as we may well believe, by far the most valuable:—

Then she gied them the red red wine,
And they gied her the ginger;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The gowd ring frae her finger.

“Gae, tak’ frae me this gay mantil,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith, and kin, and a’ had sworn,
I’ll follow the gypsy laddie.

“I’ll mak a hap to my Johnie Faa,
I’ll mak a hap to my dearie;
And he’s get a’ the sash gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me!”

So off went Johnnie Faa and the fair ladye in the very best of spirits. But the story is not yet done. They were no sooner out of sight, than, contrary to all expectation, the earl, who was supposed to be engaged on the “reasons annexed” at Westminster, suddenly turned up at the castle-gate, and, very naturally

When our lord cam hame at e’en,
He speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
“She’s awa’ wi’ the gypsy laddie!”

His lordship saw at once how the land lay, and lost no time in useless bemoanings.

“Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I’ll gae seek my fair lady.”

The capture was surely and speedily effected just as the fugitives were crossing the Doon, and the whole party returned at once to the castle. His lordship does not seem to have been a man given to hesitation as to the right course to pursue under the circumstances. The lady was set in a tower, the window of which commanded an excellent view of the “dule tree.” The rest of the story may be told in the words of one

of the sufferers, which concludes the ballad:—

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Although we were na bonnie,
And we were a’ put down but ane,
For a fair young wanton lady.

Here, while one is forced to admire the candour of the confessor as to personal appearance, one cannot help noting that it was somewhat unfair to lay the blame on the bewitched lady. “Put down,” the reader will observe, is a sort of euphonistic expression for a process quite the reverse.

The countess, according to the story, was kept in confinement for the rest of her days, and the earl consoled himself with another wife. By his disgraced spouse he had two daughters, and one of them became the wife of Gilbert Burnet, the famous bishop of Salisbury. As there is no mention of the extraordinary incident which we have recorded in any authentic document of the period, it has been reasonably conjectured that the whole story is a fabrication, and we confess it does look uncommonly like it. The ballad probably gave rise to the story, and we are told that it was invented to annoy that excellent prelate, who, like other good men, had many enemies. It was certainly not a proper story to be told about the relatives, even though only by marriage, of a dignified ecclesiastic.

The fourth earl of Cassilis was styled King of Carrick, on account of the arbitrary power which he possessed, and the manner in which he used it. He lived during the Reformation period—an excellent time for a powerful noble not troubled with too many scruples to aggrandise himself at the expense of church and state. In England, the lands of the old Church were seized, in due form, after Act of Parliament. In Scotland the process was much more violent. This nobleman is described as “ane particular man, and ane very greedy

man, and cared not how he got land, so that he could come by the same." His dealings with the abbeys of Glenluce and Crossraguel fitly justify this description. He had almost got a conveyance from the abbot of the first of them, when, to his intense chagrin, the priest died before the deeds were signed. He was not to be done, however; but persuaded a monk of the same abbey to forge the abbot's signature. Then, fearing that the

monk might divulge the business, he hired "ane certain carl to stick him," which, being accomplished, he got the "carl" hung for theft, and so, says the narrator briefly, "the lands of Glenluce were conquest." He imprisoned and tortured in Dunure Castle the Commandator of Crossraguel till he had forced him to sign deeds, handing over the property to him, and by these violent means very speedily increased his estate.

THE COVENANTERS.

THEIR CHARACTER.



URNS has given us four brief, somewhat rough, yet emphatic lines, which describe alike the effect of the Solemn League and Covenant on Scotch history, and the manner in which it ought to be regarded:—

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears,
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause :
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers !

The south-west part of Scotland—Wigton, Ayrshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, Dumfries, part of Lanark—is specially the home of the Covenanters, and as we are now treating of the regions thereabouts, we shall devote some attention to this remarkable episode in Scottish history. It may be as well to preface our remarks with a few reflections as to the character of these men. False pictures are often drawn of them. They are represented as a set of meek and mild, and, we are afraid, rather namby-pamby enthusiasts, overflowing with the milk

of human kindness, and who would never have thought of retorting on their persecutors in kind the injuries which were inflicted upon them. They have, again, been represented as a set of senseless fanatics, who followed neither right nor sense, but only their own mad notions. Both these are overdrawn pictures. It has been reserved for our own time to acknowledge the merits and the demerits of these remarkable men, and it can justly be said, that after every deduction has been made, the verdict of history must be emphatically in their favour. In treating of this period there is some necessity for caution. The fires that then glowed are not yet quite extinct. Nay, as long as Scotland is Scotland, they cannot be. The great bulk of the Scottish people are Presbyterians, and are likely to remain so. They cannot but regard with favourable feelings those who in evil days preserved that form of faith, and who willingly sacrificed their lives for its maintenance. The very gratitude they feel forbids them to be rigidly just. They must be, and it is highly honourable to them that they should be, rather ad-

vocates than judges. If, however, we forget for a moment the particular creed which these men maintained, and ask ourselves what human virtues they can justly be credited with, we shall still be able to say much. Theirs was the virtue of faithfulness, untiring endurance, heroic courage. Their lives were consecrated by a strict devotion to what they believed to be truth and duty, and these lives were, in the great majority of cases, absolutely blameless from a moral point of view. They were industrious, peaceable, law-abiding men, who were forced from their ordinary callings and ways of life by the most cruel persecution. What, then, can be said on the other side? They were, it may be alleged, narrow and fanatical, sour and gloomy. Toleration was as unknown to them as to their opponents. They were impracticable and unreasonable. They would have deprived the national life of all grace and poetry and romance. They condemned the most innocent amusements as heinous crimes. Such, in substance, is what is said against them. From the charge of hypocrisy it is not, we presume, necessary to defend them. Hypocrisy can do a great deal, but it has never yet so far counterfeited real feeling as to suffer torture and death with a cheerful countenance. Although they were called hypocritical by their opponents at the time, yet what was really meant was that they were fanatical. Leaving this charge as too ridiculous to merit serious attention, we may ask what is to be said of the others. They are to a great extent true. That type of character which we call the covenanting had these failings. They are the common failings of human nature, specially of Scotch human nature when irritated by long-continued injustice. The cheerful aspects of human life do not naturally occur to a set of men who are fined and taxed and worried, and liable to be tortured and hanged for doing certain things which

they are perfectly convinced they ought to do. Nor could toleration be reasonably expected of them. It was as yet not professed by any large body of men; it was not the creed of the government of the day. In treating of their special faults, it would be absurd to accuse them of things that were part of the common creed of the time. Their vehemence and unreasonableness were to be regretted. They were very vehement, and in extreme cases almost ludicrously unreasonable. It is the fault of their race to be intensely eager and intensely narrow, to see things from an extreme point of view, to have little sense of perfection or justice. Yet it is remarkable that the one or two men who were called at that day "latitudinarian," by which everything that was most horrible was meant—men whose writings seem to us *now* to present such a charming contrast to the heated outpouring of their contemporaries; men who were accustomed to weigh, balance, and consider; who believed that a question might just possibly have two sides, and that to find honesty in an opponent was within the bounds of probability—such men never had any influence on the life of the time. Even if they did interfere in state affairs, they were soon carried away by the current, and very speedily forgot their principles in practice. To take one example from English history, where was there a man so far in advance of his age as Sir Thomas More? He has left us in the *Utopia* the finest maxims about religious toleration, and that he was high-minded, sincere, and honourable, we know from the all-convincing fact that he was beheaded for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy over the church. And yet he was a worse persecutor than Cromwell, who might be fairly considered a mere expediency man, without deep principles or settled convictions.

The view we have given of the character of the Covenanters is one that is, we think,

now accepted. It is the view adopted even by those in Scotland who cannot be supposed to be unduly favourable to them or their creed. Dean Ramsay, in his interesting and well-known "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," has generously said:—"Religious differences cannot quench the national feelings of a Scotchman towards the piety and the stern sincerity of Presbyterian Scotland. Nor will any Scottish Episcopalian—even the most attached to his own form of polity and worship—ever fail to pay his tribute of respect and admiration to the old Scottish Elder of a simpler creed, or ever cease to feel a Scotchman's national pride in the stern and unbending piety of men who maintained, at the hazard of life and property, the Covenant which they had signed with their blood. We feel assured that such feelings and such emotions are, in their tendencies, favourable to the human character." Another member of the same communion, the late Mr. John Hill Burton, in his famous "History of Scotland," has given us what seems the best account of the Covenanters that has ever been written. Naturally of a judicial turn of mind, and possessing the enormous advantages of a complete legal training and experience, Mr. Burton brought to his task the exact qualities that were required. Even in his description of the extremest sects, he is careful to avoid contempt or harshness of judgment, and he has always pointed out the sterling qualities that give a softer shade to the picture. But it is from an even more eminent Scottish Episcopalian that men will always take their views, not merely of the Covenanters, but of most of the outstanding points in Scottish history and life. The Waverley novels are part of the literature of the world, and two of the most famous—"Old Mortality" and "The Heart of Midlothian"—are specially devoted to the representation of this phase of the national history. There are many things about these two

remarkable works worthy of notice, and most of all, the power they show to enter into modes of life and thought with which the writer could not have very much sympathy. Scott was a Tory of the Tories. He was inordinately proud of his connection with the "bauld Buccleugh," though he was certainly worth more to mankind than all the other members of that noble family put together; and he had such a respect for the "majesty that doth hedge a king," that he positively worshipped that peculiarly gross and commonplace idol, George the Fourth, and the brief dedication of his series of novels to that monarch is, perhaps, the only part of the Waverley novels that cannot be read with pleasure. He was an attached Episcopalian, and altogether his sympathies were with the cavalier, aristocratic, Stuart elements of Scottish history, and not at all with the Presbyterian, democratic, and popular. Yet it is from him we get Jeanie Deans, the noblest type of womanhood in his pages. He was like the Abbot in his "Lord of the Isles," or, to take a still more striking instance, like the prophet of old, that was brought to curse Israel, and whose curses changed into blessings when he saw the host of God stretched out before him. Yet, favourable as Scott's view is to the Covenanters as a whole, it has never been received with entire approval in his own country. The learned and able Dr. McCrie, in his review of the "Tales of my Landlord," attacked the great magician as if he had been guilty of gross injustice, and a devout carpenter once told us, that though, when he had once begun "Old Mortality," he was unable to lay it aside till he had finished it, yet many of the passages made his "bluid boil," because of the way in which men of whom the earth was not worthy were spoken of. There is just a *souçon* of truth in this. Scott did not leave his prejudices entirely behind, and he has dwelt rather strongly on one or two of the more ludicrous aspects of the

matter, as, for instance, the adventures of Mause and Cuddie Headrig, whilst to those who have always considered Claverhouse as the very impersonation of the evil one, it may be disagreeable to see him represented as a hero, which, notwithstanding his daring courage, he hardly was. This much may be admitted. And yet how admirably do these side-lights fill in the picture. Cuddie Headrig must have been the representative of a great number of people, perhaps of the majority of the population of that day. Nay, Cuddie is something more, he is a very fair representative of what the mass of people must always be. Impressed by the stronger and higher spirits that have moulded the faith of his country, he is willing to receive, and does receive, that faith with unquestioning acquiescence; but his still deeper creed is that it is his first duty to keep a whole skin and enjoy an easy life, and, though quite believing that the Covenant is right, yet he is prepared to renounce it with but little compunction. Nor can it be said that the examples of what we may fairly call fanaticism, given in "Old Mortality," are at all overdrawn. We have already given an account of the assassination of Archbishop Shairp, and the spirit in which the perpetrators of that cruel deed, and the population generally, regarded it. After Shairp's crime, we cannot express any very great amount of regret for his end, and admit that in this case something might be said to mitigate the judgment which history and morality must always pass upon assassinations; but the desire to split the last remnant of a remnant upon the question as to whether it is lawful to pay toll, in passing over a bridge or ferry, to the representatives of an "uncovenanted king," is an historical fact which must be admitted to be as extreme as anything Scott ever described. The character of Davie Deans neither is, nor is intended to be, one of Scott's highest characters. There is too much alloy in

the gold for that. Yet both in its merits and defects it is profoundly true to Scotch life. There is the reverence for truth, the perception of the sanctity of just dealing, and the earnest endeavour to be just and exact in all his relations towards his fellow men, and the punctual performance of the duties which he considered he owed to his Maker. There is, on the other hand, the profound conviction that he and his sect—if sect it can be called—are in the right, and everybody else in the wrong, and the accompanying profound and scarcely concealed satisfaction therein, which is so true a "note" of Scottish religious life—that feeling which is well expressed in the quaint old rhyme—

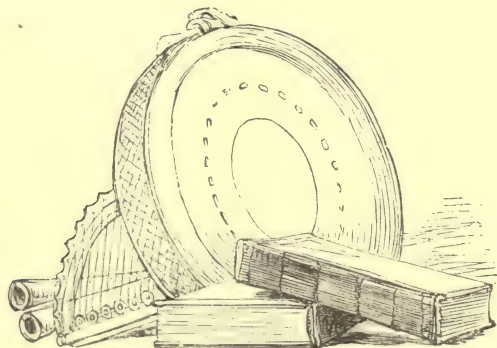
That a' the world may plainly see,
That nae are in the richt but we
O the auld Scottish nation.

There is with it all the keen business tact, the belief in and reverence of worldly prosperity. Nothing is truer than the change that comes over his opinion of Butler when he knows of his advancement in worldly prospects, through the good graces of the Duke of Argyle. Of the character of his eldest daughter much might be said, but this is the chief point. Such a character is not one that can bulk largely on the stage of history. Such a being must always "dwell among untrodden ways," and be one whom "there are few to praise, and very few to love." Yet it was not merely because Scott had a true story to work upon that he has given us this picture; the story would have been as true to life as it is had he invented quite of himself the incident upon which it is founded. His knowledge of the period, of Scottish history, of Scottish character, convinced him that such beings did exist, although their life must have always been a hidden one, and from the fulness and certainty of this knowledge he constructed the finest portrait in all

his writings. The peasant girl has as high a sense of duty as her father, but it is of a purer and more refined description, and it is totally unmingled with the alloy of baser motives. Innocence, purity, courage, devotion, a fine simplicity, reverence, and affection, are the elements of which such a character is composed. It is not without reason that we must always regard this peasant maiden as a real, rather than a merely ideal creation; because she is the representative of that which actually existed.

Scott's treatment of the other side suggests a reflection. May it not be said that the one is as deserving of our admiration as the other? The Cavaliers were as daring and devoted as the Covenanters. They afterwards showed themselves quite as faithful to a defeated and hopeless cause as their opponents, and if they were cruel and bloodthirsty, would not their foes have been the same if they had had the opportunity? There is a certain amount of truth in this, but there is also a good deal of error. Equal bravery we must in fairness allow to both sides; equal endurance, and almost equal loyalty. But in motives and morality the two characters were widely different. Even when most fanatical, the Covenanters acted from a sense of duty. As Burns finely said of himself, the very light that led astray was light from heaven. There is certainly no appearance of what we call principle on the other side, though

there might be much loyalty to a commander, and personal devotion to a prince. It is akin to this that the Cavaliers, with all their dash and brilliancy, were liable to be unsteady, careless, indifferent, and—we must say—immoral. It was the rigid performance of duties that gave the other side strength. Even in far later times, when the persecuted men of the "anti-Popish, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian, and anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian remnant of the Church of Scotland," as they called themselves, were no longer persecuted, and were so reduced in strength that but one or two in a fairly sized town remained to bear testimony, it was found that men who might be laughable, through quaintness of opinion and an objection which they stubbornly retained to the most innocent enjoyments of life, were yet acute and able managers of business, rigidly punctual and honest in all their dealings; and so people learned to respect men whose word was never known to fail, and against whose name there was no suspicion of reproach. It was also sometimes found that the strange, antiquated ways and uncouth modes of expression had not destroyed, though they had covered, profound depths of tenderness, which, though not easily moved, yet once reached never failed, and some learned first to respect, and then to love, that which the first inclination had been to ridicule and pass by contemptuously.



THE COVENANTERS.

THEIR HISTORY.



It is our intention only to present a few scenes connected with the Covenanters, it will be advisable, for the sake of clearness, that we should first present the whole history of the Covenantants in one distinct and brief view, so that the reader may see the connection of the parts upon which we specially dwell with the whole. On the 3rd December, 1557, a number of Scottish gentlemen, who had been considering the dangers which the reformed faith was undergoing, met in Edinburgh, under the presidency of the fourth earl of Argyll, and subscribed a document by which they bound themselves "to apply their whole power, substance, and very lives, to maintain, set forward, and establish the most blessed Word of God." This was the first of a set of documents afterwards so famous in Scotch history. It was renewed in 1580, and was then subscribed by King James, who (unfortunate man!) had still twenty-three years of Presbyterian eloquence and ministerial dealings to endure before the time came when he was to bask in the pleasant sunshine of southern episcopal flattery.

The third and great Covenant owes its origin to the year 1638, and was the result of the national opposition to the attempt of those who "knew not the stomach" of the nation, and little thought of the difficulty there was in the attempt to make "that stubborn kirk stoop more to the English pattern." It was the determined purpose of Charles and of Laud to introduce episcopacy into Scotland, and this solemn league and covenant was the distinct protestation of all that was best in the nation against the

act, for to the people of that day "black prelacy" was almost, if not quite, as hateful as Romanism. Copies of the Covenant were signed by the noblemen and gentlemen who had come to the capital to concert measures for the safety of the national religion, and by the inhabitants of the town generally. The spot for meeting was the churchyard of the old Greyfriars. The place was probably chosen merely for convenience; men are not given to think of stage effect at such times, and yet it was admirably fitted for effect. The Covenanters were standing on the graves of men who had rendered themselves famous in the history of their country. At their feet lay the Grassmarket, which had been the scene alike of gay pageants and of gloomy executions. Before them, on the other side of the ravine, towered the Castle Rock, with the grey buildings that crowned it, whose history, fully written, was the history of Scotland. The very wall that bounded the ground on which they stood had its own heroic and pathetic history. It was the wall that the citizens of Edinburgh had thrown up after the defeat of Flodden, when, deprived at once of king and provost and fellow burgher, they had not given way to despair, but had at once proceeded to take every measure to defend their country. If the subscribers could have seen what was yet to happen, it might not have turned them from their purpose, but it would have added still further solemnity to the scene. On the ground on which they stood, a number of men were to be cruelly confined, after an unsuccessful rising to support the principles of that very document that now lay before them; whilst, for the same offence, a select band were to suffer a

cruel death in the Grassmarket, and within a stone's throw of the kirkyard. But such thoughts were not present in the minds of the eager assembly who pressed forward. "Such was the zeal of many, that, for a while, many subscribed with tears on their cheeks; and it is constantly reported that some did draw their own blood, and used it in

fickle Highlander even caught the contagion, and "the Mackenzies, Mackays, Macdonalds, Camerons, Grants, and other northern clans, for the most part subscribed," though whether *they* understood what it was all about may be gravely questioned. The document itself was based on the plan of those that had preceded it. It recapitulated



COVENANTERS' TOMB, EDINBURGH.

place of ink to underwrite their names." So says a writer of the period. The enthusiasm throughout the country was not less remarkable. Every other interest gave way to it. Gentlemen travelled over the country carrying copies with them, and obtaining subscriptions; the ministers preached of nothing else, for the people would hear of nothing else. The

their protests against Popery, and their determination to uphold the reformed faith against all errors and innovations. "We shall defend the same, and resist all those contrary errors and corruptions according to our vocation, and to the utmost of that power which God has put into our hands, all the days of our life." They asserted their loyalty, and pro-

fessed the most profound attachment to his "majesty's government, which, by the descent, and under the reign of 107 kings, was most cheerfully acknowledged by us and our predecessors."

Such professions might not be supposed to mean much; but if we remember that the Scottish people, on the death of Charles I., forthwith proclaimed his son, we see that they were not quite words. As for "the 107 kings," the new learning that was to make short work of considerably more than half the number had not yet arisen, and the Scottish people were allowed placidly to feast their vanity by the contemplation of an imaginary line of shadowy sovereigns, whose supposed exploits we can still read in Buchanan's "pictured page."

The Covenant knit the nation together, and enabled it to act as one. It was this that gave it such an importance in the civil war that followed, and enabled it to throw the weight that turned the scale against the Royalists. As we have seen, Charles II. was proclaimed in Scotland on the death of his father, and cheerfully agreed to sign the Covenant to which, as a profession of theological opinion, he was probably profoundly indifferent, whilst he had his own intentions with regard to the practical part of the question.

It is needless for us to detail how the attempt of the Scotch to place Charles II. on the throne was crushed at Dunbar and at Worcester. At the Restoration in 1660, they sent up commissioners to London to remind His Majesty of his promise. One of these was James Shairp, the story of whose defection and assassination we have already told. It was now evident that the government were determined to enforce episcopacy. There was a great turning out of Presbyterian ministers; soldiers were quartered on the people, and these, by every act of oppression, were driven to revolt. In 1666, a tussle between four Covenanters and some dragoons, which took place at

Dalry, quickly ripened into a revolt. The party soon gathered strength and moved on Edinburgh, near which, at Rullion-green, on a slope of the Pentland Hills, they were crushed by the government forces under Dalziel, and, as was to be expected, the only effect of the rising was to call forth still severer measures of repression. Of the fate of those who escaped death, the following brief and apparently complacent sentence may be quoted:—"Most of the prisons in the whole country are full of them; Barbadoes will be full plenished next year." Among a people so eager and so high-spirited as the Scotch, such doings were sure to produce a second revolt. The rulers were certainly not wanting in their endeavours to goad the people to desperation. An army, known in history as the Highland Host, was raised in the north, amidst "a barbarous and savage people accustomed to rapine and spoil," and let loose on the devoted Lowlands. They were authorised "to take free quarters, according as our Privy Council and their committee shall think fit to order." Then followed the assassination of Archbishop Shairp, in May, 1679, and the battle of Drumclog in the same month. This was succeeded by the great covenanting-rising which was put down by the Duke of Monmouth at Bothwell Brig, on the 22nd of June; and this was followed by still further executions, confiscations, and other measures of repression. Exactly a year after, on the 22nd of June, 1680, the extreme party among the Covenanters took the final step, and in the Sanquhar declaration, finally renounced all allegiance to the government, and solemnly excommunicated the king. It is from this period till 1685, when Charles II. died, that the persecution of the Covenanters was the bitterest; and to this time belong some of the most famous cases of the martyrology of the Covenant, as the shooting of John Brown by Claverhouse, and the death, by drowning, of the Wigtown

martyrs. The accession of James the Second brought into operation a number of causes which relieved the Covenanters.

The most prominent event of the beginning of his reign was the insurrection of Argyle in connection with the attempted rising to place the Duke of Monmouth on the throne. This completely collapsed, and was followed by the execution alike of Argyle and of Monmouth. The affair had considerable influence on the events of the next few years, for it confirmed James in his mad resolution to make England again a Catholic power. So easily had he crushed this attempt that he was convinced his power could not be shaken. The events which made James during the last part of his brief reign not so much of a persecutor as his disposition inclined him to be, are well known. He wished to relax the persecution against the Roman Catholics, and he could not do so without also relaxing it against Nonconformists of all kinds. But, no doubt to the very considerable astonishment of the government, the people were by no means anxious to accept the boon thus offered them. Like the Trojans of old, they were wisely inclined to fear the Greeks, even when offering gifts. They knew that no real spirit of toleration induced the government to offer them this tardy boon; besides, it was clogged with conditions which made it unacceptable. "It was not until three

imperfect indulgences had been issued, that, so late as May, in 1688, a fourth—full and effective to the moderate Presbyterians—was granted; it seemed to be extracted by force, like the ransom to which the captive assents when he feels the pressure at his throat." Indeed, what the Covenanters wanted was not toleration, but supremacy; and, as the more extreme sect soon became very discontented with the Revolution settlement and the new government, it was not to be expected that they would be contented with anything the old government would do. Still, the persecution was now practically at an end. It might be continued against the more extreme in an isolated way; but it could never again have the general force and effect it once had. As late as the very year of rescue there were still some executions, and the last tragedy of the "killing time" did not take place till the 16th of February, 1688, when James Renwick—with no great zeal, indeed, on the part of his persecutors, for they tried every means in vain to get him to recant just a little his opinions—was put to death. Besides bearing the usual "testimony" against Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism; against all profanity, and everything contrary to sound doctrine, he also protested "against the absolute power assumed by this usurper," and "against this toleration flowing from this absolute power."





LOUDOUN HILL,
Where the Covenanters defeated Claverhouse on the field of Drumclog.

DRUMCLOG.



THE death of Archbishop Shairp happened about the beginning of May. A month later saw the commencement of the rising which terminated at Bothwell Brig, and which included the battle of Drumclog, a battle which contained almost every element of interest which the "killing time" possesses. It

was itself one of the most important events in the struggle; it was the consequence of the attempt to disperse a conventicle; the other side was commanded by the arch-enemy Graham of Claverhouse, and it was the only important engagement in which the Covenanters were successful. Although the affairs of Magus Muir and Drumclog have a certain connection, and although some of the actors at the first also distinguished themselves at the second, yet the two events were not connected

as cause and effect, but as effects of the same cause. It was inevitable that there should be resistance under the circumstances, and accident determined the particular form it should take. In this case the first act was the "Rutherglen Declaration." This was a declaration which a party of Presbyterians openly proclaimed at that town on the 29th of May, when rejoicings were being held to celebrate the Restoration. These "declarations" were almost the only solace of the Covenanters in their troubles. They were never tired of defining the exact position in which they stood, and in "protesting and testifying," in the most explicit and positive manner, alike on the hillside and the scaffold, against the many things in church and state to which they were opposed. The document itself on this occasion was a moderate one, but it was not published in a moderate way. The bonfires were all put out, for the testifiers strongly objected to the celebration; but another fire was kindled, and at this a portentous mass of documents—Acts of Parliament, decrees of the Privy Council, Royal Proclamations—were committed to the flames, with every circumstance of solemn contempt. It was then resolved that a great conventicle should be held on the next Sabbath but one—that was, on the 11th of June. Claverhouse, just beginning to acquire a "bad eminence" as a persecutor, was commander of the forces in the district. They expected opposition, and they went prepared to encounter it.

Conventicles, as may well be believed, were of all varieties, but the most fully developed kind were such as would take place when some famous preacher—a Welsh or Blackadder, a McKail or a Cameron—was known to be in the district. It was then that a great multitude would collect upon some lone moor, the men going fully armed and prepared to die rather than be taken alive, for it was as well

to die sword in hand as to be taken and shot. Scouts were posted on the adjacent hill-tops, and these could signal the approach of the enemy. Then the meeting, if there was time, broke up and dispersed, or, if this was impossible, formed in a sort of rude military order and fought the dragoons. It is quite evident that the "dispersing of a conventicle" was a very serious business indeed, and not to be rashly undertaken, and as a sufficient number of troops were not always at hand for the purpose, the majority of the conventicles were allowed to pass off undisturbed. A large portion of the country in the south-west of Scotland is admirably fitted for the holding of such meetings. Much of it is indeed now quite different from what it was then, for a great portion has been brought under the plough, and some of the very wildest parts have been found to contain vast stores of mineral wealth, and are now centres of busy manufacturing industry. Quite enough still remains barren to show us very clearly what was then the state of a very much greater area. Vast solitary moors covered with heather or stunted grass, interspersed with bogs difficult and dangerous to traverse, barren hills separated by deep and sombre glens, combine to make up a very "universe of death." In these solitary regions, where the only sound heard is the desolate cry of the plover, and the chief moving thing is the mist perpetually creeping over the summits and the moorland, the traveller occasionally comes upon a rough stone, whose almost obliterated inscription tells us how here, in the "killing time," some faithful servant of God had met with a violent and bloody death at the hands of relentless persecutors. To understand the character of a race of men, it is, perhaps, always necessary to have seen the country where they lived, and it is when standing by one of these stones that one most fully compre-

hends the character of the Covenanters. One sees the effect of the surroundings of the place upon the men. Days and nights spent in solitude in such spots were not likely to produce soft and amiable characters; but on deep and solemn natures the effect would be and was to intensify such natures. What has been said of the poems of Ossian might, perhaps, be also said of the writings of the Covenanters. If read in such a wilderness, even that which we might be inclined otherwise to call raving is seen not to be without its meaning and power. This influence was felt first by the preachers, who were most hunted, and therefore most confined to these wild solitudes; but through them it was communicated to those that heard them. On them the influence of the place, too, must have fallen. We see in them all the same spirit.

It was a meeting of this kind that resulted in the engagement at Drumclog. The conventicle itself was held on a slope of Loudoun Hill, between Lanark and Ayr, but when the scouts gave news of the approaching danger it was thought better to transfer the actual scene of combat to Drumclog. There was no thought that day of retreating. They had come prepared for a fight, and they had been roused by the words of the preacher, and there were men among them as leaders, whose lives were forfeited already; for Balfour of Burley, and Hackston of Rathillet, who had been participators in the murder of Shairp, were there. All these reasons weighed with them on this occasion, but indeed at these later conventicles the men fought whenever they had the chance.

Drumclog was a hillside farm, of which the aspect, though more cultivated, is not yet greatly changed. The battle was a simple enough business. The Covenanters were of course on the ground first, and they strongly entrenched themselves behind a bog. They made no effort to conceal them-

selves, and the troopers, coming on at first at a good round pace, slowed and gradually stopped as they saw there was something more to be done than an easy chase after the fugitives from a dispersed conventicle. The situation was perplexing enough; in front was the bog, over which the way was unknown; behind it the armed men. What *they* meant was abundantly evident, and those who were so fortunate as to escape the morass could not expect a very favourable reception as of necessity scattered and disorganised, they would crawl out at the other end. And yet to retreat would have given the insurgents more than the moral advantages of a victory. It would be as much as saying to them that if they only met in sufficient force, they might do as they pleased. Claverhouse has left us a brief but emphatic account of the battle; with the exception of one phrase which seems to be exaggerated, it is curiously favourable to the Covenanters. The commander, as Mr. Burton says, is almost "carelessly candid" in his confession of the defeat. He was not yet widely known, and he could but ill afford to have his reputation so soon tarnished. The plain statement has something finely honest about it. Indeed, it is much more to the credit of the "insolent and fanatical Whigs," than Sir Walter's somewhat disingenuous account in "Old Mortality." Both sides, says Claverhouse, threw forwards some parties to skirmish, and in this the Covenanters lost. It would seem that as the dragoons kept on their side of the bog, the others had to come forward and fight them on their own ground, which they could not advantageously do. But now the blood of the hillmen was up, and they eagerly demanded to be led to close quarters. Their leaders were nothing loath, and in a very short space of time the greater part of the force was over the morass and advancing on the enemy. It is not quite clear why these awaited the

"shock." Now was surely the very time for a quick cavalry charge. Claverhouse thought, however, that they would break before a volley. "We kept our fire till they were within ten paces of us." It was poured in then, and of course did its execution, but it had no more effect on the main body than the summer wind that fanned their faces. "They received our fire," goes on the account, and "advanced to shock." Then followed the usual course of things that complete a successfully begun attack. The line of the enemy was broken, and they were forced back. "Their horse took the occasion of this, and pursued us so hotly that we had no time to rally." Claverhouse saved the standards, but that was all. The prisoners which he had with him when he advanced were lost. In fact, the victory was complete. Its effect may well be imagined; the persecuted had borne their reverses with courage and patience, and now that a gleam of success visited their arms they thought everything was gained. And so the insurrection sprang at once into life. It ended at Bothwell Brig on the 22nd June. The proceedings between these two battles are not pleasant reading. Most of it is simply a record of mad folly. The insurgent army swelled to great proportions indeed, but it was torn with internal dissensions. There were many reasonable and practical men in it, and these would have made a good fight with carefully prepared defences, or if that were impossible, have obtained good terms of surrender. But there was a small section of passionate and impetuous spirits, potent now only for mischief, and these had at least as much influence as sufficed to destroy all chance of anything reasonable being done. Robert Hamilton, the Commander-in-chief, was unfortunately one of them. His principles were to get agreement in sound doctrine, and then—military preparations or not—all would

go well. His mode of getting this agreement was by heated theological discussion over the abstrusest points of Calvinism where the combatants "found no end in wandering mazes lost," and separated further apart than ever. Hamilton had a still further means for the conversion of error. It was simple and speedy enough. He employed the last hours of his brief authority in superintending the construction of an enormous gallows, and on this he pretty plainly intimated his intention of suspending not only the prisoners taken in war, but that Erastian section which he considered disgraced his own side, and which included all who differed from him on any point. Perhaps such a character is worth some close study. It may indeed be said simply that persecution had made him mad, and that he was not accountable for his own actions. But it is possible, perhaps, to understand his position, though that itself is of course indefensible. To such men as he "moderates" of their own party are the most obnoxious, because they are presented most largely before their mind. Of direct opponents, they simply consider them as lost already, as brands *not* plucked from the burning, and so there the matter rests; but with these other there is perpetual collision and irritation, and so they at last come to hate them more. For the same reason the "indulgence" was more hated than all the persecuting acts. It is at least to be noted of men like him, that if they were determined to grant no quarter they certainly not merely declined to ask but consistently refused it when offered. He ardently thanks God that he "never had nor would take a favour from enemies, either on the right or left hand, and desired to give as few." It is among the inconsistencies, or rather, we should say, among the lights that enliven the shadows of such deep places of human nature, that when he did address himself to the "suffering

remnant" his pity and tenderness are such as would have seemed impossible in this "hard, fierce man." Mr. Burton quotes a few passages from that quaint old book, "Faithful Contendings Displayed," containing addresses to those whom he pathetically calls "the little flock of Christ in poor Scotland." Here Hamilton's hardness passes away, and words, soft yet full of passionate love, break from his lips, till, as he says, he has to lay down the pen in transcribing them—such words as it is hardly possible to read without emotion, so profoundly and solemnly tender are they. There is something then to admire even in this fanatical "eminently unworthy Robin

Hamilton," as he calls himself; but certainly his place was not before a highly trained army, burning to avenge the insult cast upon some of their number at Drumclog. Indeed, resistance was almost useless. The government, who acted on this occasion with rigour, and yet without needless harshness, had sent so large an army that no body of peasants could stand against it, and they had wisely placed one who, though Duke of Buccleugh in Scotland, was yet an Englishman, and therefore not so obnoxious to the other side as one of their own countrymen would have been. Such was the force that conquered at Bothwell Brig.

THE MARTYRS OF THE COVENANT.



THE Martyrology of the Covenant is peculiarly rich, and it has been religiously and faithfully kept. The great authority is "The history of

the sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the restoration to the revolution, collected from the public records, original papers, and manuscripts of that time, and other well-

attested narratives, by Mr. Robert Wodrow, Minister of the Gospel at Eastwood." The two huge volumes, containing, as Mr. Burton has remarked, more matter than the twelve that comprise Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," lie before us as we write, and we must confess that there is a strange fascination about them. There is a sort of artless art in the narration. Here and there is a picturesque touch, and again a horrible

detail that makes one shudder. The style is barbarous, and we suspect that were criticism to be rigidly applied, it would be found that many of the incidents would be scarcely held proved; still, for all that, these enormous volumes are a record of much heroic endurance, and of some profoundly interesting phases of human life and experience. We observe, with almost microscopic minuteness, the agonies of a nation. To give anything like an idea of the contents of the closely-packed pages would be impossible. The effect is emphatically a cumulative one. It is the reiterated tale of death after death, and persecution after persecution, that impresses the reader. Still, there is an interest in telling again one or two of the more famous of the executions there recorded. The stories that we are about to tell are no new ones. They are familiar, not merely to all who have made Scottish history their study, but even to the general

reader; yet they are as illustrative as single cases can be of the life of the time, and so we venture to repeat them. They are extreme, or, as Mr. Burton says, "leading cases." But this does not mean that they were exceptional. They were necessary outcomes of privy council decrees and of the nature of the men that were called to put them in force, and also of the men that were on the other side. They are all "tragedies of fate." They represent the inevitable collision of the deepest human passions working on opposite sides. It is interesting for a reader of Woodrow to note the principle of selection that has been applied to his accounts. Many of them which are quite unknown, contain statements of executions as cruel as those of the Priesthill or the Wigtown martyrs; but as we look we see that the wisdom of the choice is always justified. Some pathetic incident is to be found that completes one story, and is wanting in another, and so the one is scarcely known to the curious student, whilst the other is a familiar possession of the general reader. It is with these familiar possessions that we have here to do, and the first of these is the very well known one of John Brown, the carrier of Priesthill. It may be as well to premise something. The incidents in this and the others are collected from various sources besides Woodrow, and it is perfectly possible that some of them are due to the popular imagination. They are true, however, as to the main facts, and this is the substance of the first narration. At Kyle, in Ayrshire, of which we have already said so much in connection with Burns, there is a parish called Muirkirk. Here is the farm called Priesthill, situated amongst "heath, moss-hags, and rockis;" and here, in the very worst of the "killing time," there lived a small farmer and carrier called John Brown. He was a man of fair education, and of a natural force of character and determination of purpose, shown alike

in his life and death. His calling naturally made him acquainted with a wide tract of country, and a great many people. He was intimate with many of the most famous divines of the Covenant. Peden had performed his marriage ceremony; he had harboured Renwick, and many others; he refused to hear the curates; he was, in short, such an one as would naturally be selected as an example. Claverhouse was at Lesmahagow, in Lanark; he heard of this man, and set off to find him. The mode of procedure in all such cases was very simple. Some time ago the Sanquhar declaration, and a still more extreme "Apologetical declaration," had been put forth by the "hillmen." The officers were furnished with a brief form of abjuration, which they put to those they suspected. If the persons refused to take it, it was ordered "that—whether they have arms or not—they be immediately put to death; this being always done in presence of two witnesses, and the person or persons having commission from the council to that effect." Armed with these powers, Claverhouse set off across the moors, and came upon Brown as he was engaged in some farming work. The Covenanter knew well enough what the party had come for. He attempted to escape, but was captured after a long pursuit, which served to put the leader out of humour, and may account for some of the incidents which followed. The soldiers carried their prisoner towards his cottage, and were seen by one of the children as she stood at the door. She ran in and told her mother that a great many horsemen were coming down the hill with her father. The mother understood what this meant only too well; but both she and her husband were long ago prepared for what was to happen. What now followed took place like some scenic tragedy which has been often rehearsed in imagination before the actual representation. She came to the door of her cottage with her

children. The prisoner was brought up, and the little dwelling searched. The further proceedings had a sort of savage brevity. "I do not find they were at much trouble," says Woodrow, "with him in interrogatories and questions; we see them now almost wearied of that leisurely way of doing business, neither do any of my informations bear that the abjuration oath was offered to him." This, however, was probably done; some other accounts say it certainly was. At any rate, it was a vain ceremony. Brown, of course, refused, and was told he must die. The condemned man turned to his wife, and spoke a few words to encourage her. She was of such stuff as composed the heroic women of antiquity, and in that awful hour her chief care was to encourage him in his firmness and steadfastness. Woodrow tells in his own quaint way the conclusion of this tale of horror. "With some difficulty, he was allowed to pray, which he did with the greatest liberty and melting, and withal in such suitable and scriptural expressions, and in a peculiar judicious style—he having great measures of the gift, as well as the grace of prayer—that the soldiers were affected and astonished; yea, which is yet more singular, that—as my information bears—not one of them would shoot him, or obey Claverhouse's commands, so that he was forced to turn executioner himself, and, in a fret, shot him with his own hand before his own door, his wife with a young infant standing by, and she very near the time of her delivery of another child." Something in the courage of the victim—some touch of felt cowardliness—which was *not* the fault of Claverhouse's character, seems to have stung him to unwonted brutality. "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" he said. "I ever thought muckle good of him, and now more than ever," was the undaunted reply. "It were but justice to lay thee beside him," he said angrily. "If ye were permitted,

I doubt not your cruelty would go that length;" and then, again, "Well, sir, you must give an account of what you have done." "To men I can be answerable, and as for God, I will take him into mine own hand." The dragoons and their leader rapidly disappeared over the moor. The woman bound up the dead man's head with a napkin, covered him with her plaid, and sat down by his side in that awful solitude to lament for him.

The first question the modern reader asks after reading a story of this kind, is, "Are all these incidents sufficiently vouched for?" It would be scarcely fair to say yes. Even in Woodrow they are not all given, and what he does give he relates with some more hesitation than is usual with him. It is thus all the more noteworthy that we have an account of the affair by Claverhouse; and this, as Burton says, shows it to be "in all essentials as bad a business as Walker and Woodrow make it, and yet only a natural result of the orders of the council." This is Claverhouse's report:—"On Friday last, among the hills between Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied having any. Being asked if they would take the abjuration, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the king, but said he knew no king, upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead, which he suffered very unconcernedly."

The case of the Wigtown martyrs is probably the very worst of all the cases of that time. There was nothing very special about the case of John Brown. If we strip it of some of the details which do not affect the story; if, in short, we consider it to be exactly as Claverhouse described, it is bad enough, but a wide

examination makes it lose its special badness, not by reducing it from the "bad eminence" of cruelty, but by raising others to its place. The records of the timeteem with such transactions; but, after everything has been said, the case of the Wigtown martyrs, when laid bare of every particular of detail, appears to be a foul murder, and not even a judicial murder. The efforts that have been made to disprove it, have signally failed. They have only made the matter worse. It is the story of a blacker deed than was ever laid to Claverhouse's charge. This is Woodrow's account of the matter:—

In the year 1685, there lived one Gilbert Wilson, in the parish of Penningham, in Wigtonshire. He was a substantial farmer, and not at all anxious to mix in the affairs of the "society men." He and his wife were "every way conform to Episcopacy." He had three children—Gilbert, sixteen; Margaret, eighteen; and Agnes, thirteen—and, as often happened in times like these, they were not of the same nature as their parents. They would "by no means conform or hear the Episcopalian incumbent, but fled to the hills, bogs, and caves, though they were yet scarce of that age that made them obnoxious to the law." The son did not return home till long after the Revolution. He was a soldier in Flanders; obtained a competency by his own industry; and ended his days in peace in the home of his fathers. At the death of Charles, the strain of the persecution was thought to have relaxed a little, and the two children came to Wigtown to stay with an old woman of sixty, named Margaret McLachlan. She is described by Woodrow as a "country woman of more than ordinary knowledge, discretion, and prudence, and for many years of singular piety and devotion." Here they were all seized, thrust into prison, treated with great cruelty, and finally put on their trial at Wigtown on an

indictment of which the chief part accused them with having been present at twenty field conventicles. The fact was undoubted, and the law was quite clear enough. They were brought in guilty. The sentence was that, upon the eleventh of the month of May, "all the three should be tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the water of *Blednock*, near *Wigtown*, where the sea flows at high water, there to be drowned." Had this sentence, cruel as it was, been simply carried out as said, there would have been nothing special to mark it from many similar cases. But more remains. The father had gone to Edinburgh and procured, it appears without much difficulty—he was a man of substance and a conformist—the remission of the sentence passed upon his youngest daughter. This encouraged him and his friends to make further efforts, and to strengthen their case they induced Margaret McLachlan to subscribe a petition, couched in the usual form, in which, confessing the justice of her sentence, she besought the lords of the council to have mercy on one of her years and infirmities, and promised in future to do all that the law required of her. It was not very common for the people condemned to draw back thus; but it need hardly be said that no one of the readers of to-day will be inclined to blame her. She was old and frail, and it is one of the laws of human nature that principles to which we may be devotedly attached seem to lose something of their strong attraction when the body trembles under the load laid upon it. No efforts were successful in inducing Margaret Wilson to move one step from the path that she had begun to walk in. In accordance with the example of those whom she had heard and revered during the short years of her life, she was engaged in adding her testimony to theirs. "During her imprisonment, *Margaret Wilson* wrote a large letter to her relations, full

of a deep and affecting sense of God's love to her soul, and an entire resignation to the Lord's disposal. She likewise added a vindication of her refusing to save her life by taking the abjuration, and engaging to conformity; against both she gives arguments with a solidity and judgment far above one of her years and education."

The council, however, were satisfied, on the whole, with the sureties that had been given, and the submission offered, and they ordered a remission of the sentence. This is the record:—"April last, *Margaret Wilson* and *Margaret McLauchlison*, under sentence of death pronounced by the justices, are continued till ———, and the lords of his Majesty's Privy Council recommend it to the Secretaries to procure their remission." The blank dates are not material to the records, but they are curious, for they seem to show the haste and carelessness with which proceedings of such moment were gone about. What followed between this and the day of execution is not clear. It would seem to be this. The remission was sent to Wigtown, but those who held the authority there determined not to give it effect. They were at desperate war with the Covenanters; two of them were Grierson of Lagg—"a very Herod according to the covenanting traditions"—and David Graham, the brother of Claverhouse, and they felt that to allow a person condemned to death, and who still persisted in her offence, to escape them would be a signal defeat. There was, perhaps, sufficient irregularity about the warrant to give them some sort of pretext for allowing the law to take its course; at any rate, they were men of powerful influence and high official position, and they could confidently trust that there was little danger that they would be blamed for an excess of zeal in a place where the whole force of the crown was hardly sufficient to produce even the appearance of obedience to the

ecclesiastical directions of the government. As events proved, they judged correctly. They were never called to account in the matter by the government. On the 11th of May, the two women were brought to the place of execution, and were tied to stakes within reach of the tide. The elder sufferer was placed so as to be drowned first; the younger much nearer the shore. The tide of the Solway, as is well known, rushes in with great violence, and the death decreed was thus not quite so merciless as it appeared to be. Still, there was of necessity some considerable time of interval before it began to flow, for when the victims were secured the flow could not yet have begun. The women employed the interval in the usual manner of such sufferers. They sang parts of the Scottish version of the Psalms, and recited portions of the Bible in the hearing of a great crowd who had assembled on the banks. Then the tide rushed in, and in a few moments the sufferings of the elder woman were over. The water was already closing over the head of the other, when a strange incident—from which the story gets its most pathetic touch—happened. It is best explicable by supposing that some secret instructions had been given to the commanding officers who had charge of the execution. Woodrow thus relates the incident:—"While at prayer the water covered her; but before she was quite dead they pulled her up, and held her out of the water till she was recovered, and able to speak; and then, by Major *Windram's* orders, she was asked if she would pray for the king. She answered that she wished the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none. One deeply affected with the death of the other and her case, said, '*Dear Margaret, say God save the King! say God save the King!*' She answered, with the greatest steadiness and composure, '*God save him if He will, for it is his salvation I desire.*'"

"Whereupon some of her relations near by, desirous to have her life spared if possible, called out to Major Windram, '*Sir, she hath said it; she hath said it.*' Whereupon the major came near, and offered her the abjuration, charging her instantly to swear it, otherwise return to the water. Most deliberately she refused, and said, '*I will not, I am one of Christ's children; let me go.*' Upon which she was thrust down again into the water, where she finished her course with joy." Then the writer goes on to record other cases of almost equal cruelty that happened on this 11th of May, which, he says, "hath been a black and very remarkable day for blood in several places," since "Satan was now come down in great rage in his instruments, it was well his time was but short."

As yet we have not touched upon some of the most characteristic features of these persecutions. We have hitherto only gone into the more violent proceedings in the country; but it is the judicial processes before the Privy Council, and the supreme courts at Edinburgh, that present the best and most instructive pictures of the life of the time. A great mass of cases are given in the "State Trials," besides the briefer notices in Woodrow. We shall say a few words as to these before we conclude the article. Those who were taken were examined at great length before the Privy Council, and in many cases were subjected to the most extreme tortures. The genius of Scott has reproduced one of these examinations with marvellous force in one of the most famous scenes in "Old Mortality." There the scene is profoundly tragic, and it was so in most cases; yet in some, were it not for the character of the interests involved, we would have said there is a touch of the ridiculous in the proceedings. The favourite amusement of the privy councillors was to engage in acrimonious theological discussions with those who were brought before them, and in these they usually

came off only second best, as far as the argument went. In many a case they seemed quite abashed, and almost put to silence by the replies they received. The accused were not so much full of hatred to their persecutors as of the most utter contempt, and this, which they took no pains to conceal, appears to have been exquisitely exasperating to the bishops and state officials that sat in council. Thus two servant girls—Isabel Alison, from Perth, and Marion Harvey, from Barrowstowness—are seized and brought, in turn, before the council towards the end of 1680. They assure Bishop Paterson that "he seems to be a man with whom they have no clearness to speak;" they roundly denounce some of the questions as frivolous; they deny knowledge of "any Lord St. Andrews," whose death they approve; scornfully reject the somewhat hypocritical pity which Bishop Paterson is pleased to express, and assure him that he has done them worse hurt than the loss of their lives, "for it hath much more offended me," said one, "that many souls have been killed by your doctrine." The same one thus replied to a request for her name, "Since you have staged me, you might remember my name, for I have told you already, and will not always be telling you." Here is one more example of the fencing that took place. They asked—

"Who grounded you in these principles?"

"Christ by his Word," she answered.

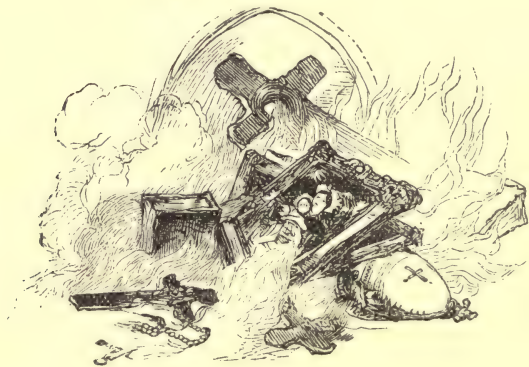
"Did not ministers ground you in these?"

"When the minister preached the Word the spirit of God backed and confirmed it to me."

And so on with wearisome iteration. After a number of these replies had been taken down, the prisoner was asked to subscribe. This was usually declined, as it was supposed that doing so would have involved the recognition of the government. The next proceeding was

the trial before the Court of Justiciary, which was a very simple affair, as the statements of the prisoner before the Privy Council were considered quite sufficient evidence on which to obtain a conviction. Then sentence followed, and then, in some cases, almost immediately, the execution. When that was deferred, it was only that the condemned might be insulted and persecuted between the time of sentence and execution. What little effect all this had may be seen by one extreme case, viz., "the last testimony of *William Cuthill*, seaman, in Barrowstownness, who suffered at Edinburgh July 27, 1681." He employed the night before his execution in protesting against the things of which he disapproved, and these were a tolerably formidable list, comprising every party, or division of a party, that differed in the least from him. He tells us what he adheres to as follows: "Now, in the next place, I witness by this my testimony, my adherence to the scriptures of truth, the Holy Bible, the Old and New Testament, which has been made sweet to me. I witness my adherence to the Covenant's national and solemn league, confession of faith; only there is something in it concerning the

magistrates calling a synod of ministers, by virtue of his magisterial power, which ought to be cautiously understood according to the general assembly's explanation. I adhere to the catechism, larger and shorter, psalms in metre, directory for worship, form of church government, the doctrine of the Church of Scotland as it is held out in the Word of God, and laid down in the formal papers. I adhere to all faithful testimonies to truth in Scotland, of one sort and another, particularly these three—the papers found at the Queensferry of the date of June 3rd, the Sanquhar declaration, the Rutherglen testimony, and every other paper tending to the good of religion, and particularly the cause of wrath, and I request to read and consider them." This is an extreme "testimony and protest," but all the others, if not quite so thorough-going, were equally firm. The government had to confess themselves defeated by passing on to the more violent action of field huntings, abjuration tests, and death without trial. These were equally unsuccessful, and the only effect was to burn Presbyterian Calvinism, as with a red-hot iron, into the deepest heart of the Scottish people.





THE INTERIOR, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

This fine old minster, the only one in Scotland besides St. Magnus, is in length, from east to west, 319 feet ; in width 63 feet ; the general character of the structure being Early English. It was designed to be in the form of a cross, but the transepts were never erected, although the foundation of the southern one (covering a vault beneath) has been laid. The interior contains 147 pillars, and the whole is lighted by 159 windows, many of them of exquisite workmanship. The composition of the nave and

choir is different but very good. In the choir the capitals are flowered, in the nave plain. Those in the choir very much resemble some capitals in the transepts at York Minster, and are equally well executed. The west door is one of great richness and beauty, and bears a strong resemblance to the doors of the Continental churches. A splendid tower, surmounted by a graceful spire 225 feet in height, rises from the centre. The grand entrance is at the west end, but there are doors also on the north and south.

THE FAIR CITY OF THE HIGHLANDS.



THE Highlands! how many associations and memories does the very name call up! High hills and deep dales, dark moorlands and sul-len glens; stories of poetry and romance, many a tale of "fair women and brave men," all lie "benorth the mont," as they used to say in Scotland long ago. So the reader must just (metaphorically) buckle on a kilt, adorn himself with a sort of "general idea" of a plaid in which all the colours of all the clans are mysteriously interwoven, and accompany us on a trip into this wonderful land, where we shall touch upon various points of interest, though we daresay with the effect rather of exciting than entirely satiating his curiosity. It is strange, indeed, how these Highlands have fascinated the literary imagination of the world. One would think that all Scotland was a huge hill, on which maidens with flowing locks and bare feet, but withal of wondrous beauty, were continually being courted by tartaned youths of great strength and dauntless bravery. This is the Scotland of romantic literature, though those who know anything of the real history of the country are well aware that all the real movements of Scotch history have come from the prosaic Lowlands; that *they* have "borne the heat and burden of the day;" and that the very bard who has done most to make the Highlands famous was himself a Lowlander. And yet there is a certain amount of truth in the wildest romances that have ever been written about Highland story and Highland character, as we shall see. It is meet,

however, that we should have a song to accompany our progress, and what could we get better than the charming old ballad of Lizzie Lindsay, which, as we have no skill of our own in song-making, we must just take leave to borrow, though we shall favour the reader with a little exegetical comment of our own.

"Will ye gang to the hielands wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,

Will ye gang to the hielands, wi' me?

Will ye gang to the hielands, Lizzie Lindsay,
And dine on fresh curds and green whey?"

This is a regular slap-dash style of wooing, quite in keeping with the character of a hot-blooded chieftain like Sir Donald Macdonald, who was inclined to abscond with a maiden about as unceremoniously as he would "lift" a bullock from some unfortunate farmer.

But Lizzie was a careful Lowland lassie, and wanted some exact information as to the antecedents of this charming youth, so she pointed out to the unreasonable nature of his request. How *could* he expect her to go with him

When I ken na the place I'm gaun tae,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'?

And then Lizzie's mother suddenly appears on the scene, and "put her foot down" with very considerable emphasis.

Then out spak Lizzie's auld mither,
And a gude auld lady was she:
"Gin' ye say sic a word to my dochter,
High hanged I'll cause you to be."

Ah, but this was too much for Lord Donald's hot Highland blood, and he very scornfully rejoins:—

"Keep weel your dochter frae me, madam,
And latna her gang wi' me;
O, I care as little for your dochter,
As she can care for me."

But now all seemed over, when who should put in a word but the "young person" whose proper duty was to open the door, and do up her young mistress's hair. She is, you will observe, called the "bower woman," but this is only the "grand style" of the old ballads. We are quite sure that the "gude auld lady" did not at all approve of such interference.

Then out spak Lizzie's bower woman,
And a bonnie young lassie was she :
"Tho' I was born heir to a crown,
Young Donald I wad gang him wi'."

We are not at all sure about this "bower woman," and should advise Lizzie to look sharply after her. The handsome Highlander was, we suspect, in the habit of chucking her under the chin, perhaps even of kissing her "just to keep his han' in," when she opened the door for him. How else are we to explain her strenuous advocacy of his claims? But Lizzie was only too ready to be persuaded, though she did at first make some faint show of opposition.

"O, Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,
And a' your silk kirtles sae braw ;
And gang wi' a puir hieland laddie,
And leave father and mither, and a' ?"

"But I think he's a witch or a warlock,
Or something o' that fell degree ;
For I'll gae awa wi' young Donald,
Whatever my fortune may be."

But that was soon over.

She's kilted her coats o' green satin,
She's kilted them up to the knee,
And she's away to the hielands,
His bride and his darling to be.

After this exquisitely simple preparation for the journey, away they went, leaving—we are glad to reflect—Helen behind. We are quite sure that the said Helen caught it pretty sharply from the old lady, when once Lord Donald was out of sight. However, Lizzie's troubles were by no means over.

When that they cam to the hielands,
The braes they were baith lang and stey ;
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi' ganging,
For she'd travelled a lang summer day.

Out speaks the bonnie young lady,
And the saut tear blindit her ee :
"Altho' I'd return to Edinburgh,
There's nae person wad care for me."

"O haud your tongue, now, bonnie Lizzie,
For yonder's the sheilin, my hame ;
And there's my gude auld honest mither,
That's comin' to meet ye her lane."

"O ye're welcome, ye're welcome, Sir Donald ;
Ye're welcome hame to ye're ain."
"O ca me nae mair Sir Donald,
But ca me young Donald, your son."

"O come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie ;
O come in, come in," said she ;
"And altho' that our sheilin be little,
Perhaps we'll the better agree."

"Now mak us a supper, dear mither,
The best o' your curds and green whey ;
And mak us a bed o' green rushes,
And cover it ower wi' green hay."

And Lizzie being wearied wi' ganging,
She lay till't was up i' the day,
"Ye might hae been up an hour sooner
To milk baith the yowes and the kye."

"O haud your tongue now, young Donald,
O haud your tongue, I pray ;
I wish I had ne'er left my mither ;
I can neither milk yowes nor kye.

"I wish that I had bidden at hame,
The hielands I never had seen ;
Altho' I love young Donald Macdonald,
The laddie wi' blythe blinkin een."

"O win up, win up, bonnie Lizzie,
And dress i' the silk sae gay ;
For we maun to be at Kingussie,
Where I've played me mony a day."

Poor dear Lizzie! her eyes are full of tears, and her beautiful dress is all spoiled, and every bone in her body aches; but the handsome Sir Donald thinks the joke has been carried far enough, and now Lizzie is to be rewarded for her fidelity, and the course of her true love is to run smooth at last. For

When they cam to Kingussie
 The porter doth loudly say,
 O ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
 Ye've been sae lang away.

It's doun then cam' his auld mither,
 Wi' all the keys in her hand,
 Saying, "Tak you these, bonnie Lizzie,
 All under them's at your command."

We may leave Lizzie at Kingussie, for our journey does not lie exactly that way at present. Perth is our halting-place, for it seems, on the whole, about the best place from which to start for a few Highland excursions. The modern town consists of a number of streets—Athol-street, Charlotte-street, Mill-street, High-street, South-street, and others, running almost directly west from the river Tay, which, flowing due south, forms the eastern boundary of the town. To the north and south of the town lie two meadows, called respectively the North and South Inch. Perth is of almost fabulous antiquity. According to some authorities it was founded by Agricola, which is almost certainly impossible. According to others, it was built by some Pictish king. Speculations such as these put us in mind of one of the theories that used to be propounded to account for the use of language by the human race. It was said that mankind met in a great council and agreed that certain sounds should in future be taken to denote certain things! As we had occasion to remark in the case of Stirling, certain parts of a county seem exactly fitted for the residence of human beings—at any rate, certain parts are better fitted than other parts, and Perth was one of these. We have little doubt that since the time when Scotland had inhabitants at all, her chief cities had some sort of an existence. With which observation we may dismiss all future discussion as to such matters. What is more to the purpose, with regard to the Fair City, is that, from a very early period, it was a favourite residence of the Scotch monarchs, and that a great many very

famous historical scenes have taken place within its walls. At the present day there are, it is true, but few tangible memorials of those scenes left.

Of such remains as do exist we may quote the following brief summary:—

"At the north end of the South Inch may be seen part of the *fosse* of a very strong citadel built by Oliver Cromwell. In the Fountain Close, connected with the Water-gate, the ruins of a house belonging to the Bishop of Dunkeld are still observable. At the south end of the Water-gate stood, till lately, Gowrie Castle, which was the scene of that problematical event in Scottish history called the *Gowrie Conspiracy*. At the southeast end of the garden attached to the house, stood the Monk's Tower, the origin of which is uncertain; and at the southwest, the Spey Tower, once a stately fortress with a strong prison. These towers were connected by the old city wall. At the end of the Spey-gate, once stood convent of Greyfriars, which was destroyed at the Reformation. In St. John's-street is St. John's Church. In this church the spirit of the Reformation burst out, upon the occasion of Knox preaching against idolatry. After the sermon, a priest having imprudently opened his repository of relics and images, and being about to say mass, the audience, who had caught the enthusiasm of Knox, attacked the priest, broke the images, tore the pictures, threw down the altars, scattered the vases; and then proceeded to the monasteries of the Grey and Black Friars, and Carthusians, which they pillaged and entirely destroyed. St. John's is now divided into the east, west, and middle churches. Blackfriars-lane conducts to the grounds which belonged to the monastery of that name. The monastery, of which not a vestige remains, was founded by Alexander II., and after the destruction of the castle became a royal residence."

It was within these walls that there

occurred one of those dark tragedies which throw such a sombre gloom over the early annals of Scotland. This was the murder of James I. by Robert Graham and a band of conspirators whom he had collected round him. James's vigorous measures for the preservation of order, and especially his attempt to curb the power of the nobility, had raised up certain parties against him. Graham, who had been imprisoned by the King, soon collected a band ready to do the deed of blood. With a savage nobility, he openly cast off allegiance to the crown, and avowed his intention. A price was set on his head, but the outlaw was far away in the highlands, and no very special attention was paid to him. James went to spend Christmas in Perth, and there took up his residence in the monastery. The conspirators were in the town, and soon had laid their plans for the attack. Something must have been known of their movements, for certain vague rumours seem to have reached the King's ears. But he paid little heed to them. Probably rumours like this had assailed him every year of his reign, and it was only when looked back on in the light of after events that they seemed to acquire point and prophetic meaning. The night fixed for the execution of the deed was spent by James in pleasant sport, as befitted the festive time of the year. There was song and dance and mirth till a late hour. But at last the feast was over, and all the courtiers withdrew. The King was left alone with his wife and her attendant women. He was about to retire, when suddenly there flashed on the windows the light of many torches, and the clang of armour was heard, and of feet hurrying towards the door. The King remembered the predictions, and recognised that he was doomed. He made one frantic effort to save himself. He raised a plank in the floor, and got down into a small vault. He implored the ladies to guard

the door for a few minutes whilst he attempted to escape. By a strange fatality, "only three days before, he had caused the opening to be built up, because, when he played at ball in the court-yard, the ball used to roll into the vault through that hole." And so he was obliged to remain there. The murderers had now reached the room. The bolts had been treacherously removed from the doors, and the feeble strength of the women could oppose no real opposition to their entrance. One act of personal heroism casts a bright gleam over the savage scene. One of the Queen's maids of honour, Catherine Douglas—the brave daughter of a brave race—thrust her arm into the socket, but the frail obstacle was torn asunder, and the room was filled with the armed men. The King was not there, however, and thinking themselves mistaken, they left the room to seek him elsewhere. The King got impatient and attempted to come forth, but he was not successful, and the conspirators, probably attracted by the noise, again returned to the apartment, and now at last they had found their prey! "Sirs," said one of them with cruel mirth, "I have found the bride for whom we have sought and carolled all night." The King fought desperately but in vain. As he sank down exhausted, he gasped out a request for a confessor. "Thou shalt have none but this sword," said Graham, as he stabbed him again and again. It may serve as an instance of the resolute brutality of the time, that the only regret the murderers had was that they had not also slain the Queen, and Graham, when put to death with incredible tortures, persisted to the last in justifying the deed. The news was received by the nation with universal sorrow. "He was buried," says Drummond of Hawthornden, "in the Charter House of Perth, which he had founded, where the doublet in which he was slain was kept almost to our time as a relic, and with execrations of

the people, every man thinking himself interested in his wrong."

James the First has other claims on our notice besides those arising from the fact that he was a firm and wise ruler, and that he met with so tragic a death. His name holds a high place in the list of Scottish poets. Like so many of the Stewarts, he possessed the literary faculty in no common degree. When a boy he had been sent to France to complete his education, but on the way had been (in violation of a treaty of peace then existing between the two countries of England and Scotland) captured by an English vessel and taken to London. He was kept a prisoner in the South for eighteen long years, and, like many other famous men, he found in literature the truest and best consolation for his misfortunes. One thing his captors did do for him—they gave him a most complete education, and old Hector Boece waxes right eloquent as he descants on his accomplishments:—

"He was well lernit to fecht with the sword, to just, to turnay, to worsyle, to sing and dance, was an expert medicinar, richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and sindry other instruments of music; he was expert in gramer, oratory, and poetry, and maid sae flowan' and sententious versis—he was ane natural and borne poete."

Love as well as poetry solaced the imprisonment of the royal captive. He has told us in fit and beautiful words how he first saw and conceived an affection for Lady Joanna Beaufort—a lady directly descended from Edward III. His suit was successful, and she became his queen. It was she who, with something of the same wild passion that maddens the tigress robbed of her young, hunted down with relentless hate the murderers of her husband. James wrote the "King's Quhair" (or book) descriptive of his courtship, and "Christi's Kirk on the Grene," and "Peblis to the Play." These two last are humorous,

and are ascribed to James on very good authority. According to Pope's well-known line, "A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk on the Greene," and it would seem to have been a point of honour among Scottish critics to assert, as Pinkerton has done, that "the 'King's Quhair' equals anything Chaucer has written." This is extravagant, but there is no doubt that the "Quhair" is a piece of very fine work indeed. Here are the sweet and tender lines in which he tells us how he first saw his love:—

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall
A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set
Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,
Railit about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
That lyf was non, walkyng there forbye,
That mycht within scarce any wight aspye.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene
Beschadit all the allies that there were,
And myddis every herbere mycht be sene
The scharp grene suete jenepere,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That, as it semyt to a lyf without,
The bewis spred the herbere all about.

And on the small grene twistis sat
The lytil suete nygtingale, and song
So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat
Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,
That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
Rycht of thaire song.

Kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,

Full secretly, new cumin hir to pleyne,
The fairest or the freschest young flour
That ever I sawe, methought, before that houre,
For quhich sodayne abate, anon astert
The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stood abaisit then a lyte,
No wonder was, for quhy? my wittis all
Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,
Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall
For ever; of free wyll, for of manace
There was no takyn in hir swete face.

Of hir array the form gif I sal write,
Toward her goldin haire, and rich atyre,
In fretweie couchit with perlis quhite,
And grete balas lemyng as the fyre,
With mony ane emerant and faire saphire,
And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blew.

Full of quaking spangis brycht as gold,
Forgit of schap like to the amorettis,
So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis,
And other of schap, like to the floure jonettis;
And, above all this, there was, wele I wot,
Beautee enech to mak a world to dote.

About hir neck, quhite as the fayre anmalle,
A gudeli cheyne of small oreverye,
Quhare by there hang a ruby, without faille
Like to ane hert schapin verily,
That, as a sperk of lowe so wantonly
Semyt birnyng upon hir quhite throte.
Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

And for to walk that fresche Mayes morowe,
Ane huke she had upon her tissew quhite,
That gudeliare had not bene sene to forowe,
As I suppose, and girt sche was alyte;
Thus halflyng lowse for haste, to suich delyte,
It was to see her youth in gudelihed,
That for rudeness to speke thereof I drede.

In hir was youth, beautee, with humble apert,
Bountee, riches, and womanly faiture,
God better wote than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largesse, estate, and conyng sure
In every point, so gudyd hir mesure,
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,
That nature mycht no more hir childe auance.

And, quhen sche walkit, had a lytill thrawe
Under the suete grene bewis bent,
Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as any snawe,
Sche turnyt has, and furth hir wayis went.
Bot then began myn axis and turment!
To sene hir part, and folowe I na mycht;
Methought the day was turnyt into nycht.

Perth was the theatre of another scene of blood, of not less note than the murder of James, though the combat of the clans owes much of its celebrity to the fact that it forms the subject of a Waverley novel. The facts of the case are briefly as follows:—At the end of the 14th century there was a deadly feud between the clans Chattan and

Kay. The quarrel was the cause of great perplexity to the government. Commissioners were appointed to deal with the parties to the feud, and they at last got them to agree that thirty from each side should meet at Perth in the presence of the King, and there make an end of each other and the dispute. No doubt the government were inclined to exclaim, "A plague on both your houses," and to wish, like the Kilkenny cats, each side might destroy the other. The 25th October, 1396, was the date appointed, and on that day the combat took place. As might well be expected, a vast number of spectators came to see so strange a sight, but a hitch suddenly occurred. One Connacher, a member of the clan Chattan, being of a timorous and hesitating nature, felt his courage now utterly fail him. He made off, and who was to supply his place? At this emergency the famous Hal o' the Wynd, by profession a smith, came forward and offered to take part, stipulating that, as reward, he should have his board of the victors as long as he lived.

And now at it they went with fell purpose, and the King and statesmen saw with grim satisfaction how fast the number of dangerous law-breakers was being reduced. At last victory, chiefly through the exertions of Hal, declared itself for the clan Chattan, of whom no less than eleven members remained alive, whilst, on the other side, there was but one. This one was unhurt, and the others were all terribly wounded, and had he been worth very much he might, as in the famous combat of the Horatii and Curatii, have slain all his opponents, and still kept the victory. But his heart failed him when he saw the fearful odds against him. He turned and fled; escaping by swimming across the Tay. There is a Scotch proverb to this effect:—"Every man for his air hand, like Hal o' the Wynd." The story of its origin runs, that Hal did not

even know the name of those for whom he had fought, but replied that he had gone on the principle of "fechtin' for his ain hand."

Probably the reader has had enough of these fightings, so we will not again recount or attempt to explain the inexplicable Gowrie conspiracy mystery, nor comment on the cruel revenge that King James took. That prince, like many other weak natures, was, although marked by an easy-going sort of humour, liable to almost ecstasies of terror and fear. One incident of this affair may be mentioned as showing the ferocity that lingered so late in our annals. At a parliament held shortly after, the bodies of the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, the

Master of Ruthven, were produced. A solemn mockery of a trial was gone through. They were found guilty of High Treason, were declared traitors, and the usual cruel punishment for the offence was carried out on their senseless remains. We might dwell long on the martyrology of Perth, for a very large number of victims were here put to death by the Roman Catholics, and one or two by the government, for their adhesion to the Covenant, and we might tell many a tale of those who fell by floods and pestilence in the Fair City, and of the troubles its citizens had with Royalists and Jacobites, but we forbear to revive in these pages the memories of these almost forgotten woes.

SCONE, AND THE STONE OF DESTINY.



WHEN a Scotchman goes into Westminster Abbey, there is one object which has for him a particular interest.

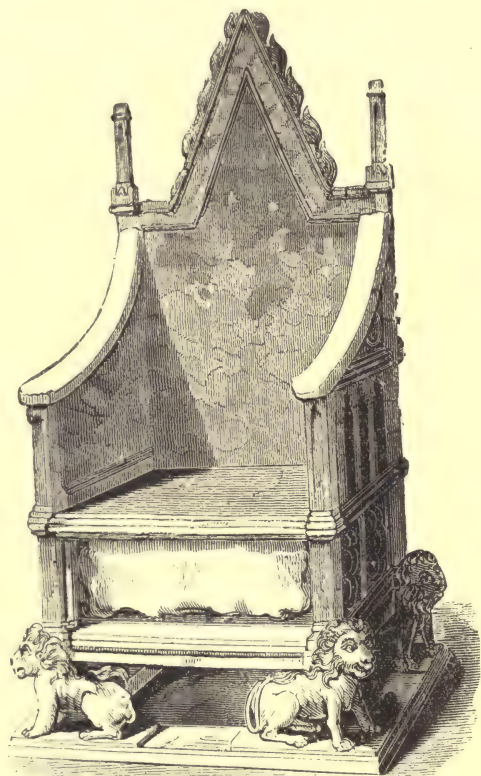
This is not the famous fabric itself, nor the shrine of Edward the Confessor, nor even the splendid tomb which the somewhat tardy piety of her son erected over the place where the Queen of Scots is

buried. It is the clumsy, oblong piece of stone which is placed under the chair in which the kings of England are crowned. This is the fatal stone, or stone of destiny, or fatal chair, as it has been variously called. It has lain in its present position for about six centuries, and yet, to the imagination, it has a foreign sort of look about it. It speaks to the onlooker not of stately Westminster and the splendour and

power of the English kings, but of the little town of Scone, and the ancient kingdom with which its destiny was supposed to be connected. Its memories are still more of the Tay than the Thames. It still has something more of Scotland than of England about it. The legend of the stone exists in very many forms, of which (as we presume they are all equally false) we may as well choose the most picturesque. It first appears in history as the pillow of the Patriarch Jacob at Luz. Previous to this there is no trace of it, which is a little tantalising, as one would have thought the chroniclers might have carried up its history a little further, and, as children say, "begun at the beginning." But this unexpected reserve does add a certain charm and mystery to the subject. The stone is next found in possession of one Gathelus, "son of Cecrops, King of Athens." This Gathelus was rather of a wandering

disposition. He somehow got into Egypt, entered Pharaoh's service, rose rapidly, and finally married his daughter. She was called *Scota*, and from her the royal line is descended. This, say the chroni-

away over the Mediterranean to Spain, where he ruled over a wide kingdom. His son, like his father, was of a wandering disposition, and having received the paternal blessing and the wonder-



THE CORONATION CHAIR, WITH THE STONE OF DESTINY,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

clers, was about the time of Moses, and with him Gathelus seems to have been on excellent terms. He received timely warning of the plagues, and immediately embarked on the Nile and sailed

working stone as a parting gift, he went to Ireland, where he ruled for many years. It was on this stone—placed on the famous hill of Tara—that a long succession of Irish kings were crowned.

As each king was in turn seated on it, the stone gave forth a certain sound, which intimated its opinion of the person seated thereon, and which was deemed prophetic of the nature of the reign.

As the king was solemnly crowned, the Druids chanted in Gaelic the wondrous prediction:—

Cionwdh scuit saor on fine,
Man ba breag an Faisdine,
Mar a bhfuighid an Lia-fail,
Dlighid flaitheas do ghabhail.

Which was afterwards better known in the Latin distich—

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Which Bellenden translates—

The Scottis sall brwke that realm as native ground,
Geif weirdis faill nacht, quhairever this chair is
found.

Or to give it (lest we too much weary the reader) in a more modern form—

Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this stone
The Scottish race shall reign.

Fergus, son of Ferchard, first king of the Scots in Scotland, crossed over into that country, taking with him, as a sort of palladium, the stone of mystery, and there he reigned in state and splendour for many years. As the reader is, perhaps, getting a little mixed as to his dates, we may inform him that this transmigration of the Scots is said to have taken place about 371 B.C. The stone was deposited in the castle of Dunstaffnage, a very early residence of the Scottish kings, and here it lay for many centuries. In the year 834, however, "it was carried by Kenneth II. to Scone, in Perthshire, there to remain from thenceforth as a sacred token for the establishment of the Scottish kingdom in that country." From this time

the fatal stone begins to have a real existence. It emerges from the myths and mists of its early history, and stands forth a real and palpable shape. It was, no doubt, much then as it is now, "of a dull reddish or purplish sandstone, with a few small imbedded pebbles, one of which is of quartz, and two others of a dark material, which may be Lydian stone. The rock is calcareous, and is of the kind that masons would call freestone."

As we have thus discussed at some length the fabulous history of the stone, it is, we think, only fair to the reader to give him the perhaps too sceptical opinion of Mr. Skene, in his interesting little pamphlet, "The Coronation Stone":—"The conclusion I have come to is that there was no connection between the stone at Scone and the *Lia Fail* at Tara, and that the legends of their wanderings, like those of the tribes with which they are associated, are nothing but myth and fable. It was the custom of Celtic tribes to inaugurate their kings upon a sacred stone supposed to symbolise the monarchy. The Irish kings were inaugurated on the *Lia Fail*, which never was anywhere but at Tara, the *sedes principalis* of Ireland, and the kings of Scotland first of the Pictish monarchy, and afterwards of the Scottish kingdom, were inaugurated on this stone, which never was anywhere but at Scone, the *sedes principalis* both of the Pictish and of the Scottish kingdoms."

Still, after every deduction has been made, there is no doubt that the stone is one of the most interesting relics of the past in existence. On it a long line of Scotch and English kings have been crowned, and it was long regarded as peculiarly inseparable from the Scottish monarchy. It was, indeed, to evade the prophecy which said that a Scot should rule where it was, that Edward took it away from Scone, and placed it in Westminster Abbey. It was the visible sign of the monarchy of Scotland, and

when it was removed, that seemed removed with it. When Scotland again became free, King Robert the Bruce, when concluding a treaty of peace with Edward III., on the basis of the respective independence of the two peoples, stipulated for the restoration of the stone, but the Londoners rose in a mob, and prevented its removal. Bruce was, without much difficulty, induced to forego the condition. That great king was by no means exempt from the superstitious beliefs of his age, and he, perhaps, thought of the prophecy, and may have indulged in dreams of a mighty future, if not for himself, at least for his descendants. Whether this be so or no, the stone, at any rate, remained at Westminster, and the prophecy was believed to be fulfilled when James VI., a purely Scottish prince, ascended the English throne.

Of the ancient style of coronation at Scone we have a tolerably complete account given us in the case of Alexander III. by the old chronicler, Fordun. This was on the 13th July, 1249. The little king was only eight years old, and many of the nobles present objected to his coronation that day, since he was not a knight; but "Lord Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteith, a man eminent and prudent in council, replied, saying that he had himself seen a king consecrated who was yet not a knight, and had often heard of kings who were not knights being consecrated, and added, saying that a country without a king was, without doubt, like a ship in the midst of the billows without a rower or steersman. He had also always loved the late king of pious memory, and this king on account of his father. He proposed, therefore, to elevate this boy as speedily as possible to the throne, as it was always hurtful to arrangements already made to defer them. On his advice, the bishop and the abbots, as well as the nobles and the whole clergy and people, gave their consent and assent with one voice to his

being made king." Then, we are told, they led the boy, surrounded by the great nobles and dignified clergy, to the *cimiterium* or churchyard. This was under the canopy of heaven. Behind was the "Mount of Belief," covered with a crowd of people, gazing at the solemn scene. The nobles made a ring round the chief actors at the coronation. The boy was placed on the wondrous stone of destiny, which was not bare as we now see it, but covered with cloth of gold, and then there came forward an old Highland *sennachy*, and bending reverently before him, saluted the King in his mother tongue, in these Scottish words:—"Benach de Re Alban Alexander, Mac Alexander, Mac William, Mac Henri, Mac David," up to the end, that is, up to Gathelus, whose intimacy with Moses we have already referred to.

The Mount of Belief here referred to was Moot Hill, or vulgarly Boot Hill, or *Omnis Terra*, or No Man's Land, of whose origin the following extraordinary account is given. It is said that when the barons came to be present at a king's coronation, they each stood in boots half filled with the earth which each one had brought from his own native soil respectively, and that thus standing on their *own land*, they were enabled to assist at the coronation of the king. When this business was settled, they emptied their boots at one place, and this in process of time grew to the height of a hill. Perhaps the most charming thing about this exceedingly unsophisticated tale is the notion it conveys of the great antiquity of the Scottish monarchy. What a long line of kings must have been crowned before their boot-emptyings could have made a hill! Of course, the truth is this, that the name of Moot Hill was corrupted into Boot Hill, and that then this story was invented to account for the name. Moot Hill means the place of meetings, and here the Scottish kings were wont to hold councils. Here, too, in 906, the

Culdee church held a council, and Constantine III., with Kelloch, the Bishop, and the Scots, vowed solemnly to observe the laws and discipline of faith, the rights of the churches, and the Gospel.

Scone is now an insignificant village, with none of its former glories about it. The only building of any note is the palace, which an enthusiastic admirer thus describes:—"The present palace was reared on the site of the old one in 1803-1808, by William, third Earl of Mansfield, at an expense of from

£70,000 to £80,000. It does not fall within our scope to describe its architecture; its furniture; its paintings; its sculpture; its busts and vases; its situation; its park, extending to upwards of 1,000 acres, and lawn, and wood, and gardens.[†] These, indeed, baffle description, so uniquely superb are they all; they must be seen to be duly appreciated." And so the reader, if he has not the opportunity of seeing them, must just rest contented with the imagining.

THE TROSACHS.

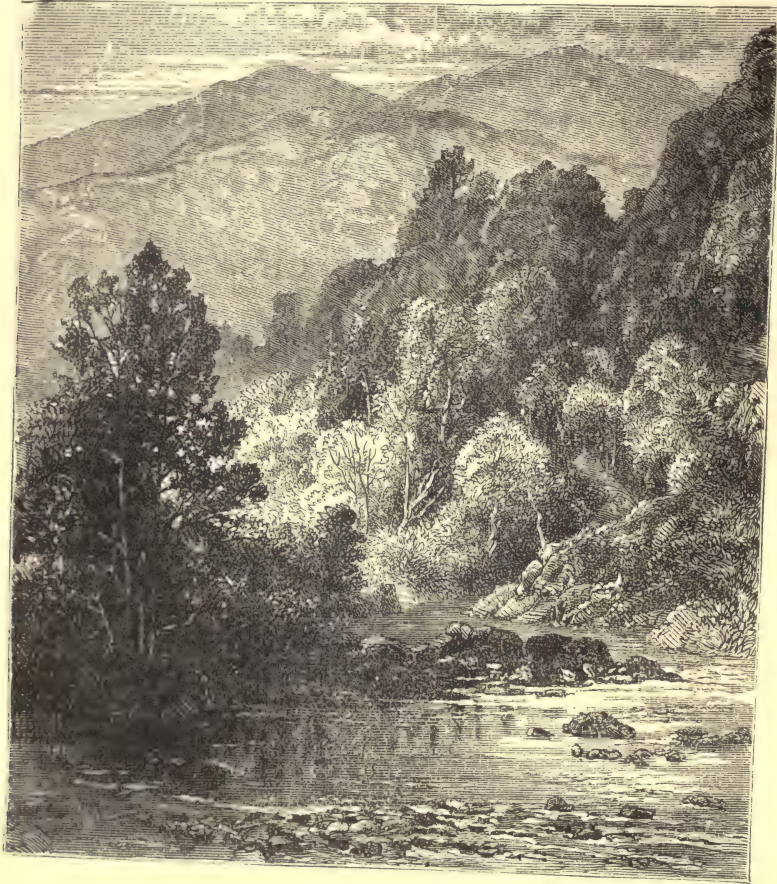


IF you travel in Scotland at all, you must visit the Trosachs, that is, if you have any sense of the fitness of things, and the reason is that not only is it a region exquisitely beautiful in itself, not only is it hallowed by the genius of Scott, but it is a sort of epitome or abridgment of Scottish scenery in general. Bits of it are like the quietest parts of the Lowlands, and other bits are like the wildest parts of the Highlands, and you have various kinds of scenery in between—all varieties, in fact. The Trosachs in one respect are like the law courts, which are said to have a tendency gradually to extend their jurisdiction. The name means a bristled region, and is well applied to a "wilder-ing scene of mountains, rocks, and wood, thrown together in disorderly groups." Properly it should only be applied to the centre bit about Loch Katrine, "but the authority of custom sanctions the application of that name

to the whole of the surrounding district, from the village of Callander on the East to Loch Lomond on the West, and from the Northern plains of Stirlingshire to the braes of Balquidder in Perthshire. The entire district is, in round numbers, from twenty to twenty-six miles in diameter." As we purpose making a short excursion through this famous region, we shall take our departure from Callander—a village which Glasgow merchants and Cockney tourists have descended on as Jupiter to Danae, in a shower of gold, with results eminently satisfactory to the "men o' Callander and Airlie." Here you have all the comforts and most of the superfluities of civilisation, and at the same time are placed in a position for enjoying all the advantages of the position. No wonder this love for mountain scenery is a modern development. Long ago hills were associated with the hard physical toil required to get over them, with discomforts of all sorts, even with danger; but now their memories are of romantic stories and wide-spreading views, of holidays and health; of ease and joy in short, instead of trouble and

pain. No wonder people get fonder of them every year, and abuse (somewhat unreasonably, though) their forefathers for considering a well-rolled bowling-green as the *beau ideal* of all scenery. But we have enjoyed the prospect from Bracklin Bridge, and have left Callander behind us, and are speeding along towards

Lanrick Mead, at the mouth of a small rivulet, which falls into the loch, is also mentioned here. It was the place appointed for the meeting of the Clan Alpine. A little further on we pass the scattered hamlet of Duncraggan. Then over Finglass Water by the Brig o' Turk. Nor do we stop to turn up Glen Finlass,



IN THE TROSACHS.

Loch Katrine. We follow the river Teith, and a little before we come to Loch Vennacher (or Lake of the Fair Valley) we pass Coilantagle, noticed in the "Lady of the Lake."

I pledged my word
As far as Coilantagle ford,
says Rhoderick Dhu to Fitz-James.

though we remember Scott's famous ballad upon it. The deer may rest undisturbed for us. Our way is along the shore of Loch Achray, and its peaceful and quiet beauty may well prepare us for the wilder grandeur that lies beyond. For we are now in the very centre of the Trosachs. It is very difficult indeed

to give an idea of this wondrous territory to those who have not seen it. There is a certain picturesque disorder and unmethodical grandeur about it, which fascinates whilst it perplexes the eye. The winding road discloses at each turn rock heaped on rock, in almost every conceivable shape, whilst over all Nature has spread a mantle of vivid green, for our ideal tour is taking place at the most charming season of the year. Flowers are at our feet, and we see them peeping out of every crevice, whilst clumps of birch and ash and oak are perched on every height, and spring out of every ravine, winding in many a quaint contortion in between the rocks. Far above, the dark pine crowns the heights, from which many a mountain torrent pours down its impetuous stream. Rising right and left from out the meaner hills are seen above us the summits of Ben A'an and Ben Venue, guarding like sentinels the entrance to Loch Katrine, which at a turn of the road bursts full on our view, and there before us, in striking contrast to the savage grandeur of the heights, lie the placid waters of the lake, as, ruffled by a gentle breeze, they lap the edge of the silver strand; and now the sun sinks, but before "all the ways are dark," he throws a wilder glory on the heights, and changes the water into a sheet of burnished gold, and illumines, with many a varied play of light and shadow, Ellen's Isle, which lies straight before. But here let a better pen than ours take up the description in words that may be said to have become classical:—

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire,
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,

Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement.
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Doon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain,
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;

Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky
Highest of ail, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim:
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled :
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light ;
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A 'wilderling forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

But what would the beauty of Scottish scenery be without the brave deeds that have hallowed the wild spots, and the genius that has consecrated each crag and pinnacle? If you travel in the Trosachs you will see a rather rare process—a myth in the making. The guide will point out to you the exact spot where, the gallant steed of Fitz-James broke down, and the very place where Rhoderick Dhu fell in the fatal combat. Now, we do not mean to say that some well-informed guide may not know that, as a fact, the whole train of incidents thus narrated is mythical, but it is quite certain that only a few do so. Just let us suppose, then, that Sir Walter Scott, who had so much of the Homeric spirit, had been, like Homer, a blind beggar, unable to write, and that his songs had been handed down for a few centuries by word of mouth. Would it not have attained at least as much authenticity as the tale of Troy divine? But we have said enough on such a dry subject, especially in connection with such a place, and the reader will think that we are like those men of science (may we not add, falsely so called?)

who are never satisfied till they have analysed the bloom of the peach and the tints of the rose into their component parts—or, perhaps, like those ill-conditioned children who “vivisect their last new doll” with the insane desire to see “what’s inside!”

As we are resting on Ellen’s Isle, and in the bower thereon (of which, remarks the guide-book, not a vestige remains—but then, you see, it is reconstructed for our own special benefit), we shall take the opportunity of noticing one or two points in the scenery of the Trosachs. Ben Ledi (we have already mentioned the name) means the Hill of God—for here, in ante-Christian times, the people of the neighbourhood used to worship the sun. The top, from its present appearance, must have been artificially levelled to afford greater standing room for the multitude who, in a far-off past, performed the strange rites of a forgotten worship. But we can hardly say quite forgotten, for in the “Statistical Account of Scotland” we find the following, which, as it seems very curious, we quote—the custom, we may remark, is talked of as fast wearing out:—“Upon the first day of May, which is called Beltan or Bal-tein day, all the boys in a township or hamlet meet on the moors. They cut a table in the green sod of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet. Every one blindfold draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the

last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person who is to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they need to implore in rendering the year productive. There is little doubt that the devoted person was formerly killed, but now he is only obliged to leap three times through the flames, and this ends the festival. Again, on All Saints even they set up bonfires in every village. When the bonfire is consumed the ashes are carefully collected in the form of a circle. There is a stone put in near the circumference for every person, and whatever stone is moved out of its place or injured before next morning, the person represented is denoted a *fey*, and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day." But let us return to the island on which we are standing, and which is called, as we know, Ellen's Isle, and "hereby hangs a tale;" but first let us say a word as to the place itself. It is a craggy knoll, like the top of a partially submerged hill, and is so thickly covered with trees that when seen even from so near a distance as the "silver strand," it seems nothing but a mass of foliage lying on the surface of the water.

The Stranger viewed the shore around ;
 'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain maiden showed
 A clambering unsuspected road,
 That winded through the tangled screen,
 And opened on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round,
 With their long fibres swept the ground ;
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

The story of Ellen's Isle is this. A party of Cromwell's soldiers passed up through the Trosachs to the loch. The Highlanders had carried all their most valuable property to the little island, and there left it under the care of the women and children. There was a boat moored to the shore of the isle, and

one of the soldiers swam out for it in order that by it he and his companions might remove the plunder. The man was a good swimmer, his progress was rapid, and his comrades watched him with an easy interest. Now he has touched the shore, and will be in possession forthwith, when all at once bright steel flashes in the air, and the headless trunk of their comrade falls into the water, which is coloured with his life blood. None of his comrades were inclined to share his fate. After a few vain shots they drew off, and left the possessors of the island undisturbed. Helen Stewart was the name of the woman who thus saved the retreat, and the island was re-christened—if indeed it had a prior name—Helen's Isle, and from this Scott took, by a pardonable anachronism, the name of his heroine—though we could hardly imagine the gentle Ellen committing such a wild deed as cutting a man's head off.

Away up the hill-side on our right, as we stand looking in the direction of Callander, we can see a sort of opening, rugged and irregular, in the face of the mountain ; this is the far-famed Goblins' Cave, where the fairies were wont to hold high court, and high revels too, of moonlight nights. The "good people" must have had (we use the past tense, for we suppose that they are long since gone from this prosaic to-day world of ours) a fine taste in scenery. What could be finer than the view from the cave, when the moon is shining down into the loch, leaving one half in deep shade, and touching up the rest into burnished silver, all the brighter by the contrast, whilst the night-wind sung in the pine-trees an eerie strain, to accompany the mystic dance. Here the fair Ellen was fain to seek protection from the too pressing attentions of Rhoderick Dhu, as we are told by Sir Walter Scott in the following lines, which also contain such a graphic description of the cave :—

By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
 Ifas Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung ;
 A softer name the Saxons gave,
 And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

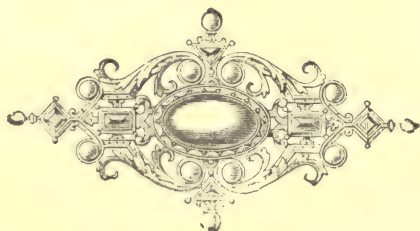
It was a wild and strange retreat,
 As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet ;
 The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
 Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast ;
 Its trench had staid full many a rock,
 Hurl'd by primæval earthquake shock
 From Benvenue's grey summit wild,
 And here, in random ruin piled.
 They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
 And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
 The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
 At noontide there a twilight made,
 Unless when short and sudden shone
 Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
 With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
 Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
 No murmur waked the solemn still,
 Save tinkling of a fountain rill :
 But when the wind chafed with the lake,
 A sullen sound would upward break,
 With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
 The incessant war of wave and rock.
 Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway.
 Seemed nodding o'er the cavern grey.
 From such a den the wolf had sprung,
 In such the wild-cat leaves her young ;
 Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
 Sought for a space their safety there.
 Grey Superstition's whisper dread
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread :
 For there, she said, did fays resort,
 And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

Just above this is the Pass of Bealach-
 nam-bo, "a beautiful glade overhung
 with birch-trees and rich in ferns, by

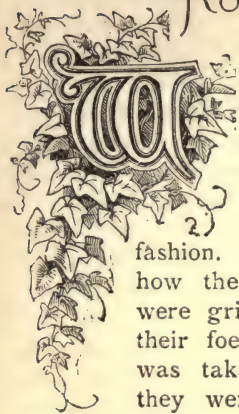
which the cattle taken in forays were
 conveyed within the protection of the
 Trosachs."

But to ship! to ship! Let us bid
 farewell to the Trosachs and to Ellen's
 Isle, if farewell be possible indeed, for
 such scenes, though long faded from the
 eye, linger in the memory. As some ran-
 dom thought gives them back to us for
 a moment, how they seem to rise in
 vivid brightness across the hideous
 ugliness of the Glasgow or London
 streets! We forget for a little the busy
 hum and rush of the human current
 around us, and hear only the dash of
 the waterfall, "and the whisper of the
 wind among the old pine branches," so
 that we hardly distinguish for a moment
 the real and the unreal. And what is
 fitter to recall the vanished beauty of
 the Trosachs than this tender sonnet of
 one of the truest of the poets on Nature?—

There's not a nook within this solemn pass
 But were an apt confessional for one
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
 That life is but a tale of morning grass,
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes,
 Feed it mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than
 grass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy
 quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest !



ROB ROY AND THE CLAN MACGREGOR.



HERE we to write the history of the Clan Macgregor after the classic manner, we should do it in somewhat of this fashion. We should relate how the Clan Macgregor were grievously pursued by their foes; how their land was taken from them, and they were threatened with absolute extinction; how, in this desperate strait, they sent messengers to the oracle, with many gifts of Lowland cattle which they had "lifted" for the special purpose, and that Pythia, being duly invoked, was graciously pleased to respond that "Macgregor, despite them, should flourish for ever." Years passed; the clan was utterly "broke," and so was Pythia's reputation, when a famous poet and teller of tales arose, and so wrote about the clan that it revived in more than its former splendour. Is it not true that Macgregor shall flourish for ever in the pages of Scott? The Wizard of the North was particularly fond of Loch Katrine, for whilst one part has all the memories of the Lady of the Lake, the other end is full of reminiscences of Rob Roy. The little islands at the west end were once possessed by the Macgregors. To the north is Glengyle, the very centre of their country. Further north of this is Balquidder, where is Rob Roy's grave, whilst in Loch Lomond is his prison and cave. Now, as it is our intention to conduct the reader next to that queen of Scottish lochs—there are only five miles between it and Loch Katrine—we think it best to take Rob *in transitu*, so to speak, and first, then, of the Clan Macgregor. This clan is of fairly ancient

lineage, if we are to believe its chroniclers, who trace it up to "Gregor, or Gregorious, third son of Alpin, King of Scots, who flourished about 787." At one time it was very powerful, and the clansmen had large possessions, which they held *coir a glaive*—by the right of the sword! But even in the Highlands the time came when it became the fashion to have title-deeds. According to the theory of the feudal system, all the land belonged to the king, by whom it was, under certain conditions, gifted out. This was utterly repugnant to Celtic notions, but Celtic notions were *not*, in the long run, to prevail in Scotland. The neighbours of the Macgregors were the Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane. Their influence at court was very great, and they easily obtained grants of the lands of the Macgregors. They proceeded bit by bit to take possession. The clansmen vehemently resisted. This was represented at court as resistance to law, and so the whole force of the executive was turned to crush them. With that ferocious brevity and directness which render the Acts of the old Scottish Parliaments and Privy Council so great a contrast to the complexity and verbiage of modern legal documents, it was enacted of the "wicked clan Gregor, so long continuing in blood, slaughter, theft, and robbery," that commission should be granted to their foes "to pursue them with fire and sword," whilst the "lieges were discharged from receiving or assisting them, or affording them, under any colour whatever, meat, drink, or clothes."

And now began a sort of savage civil war, in which the law was cruelly outraged, and then brutally avenged. To tell all the feuds between them and their opponents would be impossible, but the

feud which was the cause of their final extinction may be noticed briefly. Colquhoun, the laird of Luss, had executed two of the Macgregors for "lifting" a sheep. Immediately a force of three or four hundred men was assembled, and marched on Colquhoun, who collected all his forces to meet them. The battle took place in Glenfruin—"the Vale of Sorrow"—and the Macgregors were encouraged by a seer who saw in a trance the death shroud wound round the bodies of the leaders of the other party. The prediction proved successful, for the Macgregors were completely victorious. One event of strange ferocity marked the victory. A party of youths, "candidates for clerical orders," appeared in some inexplicable and mysterious way on the field of battle. They were only present, we are told, as spectators, but, nevertheless, were made prisoners by the Macgregors, and handed over to the custody of one Dugald Ciar Mhor, or the great Mouse-coloured Man, the foster-brother of the Macgregor-in-chief. This individual, if he resembled a mouse in colour, certainly did not in disposition, for he made short work of his unfortunate charges, and when interrogated as to what had become of them, he replied, as he showed his bloody dirk, "Ask that, and God save me"—this last phrase having been used by his unfortunate victims in the agonies of death. This individual was the ancestor of Rob Roy, but it is only fair to him to mention that, according to some accounts, he died some years before the date of the battle. And now the full vengeance of the law was anew decreed on the unfortunate Macgregors. The name was abolished, and those who had been called by it were ordered instantly to choose some other; they were forbidden to carry anything like a weapon, save a pointless knife to assist them at meals; they were forbidden to assemble in greater numbers than four, and the same provisions were afterwards applied to

the children, for, notwithstanding all that had been done, these were said to be so numerous that their numbers threatened to make the clan more powerful than ever. The persecution thus commenced was carried out with intensest zeal by the Earls of Argyle and Athole. At last Alaster Macgregor, chief of the clan, surrendered to Argyle on the promise that he should be sent out of Scotland. He was made the victim of a strange and cruel trick. The escort took him and the other prisoners a little way over the border, and then immediately marched them back to Edinburgh, where the whole lot were tried, found guilty, and hanged the same day. We are told that, "for distinction's sake, he was suspended higher by his own height than two of his kindred and friends." He was thus, "by merit, raised to this bad eminence," probably not with the intention of soothing his feelings, but to add additional insult to his last moments. And yet it seemed impossible to crush this people. Under Charles I., in 1633, there is an Act of Parliament setting forth "that the clan Gregor, which had been suppressed and reduced to quietness (a fine illustration of the line 'To make a wilderness and call it peace') by the great care of the late King James, of eternal memory, had, nevertheless, broken out again in the counties of Perth, Stirling, Clackmannan, Monteith, Lennox, Angus, and the Mearns;" and then a new commission is granted for the further crushing "of that wicked and rebellious race."

During the civil war the Macgregors proved loyal adherents of the Stewarts. Their admirers have cited this as a touching instance of their fidelity "to the Crown of Scotland, which their ancestors once wore." Others, however, have thought that the opportunity of unlimited and legalised forays on the Lowlands had something to do with this. However this may be, King Charles did not prove ungrateful, and in the first

Scottish parliament after the Restoration the attainer was reversed, though it was reimposed after the Revolution, and not finally removed till after the Union.

We now come to the individual who (thanks to the genius of Scott) has made the name illustrious. According to Sir Walter, he was born about the middle of the 17th century, and had some sort of right over Craig Royston, a domain of rock and forest lying on the east side of Loch Lomond, where that beautiful lake stretches into the dusky mountains of Glenfalloch. At one time he was fairly prosperous. He carried on a perfectly legitimate trade in cattle, and had powerful friends and patrons, chief of whom was no less a person than the Duke of Montrose. From some cause or other he got into difficulties, and was charged with absconding with as much as £1,000 sterling, which had been intrusted to him for the purchase of cattle. Montrose was exceedingly wrath at what he considered a breach of trust, and at what he afterwards called "the insolence of that very notorious rogue, Rob Roy." The Macgregors were evicted from their dwelling, and Rob Roy's wife is said to have been brutally insulted. He avenged this by carrying on a system of regular warfare against the duke, and, indeed, against the Lowlanders in general, or as many of them as refused to pay "black mail" to him. "The country," says Sir Walter Scott, in words which are well worthy of quotation for the excellent picture they give of the Highlands, "in which this private warfare, or system of depredation, was to be carried on, was, until opened up by roads, in the highest degree favourable for his purpose. It was broken up into narrow valleys, the habitable part of which bore no proportion to the huge wilderness of forest, rocks, and precipices by which they were encircled, and which was, moreover, full of inextricable passes, morasses, and natural strengths, unknown to any but

the inhabitants themselves, where a few men, acquainted with the ground, were capable, with ordinary address, of baffling the pursuit of numbers." From these fastnesses, then, Rob Roy was wont to issue forth on his predatory excursions, and for years he was so successful in them that his name became a terror to the adjacent Lowlands.

It is not at all to be supposed that Rob Roy was a mere vulgar robber. He was kind and generous to the poor, and believed himself to be justified in the revenge which he took on the rich. Then, though brave himself, and daring, he was by no means of a cruel or sanguinary disposition. Nor was he without a certain grace and dignity of manner which impressed those who came in contact with him. Personally, he is described as being very strong, with very broad shoulders, and very long arms. Wordsworth's description of him must be accepted as a fair if somewhat flattering portrait.

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
And wondrous length and strength of arm;
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave:
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave:
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves;
They stir us up against our kind:
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last: they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson which is quickly learn'd,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is check'd;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires:
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow;
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For polity was then too strong;
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough?

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,
Would all have seem'd but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never linger'd here,
To these few meagre vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the times,
How fairly to his mind.

And to his sword he would have said,
"Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth
Judge thou of law and fact!

'Tis fit that we should do our part;
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpass'd
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough;
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And if the world had been fulfill'd,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present boast,
And we our brave Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not:
I would not wrong thee, champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast of—thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirr'd thyself,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand!
And all the oppress'd who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

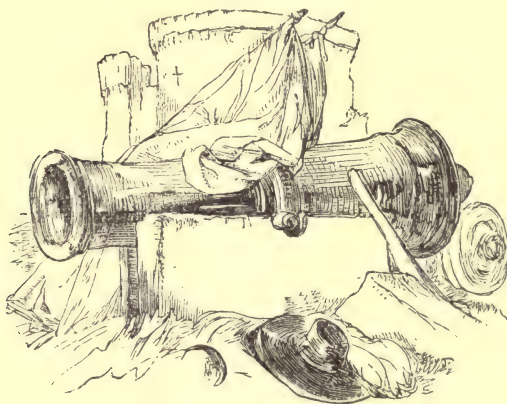
Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd,
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

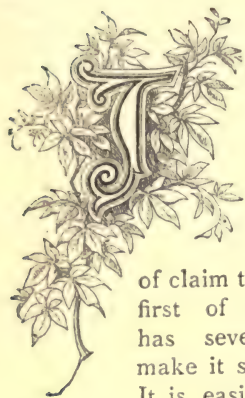
Balquidder, besides being celebrated for its braes (which, like "The Bush Aboon Traquair," and "The Birks of Aberfeldy," and "The Haughs of Yarrow," make no small figure in Scottish literature), is also the burial-place of Rob Roy. A more elaborate monument near it was erected to the memory of one of his sons, who died before him. The stone over Rob Roy's grave is a very old one, much older, indeed, than the period which that famous individual graced or dis-graced. It is covered all over with fanciful devices, the real meaning of which can only be conjectured. His

wife, Helen Macgregor, is said to be buried near him, and another stone, also of very great antiquity, is pointed out as her monument. Popular legends have a great tendency to get mixed with one another. And it may be that because the stones were old and curious, and Rob Roy was remarkable, that the two got connected. By the side of Loch Lomond is Rob's cave, where he is said occasionally to have put up. In 1306, Robert the Bruce, when his fortunes were at a very low ebb, also took refuge here. Before taking leave of Rob Roy we may just mention the Clachan of Aberfoil, where, according to Scott, young Osbaldistone received the note from the outlaw which justified the officer in detaining him; where the inimitable Bailie Nicol Jarvie defended himself so ably with the poker; and from whence the expedition proceeded on the way to Loch Lomond. We may quote the few words in which Scott describes the village. After remarking on the beauty of the scenery, he says: "Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene

where all the ordinary features of nature were varied and exalted. The miserable little *bourachs*, as the Bailie termed them, of which about a dozen formed the village called the Clachan of Aberfoil, were composed of loose stones, cemented by clay instead of mortar, and thatched by turfs, laid rudely upon rafters formed of native and unknown birches and oaks from the woods around. The roofs approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairservice observed, we might have ridden over the village the night before, and never found out we were near it, unless our horses' feet had 'gone through the riggin.'" Well, all this is very much changed now, and we must give Rob Roy a little of the credit due for the improvement. In poetry and romance his figure appears moving over the hills, and giving an additional charm to many a fair spot. As each Highland tout, or guide, or innkeeper plunders the Sassenach with a zeal and industry which Rob himself never surpassed, we may imagine him invoking thy hallowed memory, Rob Roy Macgregor, O!



LOCH LOMOND.



N what we have said about Rob Roy, we have had occasion now and again to touch on Loch Lomond, which has a sort of claim to be considered the first of Scottish lakes. It has several points which make it specially prominent.

It is easily accessible from both Edinburgh and Glasgow, and this has specially directed attention to it; it is bound up with some famous events in history and romance, and then it is itself of great and varied beauty. It presents several striking gradations. The north end is narrow, and lies under the gloomy shadow of sombre hills; the south end is broad and open, and lined by a rich and fertile tract of country. It is diversified by a great profusion of islands of all sizes and shapes and appearances. Some, like Inchtavannach, are densely wooded; others, like Inchlonaig, are bare of trees. Inchnurrin is guarded by the ruins of an old castle; Inchailloch is consecrated by the remains of a deserted church. The traveller moves on throughout the whole twenty-three miles of its extent through many a varied scene of hill and glen, and forest and stream, but all is alike beautiful. Let us briefly touch on one or two of the points of interest connected with the Loch. There is Balloch, over whose braes the love-sick "Johnnie" wandered at some time or other, in hopeless love with that "fair and false and fickle" quean, Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, during which wandering he got "cheated," as he frankly if somewhat vaguely informs us. Poor Johnnie, there is a certain fidelity

about thy love which is not without nobility.

Her face sae fair, her ee'n so clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie,
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.

Some musty antiquaries have taken this lady in hand, and but too conclusively proved that if fair as Helen of Troy, she likewise resembled that famous dame in certain other less admirable particulars. "Tibbie" (such was her name) was by no means constant in her fidelity to Roy, but on one occasion deserted him for another lover. Roy, however, though an old man, was not to be so easily "cheated" as the lackadaisical Johnnie, for he pursued the fugitives, and came up with them on the Braes of Balloch, which, for some unexplained reason, appears to have been a favourite haunt of Mrs. Roy, and brought back his faithless spouse to the seclusion of Aldivalloch. We must confess that there are many Ballochs in Scotland; but as this is the most famous, it is only poetic justice that we should assign to it the honours of the song.

The hill of Fingal, not far from Luss, puts us in mind of a more pretentious poem. This was a hunting seat of that very famous, if somewhat shadowy hero. This is not the place to discuss the questions which were raised on the publication of "Fingal: An Ancient Epic Poem in Six Books, together with several other Poems, composed by Ossian, the Son of Fingal. Translated from the Gaelic language by James Macpherson." The truth probably is, that Macpherson, basing upon some Highland songs, built up a superstructure of which something was real and a good deal fabricated.

After all, it is vain to deny that Macpherson was a person of no small literary ability. Dr. Johnson, it is true, would have none of him, but then Dr. Johnson was by no means infallible—witness his criticism on Lycides, for instance—and we must remember that men like Napoleon, and what is much more to the point, Goethe, saw much to admire in these songs. Alexander Smith has said of them that though they seem overstrained when read in the city, yet amidst the Highland Hills they seem to harmonise with the surrounding scenery with admirable fitness. “In Ossian the skies are cloudy, there is a tumult of waves on the shore, the wind sings in the pine. The truth of local colouring is a strong argument in proof of authenticity. It is my belief that these misty, fantasmal, Ossianic fragments, with their car-borne heroes, that come and go like clouds on the wind, their frequent apparitions, the ‘stars dim twinkling through their forms,’ their naïdes fair and pale as lunar rainbows, are, in their own literary place, worthy of every recognition. If you think these poems exaggerated, go out at Sligachan, and see what wild work the pencil of moonlight makes on a mass of shifting vapour. Does *that* seem nature, or a madman’s dream? Look at the billowy clouds rolling off the brow of Blavin, all golden and on fire with the rising sun.”* Of Fingal himself we shall only say that, according to the story, “The King of Lochlen, the head of the great Northern sea-rovers, is invading Erin, and Fingal, the leader of the Kelts of Scotland, leads his warriors to the rescue of the kindred Kelts.” Fingal is a good deal more shadowy than Arthur, and that is saying a good deal. Still, there is some poetry in the book, and some phrases of it may well

* Smith’s “Summer in Skye.” (All the ascertainable truth about Ossian will be found judiciously stated in the 5th Chapter of the first volume of Burton’s History.)

accompany us in our journey over hill and dale.

Another literary memory of a much more tangible character, though infinitely less pretentious, is connected with Inversnaid, on the other side of the Loch. Here Wordsworth saw that Highland girl who (strange fate!) lives, unknown to herself, immortal in his verse, in one eternal moment of her existence. She is the Lady of this Lake, and here is part of the song in her praise:—

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;
And these gray rocks : this household lawn ;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay, a quiet road,
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth, together ye do seem
Like something fashion’d in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
Yet dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart !
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears,
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scatter’d like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost need
The embarrass’d look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear’st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer,
A face with gladness overspread !
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays :
With no restraint but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech ;
A bondage sweetly brook’d, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold,
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
 And thee, the spirit of them all !

Near Luss there is a station called Stonehill, and from here, what is generally considered the finest view of the Loch is obtained. The full breadth of the noble sheet of water is before us ; we can see the whole of the islands of different shapes and sizes and geological formation and appearance. Far on the south the horizon is bounded by hills, soft and dim in the distance. Turning a little, we see the Leven threading the landscape like a streak of silver, and can plainly discern the bold outline of the Rock of Dumbarton. On the north, hills rise over hills in serried masses, between which the Loch narrows and gradually disappears, whilst Ben Lomond on the east bank towers gigantic before us. Here we understand how not merely from its great beauty, but from the great variety of that beauty, this fair lake deserves the fame it enjoys.

All this fine view, and a great deal more, is to be got by going to the top of Ben Lomond, but then it is not so striking from that height. By this we mean that the particular point of view is not so striking as regards the Loch, though in itself it is one of the most remarkable of the Highland views. The outlook over the Lowlands is specially fine. On either side we see the Firths of Clyde and Forth. The counties of Lanark, Renfrew, and Ayr on the one hand, and Stirling and the Lothians on the other, are spread out like a map before us.

To enjoy all this it is necessary that you should first climb the hill. The best way is to start from Rowardennan towards the east of Loch Lomond. From thence you will take about three hours in which to do the six miles. There are three stages on the way to the top, and this has almost

the effect of one hill rising out of another. A sort of turf monument is built on the summit, so that the tourist may be actually certain when the highest point is reached—a fact about which, it is supposed, he may have some doubt, as on the way up he has not improbably been led off the path to scale some false summits, whilst he finds, on ascending them, the real Ben Lomond rising far above him. One very remarkable feature of this mountain is the precipice of at least 2,000 feet (the hill itself is 3,192 feet high). There are breaks at nearly regular intervals in it, and as we look along, it almost seems as if the mountain was upheld by a succession of gigantic pillars. The view into the great abyss beneath is strange and startling enough, but the imagination will perhaps find it still more striking if, as often happens, the deep glen is filled with mist, and the spectator looks down into a writhing and curling sea, which opens unexpectedly now and again into deep abysses—whilst, to render the contrast more striking, it may well be that at the same time the sky above his head is one mass of unclouded blue, and the sun has long since cleared away the mist from the landscape—though he leaves it its sullen retreat in the deep opening. Here, too, great masses of snow linger on into the year, when everywhere else the signs of winter have vanished.

But we must return to the Loch, of which we have yet one or two words to say. Not far from Tarbet, but on the other side, is a rock to which Rob Roy used to tether his prisoners. A rope was securely fastened round their bodies ; the free end was attached—not quite so securely—to a projecting piece of the rock ; the captives were then swung over, and as they hung airily suspended, they were invited to discuss the conditions of ransom. We doubt if this was Rob's regular practice, however. Perhaps on the rare occasions on which

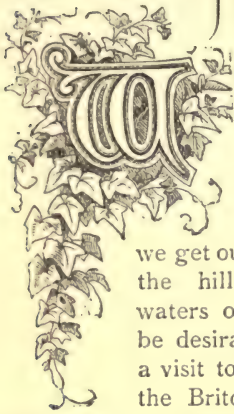
he resorted to it, it might only be to enable his visitors to see the "three standing wonders of the Loch," which are described to be "a floating island, fish without fins—or water serpents, as they are sometimes termed—and waves without wind." These wonders are not to be found in our prosaic age; we must content ourselves with memories and traditions, or perhaps poetry and imagination.

Methinks I trace, in outline drear,
Old Fingal with his shadowy spear,
His gray locks streaming to the gale,
And followed by his squadrons pale.
Yes, slender aid from Fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
'Mid glen and thicket dark, to scan
The wild Macgregor's savage clan.
Emerging, at their chieftain's call,
To foray or to festival;
While nodding plumes and tartans bright
Gleam wildly o'er each glancing height.



VIEW ON THE SEA-COAST, NEAR TROON.

THE CASTLE ROCK OF DUMBARTON.



WE have been led to some little extent out of our way by our wanderings about Loch Lomond; but before we get ourselves back among the hills and glens and waters of Perthshire, it will be desirable for us to make a visit to the hill or fort of the Britons, that is to say, Dumbarton, otherwise Alclud, the Balaclutha of Ossian, who in the following sounding words narrates a voyage to it. "I came," replied the great Classamor, "in my bounding ship to Balaclutha's wall of towers. The wind had roared behind my sails, and Clutha's streams received my dark-bosomed vessel." Dumbarton lies at the spot where the Leven joins the Clyde. Between it and that river rises the huge Rock of Dumbarton, and on this the famous castle is built. Round this castle, in early times, gathered the few huts and the religious foundations which formed the town. The rock is about a mile round at the base, and 206 feet high. At the top there is a division of the summit into two peaks. This rock and Loch Lomond are really the only objects of much interest about Dumbarton, and as we have already noticed the one, we shall now confine our attention entirely to the other. "The fortress," says an authority, "is entered by a gate at the bottom, and within the ramparts which defend the entrance, is the guard-house and lodgings for the officers; from hence the ascent is by some flights of steps to the part where the rock divides. Here is a strong battery, barracks for the garrison, and a reservoir always filled with water. Above these, on the

lower summit, are several batteries, which command a most extensive range, especially up and down the Clyde. Its defences are kept in constant repair, and it is garrisoned by a limited body of soldiers and functionaries." This, we may remark, is in accordance with one of the provisions of the treaty of union, though we should imagine Dumbarton Castle would not be of much use against some of our monstrous modern guns. "Some parts of the rock are magnetic, and from the crevices there grow a profusion of wild plants, among which appropriately predominates the Scottish thistle, now an exceedingly rare plant in its natural state." Dumbarton was one of the first places ever fortified in Scotland, and hence it has a history of its own of great length and some note. This cannot be said of the buildings, however, nearly all of which are of comparatively recent erection. On one of the older gateways there are two heads carved—those of Wallace, and Menteith, his betrayer. The latter is represented as biting his thumb, or perhaps with his finger in his cheek. This is said to be the sign which he gave in order that the hero might be seized. Another representation is that he is gnawing his cheek in remorse—but there are some objections to both. The story of Wallace's capture is by no means a clear one, though the fact of course is certain enough. "At length," says Scott, "he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at unawares, was,

when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed on the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him, that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland."

Burton, however, tells us:—"Wallace was found in Glasgow. The chief person concerned in his capture—the leader, as it would appear, of the party told off for that duty—was Alexander de Menteith. Of certain rewards given to the captors he had the largest share. As his name was afterwards a common one in Scotland, it became part of the romance of Wallace's career that he was betrayed by a fellow countryman and an old companion in arms; but Menteith was in the service of Edward; he held the responsible post of Governor of Dumbarton Castle, and it seems likely that he only performed a duty—whether an agreeable one or not." As it, however, certainly was the belief in Scotland that Menteith was a traitor, which after all he was in some sort, it seems likely that the artist meant to represent remorse in a rude sort of fashion. It is worth while, as the name of Wallace again meets us, to say a word as to his fate. He was in due time taken to London, where an enormous crowd of citizens flocked to see the man who had so long defied their mighty king. With a coronet of laurel—placed in bitter derision on his head—he was tried as a rebel subject of King Edward, was, of course, as the reader knows, found guilty, and executed in the barbarous fashion reserved in that age for those who had been guilty of treason to their sovereign. This was no piece of purposeless cruelty, but part of a deep-laid policy. It was to convince the Scots that while those who submitted to Edward had everything to

expect from him as a generous lord and master, those who persisted in defying him had everything to dread from an offended sovereign. Thus his clemency was shown in a most remarkable manner to all the other rebels, this exception was alone made, that clemency might not be mistaken for weakness.

In the so-called "armory" at Dumbarton Castle there is a sword which was long believed to be the one worn by Sir William Wallace. Succeeding generations of sightseers gazed with admiring awe on the huge weapon, and reflected on the great strength of the hero who used it to such purpose. It was, alas, reserved for some iconoclastic antiquarian of our own time to put an end to this venerable delusion. The sword was conclusively proved to belong to the time of Edward the Fourth, and hence it was quite impossible that Wallace could ever have had it in his possession.

Menteith turns up again in connection with Dumbarton Castle, and a trick which he tried to play on Robert the Bruce. Bruce had summoned the castle to surrender, and to this the governor consented, on conditions which were far too favourable, for the place well deserved the epithet of "impregnable," which Buchanan afterwards gave it. Bruce got a hint that treachery was intended, and indeed a number of English soldiers were hidden in the castle. It is said—though the trick seems childish enough—that Menteith received the king courteously, and showed him over the castle. One room he passed by without opening, but the Bruce insisted on seeing what it contained. Menteith attempted to induce the king to pass on, but was at last forced to throw open the gate, and a band of English soldiers was discovered, who, no doubt, both looked and felt remarkably "small" (to use an expressive vulgarism) on their unexpected discovery. They were quickly made

prisoners, and Bruce, with a touch of grim humour, had the room at once fitted up for Menteith's reception, though he was afterwards allowed to go free.

A still more remarkable capture of the castle was effected in 1571. It was held on behalf of Queen Mary, and when an assault on it was determined, the execution of it was entrusted to Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill, a relation of Lennox the Regent. There are many deeds of wild daring in Scottish history, but perhaps none more daring than this. To take the castle by open attack was impossible, with the means which the assailants could command, and it was determined to try a sudden and secret assault of a nature so venturous that each man of the attacking party carried his life in his hands. The party marched through the night, and, as arranged, reached the base of the rock about 1 A.M., just when the moon had set. They were guided by one who had served in the castle, and knew its approaches well. With courageous acuteness, the apparently most inaccessible part of the rock had been fixed upon for the enterprise, for here it was scarcely guarded at all, and the noise which the assailants must of necessity make would be unheard. Besides, if the summit at this point were once gained the whole castle was commanded. Everything was still. The night was dark and foggy, and after some time had been spent in preparation, it was computed that three hours were remaining to the party for their work. The men were all tied together, and they mounted one after the other, on a succession of ladders. Crawford and the guide headed the band. Some delay was occasioned by the breaking of the first ladder, but this was soon got over. Another strange difficulty occurred. One of the men was seized with a fit. He remained glued to the ladder, and could neither be moved up or down. With ready ingenuity, Crawford ordered him to be

tied to the rungs, and the ladder being turned round, all was again in order. As has often been found in such cases, the ladder turned out to be too short, and they were still some distance below the first resting place. But Crawford and the guide clambered up to it, and groping about, found a small tree deeply rooted in the crevices of the rock. To this the ropes were attached, and the whole party clambered up. The summit still rose high above them, but Crawford and the rest again climbed up, and now they were at the foot of the wall. They crouched down in the darkness, and listened eagerly to the far-off call of the sentinel. This part was, as they expected, quite unguarded. When the watchers were furthest off they climbed the parapet, and gained possession of the elevated position, and now at last they were observed, and the alarm given. The garrison rushed to arms, but already found their own guns turned against them, and the fortress hopelessly lost. Some escaped, some were taken prisoners. Of the attacking party none were hurt.

According to Burton, this daring act had a most important bearing on the war. It more than anything else decided the fate of the Queen's party, and "turned the balance" in favour of the English as against the French alliance. It is recorded that the French had liberally provisioned the fortress, and that the conquerors enjoyed a sumptuous repast after all their labours. All things seemed to have combined to put them in very good humour, for the prisoners were well treated, and the wife of the governor, whom her husband had left behind whilst effecting his escape, received the most courteous attention. There was, indeed, one exception. John Hamilton, last Archbishop of St. Andrew's, was among the prisoners. He was found in fighting gear, and well he might do all he could to defend himself, for to him there was no mercy. He

was a persecutor of the saints. He had taken part, it was thought, in the murder of Darnley and of the Regent Murray. He represented everything, in short, that the other side hated, and he had already been formally outlawed. So, consecrated dignitary of the church as he was, he was strung up with but brief ceremony at Stirling, on the 7th of April—his capture had only been effected on the 2nd.

His executioners exulted with savage joy over the cruel degradation inflicted on a nobleman and a prelate. They affixed to the gallows this bitter piece of pleasantry :—

*Cresce dui felix arbor, semperque vireto
Frondibus, ut nobis talia prima feras.*

Which we may thus roughly translate—

Green for ever be thy branches, strong thy growth,
O happy tree,
That such fruit thou long may'st give us, is our
earnest wish for thee.

The Castle of Dumbarton was destined yet once more to change hands, and be taken by stratagem. This was in 1639, when the Tables were acting, always with great outward show of reverence, against Charles I. The royal garrison, seemingly forgetting that men are commanded to watch as well as to pray, had gone in careless ease to church on Sunday, and they were seized on the way back, and the place, now left defenceless, easily captured

KILLIN, LOCH TAY, AND KENMORE, WITH SOME CLIMBING AND REFLECTING.

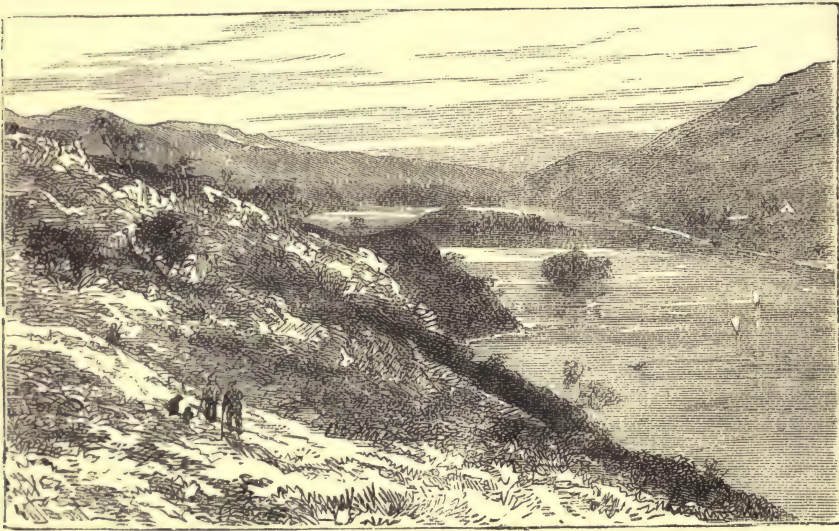


MIDST the many lochs of Perthshire, we confess to a decided partiality for Loch Tay. We admit that this is a little unreasonable ; but then likings do not go exactly by reason. Probably, it is that we once spent some specially pleasant days there, in a little funny-looking cottage that nestled close under Drummond Hill, and that our notions of the district are all tinged by this. Yet Loch Tay hardly needs associations to make it admired. Its beauty is quieter, indeed, than that of some of the other Highland lakes, but such beauty, if it sinks more slowly into the mind, is more likely to stay there. Often have we watched its waters as they reflected every hue of the dying day, and seen the evening star reflected from its bosom. And then, when the darkness

deepened, a walk along its shores in the summer night was something to be remembered. The mountain burns rushing from the hills sounded strangely loud in the silent night, the heather-scented breeze descended from the glens, and moaned in the tree-tops, whilst the constant lapping of the water on the stones at the edge, like a sort of lasting undertone, connected the various sounds of the night into one great harmony. No voice of living thing mixed with Nature's voices. The sheep were in the fold, the deer on Drummond Hill lay quiet, and every light was long out in the little village. Our footsteps were not audible on the soft white dust of the road that gleamed with almost spectral whiteness in the darkness. Everything was cool after the heat of the day. The very sounds spoke of rest and peace ; and though the roar of the crowded street seemed still to sound far away in the

distance, it but reminded us that we were free for a little from the humdrum cares and petty life of the city. True, indeed, something of this sort mingles with one's recollection of many a lake, but with ours it must always specially be with Loch Tay. But let us treat this noble sheet of water in some sort of a methodical fashion, and so let us begin at Killin, which, in Gaelic, means "the burial-place at the waterfall." We confess to being sometimes a little amazed at the amount of English words which apparently are needed to explain a single

half-mythical hero of Celtic Scotland sleeps somewhere "within the circuit of the hills." As the "King of the Hills" says, in words that, to our mind, have a touch of real pathos in them, and which seem prophetic of the fate of the race of which Fingal is the representative, "We shall pass away like a dream. No sound will be in the fields of our battles. Our tombs will be lost in the heath. The hunter shall not know the place of our rest. Our names may be heard in the song, but the strength of our arms will cease." That somewhat antiquated



LOCH DOCHART, KILLIN.

Gaelic one, and sometimes are even troubled with sceptical doubts as to whether the couple of syllables really mean so much. As we (with shame we confess it) are unfortunately totally ignorant of that noble and expressive language, we are obliged to take everything on trust.

The special burial here commemorated is that of no less an individual than the great Fingal himself. His grave is still shown to the traveller, but the localisation is a piece of commonplace vulgarism. Suffice it for us to believe that the great

writer, whom the guide-books call "Mr. Pennant," is said to have admired with ecstasy the view from Mount Stroneclachan, a hill above the manse of Killin, near the village. "A most delicious plain," he observes, "spreads itself beneath, divided into verdant meadows, or glowing with ripened corn; embellished with woods, and watered with rivers uncommonly contrasted. On one side pours down its rocky channel the furious Dochart; on the other glides, between its wooded banks, the gentle Lochy, forming a vast bend of still

water, till it joins the first; both terminating in the great expanse of Loch Tay. The northern and southern boundaries suit the magnificence of the lake; but the former rise with superior majesty in the rugged heights of Finlarig, and the wild summits of the still loftier Laurs (Ben-Lawers), often patched with snow throughout the year. Extensive woods clothe both sides: these were the creation of a late noble proprietor."

There is a certain fine conscientiousness about this last remark. The writer is careful to point out that whilst Ben Lawers and Loch Tay are to be credited to Nature, she has nothing to do with the "extensive woods," which must, in all fairness, be placed to the account of a "late noble proprietor."

The road along the north side of the Loch, which is the one usually taken, is sixteen miles in length, and brings us to Kenmore at the other end, where the Tay issues forth to pursue its course. The road keeps close to the water, and is dotted with hamlets and single houses all the way. The ruin on our right is Finlarig Castle, once a seat of the lords of Glenorchy, and where, according to tradition, they exercised a profuse and reckless hospitality. On we go till we come under the shadow of Ben Lawers, and cross Ben Lawers burn, which rushes headlong down into the lake. We remember fishing up this burn, with but indifferent success we acknowledge. Not, indeed, that the burn is to blame for that, for it is stocked with excellent trout; but we did not take kindly to the occupation, and who could, when each stage of the ascent gives one a finer and finer view? Ben Lawers burn itself is well worth a close inspection. Not, indeed, that it possesses much water, but, like a spendthrift, it is extremely prodigal of what it has, and the dash of the little flood has eaten its way deep into the mountain, so that, if you are on the top of the bank, the burn is sometimes (according to the nature of the ground)

on a level with you, and sometimes far beneath your feet. It presents, in miniature, a picture of Highland scenery. Here an adjacent knoll may be taken to represent a mountain; here a little stretch of level ground will do for a strath; here is a side-cutting caused by some tributary stream that forms a perfect glen; here again is a deep pool overhung with bushes, that may well represent a loch with its adjacent forest, and to keep up the delusion we shall just pause here for a little, drop our line into the pool, and if we catch a most diminutive trout, persuade ourselves that it is a salmon at an early stage of its existence. It was in the lower reaches of such a water as this that Wordsworth heard the chance song to which he gave so sweet a meaning:—

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself.
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain.
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from a cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd till I had my fill:
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

But Ben Lawers still towers far above

us, and if we wish to reach it in good time, we must not sit down here dreaming. Nor need we fear the task before us. Ben Lawers is one of the kindest of mountains. It seems formed for the express purpose of being climbed. There are no precipices over which one can tumble; there are no masses of stones over which it is necessary painfully to toil; the ascent is perfectly proportioned, and as you have the springy heather under your feet, and the free mountain breeze blowing in your face, the whole thing is more a pleasure than a toil. Well, here we are at the top. It is bright sunshine, and we feel rather warm after the forenoon's work, so we sit down and rest. Below is the whole extent of Loch Tay, from Killin to Kenmore, and in a ring round us is a perfect host of hills, very little lower than the one on which we are standing. Behind us, almost in a straight line, are Meall Gruaidh, Meall Garbh, Meall-a-chaire Leith, and the lower summit of Meall Luaidhe, and in front of us, on the other side of the Loch, are Meall—but the reader, no doubt, is inclined to cry, "Hold, enough!" for, unless he be himself a Highlander, he will not be in the habit of rolling these names "like a sweet morsel under his tongue."

We have been twice on the top, and once very near the top of Ben Lawers. On the two occasions we by some strange chance saw the same sudden and unexpected change in the scenery; though, indeed, this is no very rare occurrence in the Highlands. It was bright sunshine as we ascended, but a sudden change came over the landscape as we neared the top. The sky darkened, clouds started out from behind the surrounding hills, and the wind rose in sudden fury, and a perfect downpour of hail and sleet descended on us. The mountain was soon wrapped in mist that hid the smiling valley at our feet, and prevented us seeing any distance, and the ground around us was powdered white in a few minutes. A

sudden transformation had given us winter in the middle of summer. However, the disagreeable change was soon reversed. The wind fell as quickly as it had risen, the sun broke through the clouds, and these sullenly retired behind the mountains; the wreathing sea of mist that surrounded us broke into sections, and disclosed Loch Tay in placid beauty at our feet. All again was quiet beauty, and the only memorials of the sudden commotion were our soaked garments and the water drop that loaded every sprig of heather, and glittered fresh in the sunlight.

Ben Lawers burn rises in a small bit of water which lies in a sort of recess to the north of the mountain. It is called Lachan-a-Chait, which means, we believe, the Lake of the Wild-cats. It is a wild spot, not without a certain fascination of its own. If you go to the side of it you are shut in by the mountain which rises round you, save on the side where the burn issues forth, and even here you cannot see further than over a small extent of heather. The water is dark, and sullen, and deep. On a dim autumn day, when the clouds are drawn over the hills like a curtain, and no blink of sunlight lights up the darkness of the scene, there is something awe-inspiring in the place. If you stay too long the feeling becomes one of dull, dead depression. There is no aspect of savage grandeur; no vast pile of rocks; no dreary precipices; but, indeed, these would rather relieve the mind. You have nothing here but the black water, and the bare hillside, and the dark sky. And if you are a lover of old songs you will let some one of them float through your mind to relieve the feeling. Not a song of quiet and pensive feeling, as we had further down, but something like this, in keeping with the scene:—

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mean;
The tane unto the t'other gan say,
"Whaur sall we gang and aune to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain night;
And naeboddy kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wildfowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"Ye sall sit on his white hause banc,
And I'll pyke out his bonny blue een,
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a ane for him makes mean,
But nane sall ken whaur he is gane;
O'er his white banes when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Much of Highland scenery partakes of this dark, gloomy, melancholy aspect; perhaps, during the greater part of the year, all of it is like this. The natural tendency of it is to produce a melancholy cast of thought. The dark shadows that lie on the hillside sink into the minds of the people. And what race is so susceptible to natural influences as the Celt? Place his stock in the "pleasant land of France," amidst sunshine and fertile fields and "hills that bear the vine," and you have a careless, light-hearted, almost insolently and defiantly gay people. Place it in the Highlands, amidst barren hills, and mists and rain and cold, and you have a melancholy, brooding race. It has been said, indeed, that the Highlanders are insensible to the beauty of Highland scenery, and this is no doubt partially true. But it only means that the associations of toil and struggle, and want and cold are so intimately connected with their mountains, that they fail to apprehend the picturesque of the scenery amidst which they live. But for all this they are profoundly affected by it. They have a passionate love of their own, too, for their native glens and hills. So we remember as we see, far up in a sheltered corner of Ben Lawers, some ruined huts, and reflect in how many places in the Highlands, the deer-forest or the sheep-

walk has absorbed the shieling. Into the general question of evictions it would be folly for us to enter. Our path is not amid such bitter controversies, nor could we spare the space even if we had the full and accurate knowledge required of those who can speak with authority on this difficult subject. Still, it may be permitted to us to say a word or two. It is, we may grant, desirable that the laws of Political Economy should be carried out; but, after all, what are true laws of Political Economy? Surely those which conduce to the well-being of the state as a whole; and the tables might possibly be turned were we to inquire whether the wholesale evictions *were* really for the benefit of the state as a whole, and whether the accumulation of land in large masses, and the practically despotic power which such accumulation gave to individuals, was really in accordance with the laws of Political Economy. And then every man who thinks a little about human nature, will see that sentiment is a force which no one but a fool will neglect to take into account. Even if those who caused the evictions were right in their contentions that such evictions were for the ultimate good of the evicted, it must be remembered that they could hardly plead this as their primary motive; and, besides, is it any real use doing such sort of dubious good turns to people against their will? The immediate effect of the measures was undoubtedly a great increase of human suffering, and it can hardly be said to be proved beyond dispute that this was temporary, and the benefit lasting. With these few, and, we venture to hope, reasonable reflections, we leave this subject, and resume our course along Loch Tay.

Drummond Hill seems a very small height after those we have just passed, but it is finely wooded, and as it rises almost sheer from the road, it is never passed without some notice. Looking across the Loch from this point, we see

a white mass on the other side. This is the waterfall of Acharn. A little from the end of the lake is a charming islet, among the green boughs of whose trees a few crumbling fragments of stone may be seen. Here was once a priory, where a few nuns resided, and one is inclined to envy their taste and admire their lot. The place holds the dust of a Scottish queen—Sybilla, wife of Alexander the First. Kenmore need not detain us, but we can hardly pass the residence of the Breadalbane family without a word, for, according to all the authorities, Taymouth Castle is a princely dwelling, handsomely fitted up, and well worthy of the noble scenery amidst which it stands. A story of some point is told in connection with this place. The original founder built it at the edge of his estate, and being asked why he had done so, replied, "We'll brizz yont," at the same time vaguely, though significantly, indicating the surrounding country. He and his did so to some purpose, as we are told "the possessions of the family now reach from Aberfeldy to the Sound of Mull, a space of upwards of one hundred miles in extent!" This was Sir Colin Campbell, sixth knight of Lochaw, and he was one of those who persecuted the unfortunate Macgregors. As the old chronicle simply and emphatically says, "He was ane great justiciar all his time, thocht he sustenit that dadle feid of the Clangreigour ane lang space. And besydes that, he caused executist to the death many notable lymmeris. He behaddit the laird Macgregour himself at Candmoir in presence of the Erle of Atholl, the justice clerk, and sundrie other noblemen."

Had we much time to spare we might now direct our steps northward, and pass a while in walking through the romantic

scenery of Glen Lyon. There is a Roman camp and a tree at Fortingill, which, we are assured on the best authority, is over 3,000 years old, and many other objects of note in these parts, but we prefer to pursue our course down the Tay, which here flows through a fertile strath for the seven miles that lie between Kenmore and Aberfeldy. This last is not a place that calls for special notice, or, indeed, to be perfectly candid, for any notice whatever, were it not that its birches are ever green in song. These said trees are in the lovely glen where are situated the falls of Moness. Burns has described the scene with his usual force, though (*suo more!*) he has interlaced with the thoughts of it one of those "bonnie lassies" which appear so frequently in his verse. However, "sweets to the sweet," and so beauty to the beautiful.

Bonny lassie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go.
Bonny lassie will ye go, to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now summer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

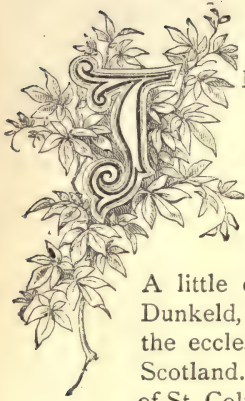
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

DUNKELD:

ITS BISHOPS, PIOUS AND OTHERWISE—SOME
MEMORIES OF MACBETH.

IF we follow the river Tay till it joins the Tummel, we find ourselves in the centre of a number of places of interest. A little down the river is Dunkeld, under the Culdees the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland. Thither the bones of St. Columba were carried, and here they were cherished as precious relics, and reputed to have worked many wonders. The cathedral was begun some time in the fourteenth century. The choir is still used as a parish church, though the whole building was terribly mutilated at the Reformation. It was the church of a number of very famous and eminent bishops, of whom several deserve special mention. The eleventh bishop was William Sinclair, of the Roslin family, "the lordly line of high St. Clair," as Scott calls them, and sometimes the instincts of a warrior race broke through the training of the priest.

In 1317, a party of English marauders had landed in Fife. They were numerous and well armed, and the whole population fled in consternation before them. They moved northward, and invaded the good bishop's diocese. He "waxed mighty wroth," left his episcopal palace, and with stern upbraiding recalled the frightened fugitives to their duty. He placed himself at their head, and, spear in hand, led them against the invaders. These were defeated and driven to their ships, and his lordship, who is graphically described as "right hardy, meekle, and stark," quietly

resumed his episcopal garb and functions. King Robert was delighted when he heard of this exploit. Here was a churchman after his own heart, and he forthwith decreed that this should be his bishop in future, and so Sinclair appears in history as the king's own bishop.

The twenty-third bishop was John Rolston, a dignified ecclesiastic and statesman, and yet a man of but little account in history, and whose name it would not be worth our while to mention were it not that one incident in his life seems to cast a striking side-light on the better part of the temper of the times. He was much occupied in carrying on the building of the cathedral. The nave and aisle were being built of small stones, which were laboriously conveyed to the spot on horseback, from a distance. So eager was the bishop, that every day he repaired to the quarry, not merely to oversee, but to co-operate with the labourers, and he might be seen after every visit, laboriously toiling up the hill with a great load of stones on his back. What gives a certain ideal charm to this story of a humble devotion, is that he could not expect to see the end of his labours; he had received the cathedral unfinished, and unfinished he would hand it down to posterity. Still, something would be done, although the rude appliances of that age could not do much. He and his fellows laboured, well knowing that not they, but other men, would enjoy the fruits of their labours. So we think, when we look on the ruins of an old cathedral, of the steady faith and pious trust of the succeeding generations that built it, and whom it and its associations

seemed to knit together in a common bond of sympathy and hope.

Our thoughts of those places are too much influenced by our knowledge of the disgraceful doings, just before the Reformation of the Church to which they belonged. But when these were planned, that Church was as pure as the one that succeeded it. In Scotland at least, the foundation of the ecclesiastical buildings belongs to a period when all that was best and highest in the national life was consecrated by the Church. It was the one bond of unity that connected a wild people among themselves, and made a savage nation a recognised member of the great European family. It was the one thing in common that they had with their English enemies, and savage as their wars were, they would have been still more so were it not for the restraining influence of a common belief.

But the bishops of those days had, it must be confessed, a hard time of it. On one occasion the Clan Donachie had fallen out with his lordship's factor, who had imprisoned one of them. Immediately the clan collected and marched to the rescue. They entered the church whilst the bishop was engaged singing mass, and began to fire arrows at him. His lordship fled to the choir in the most undignified fashion. He was there followed, and forced to come to terms.

The brightest name on the list of bishops is that of Gavin Douglas. According to Scott, though

A noble Lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and roquet white;
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy,
More pleased that in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

Gavin was the son of the famous Archibald "Bell-the-Cat," and was born at Brechin in 1474. He was educated at Paris, and travelled much on the continent. As he was a man of great ability,

and was member of the almost princely house of Douglas, his rise was rapid, though a perverse fate crossed the path of the gentle scholar.

The Earl of Angus, his nephew, had married the queen regent, and she made him Archbishop of St. Andrew's. But the chapter refused to elect, and the pope to confirm, so this had to be given up. He was then made Bishop of Dunkeld, but just then Albany was made regent, and he trumped up a charge against him; and threw him into a dungeon in Edinburgh Castle. In about a year he made his peace with Albany, and was consecrated by James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow. This prelate was a very different sort of man from the gentle Gavin, and one incident where we see them together is so illustrative of the wit of the one priest, and the violence of the other, that it may well deserve a place here. The foes of the Earl of Angus planned an attack on him in Edinburgh. Gavin heard of it, and besought his brother ecclesiastic, who belonged to the opposite faction, to do what he could to preserve peace, for such he urged was his duty as a priest.

Beaton "protested on his conscience that he had no concern with the matter," and to give his assertion force, smote his breast with incautious vehemence, when lo! an ominous rattle revealed the existence of a coat of mail under the episcopal vestments! Beaton's confusion was not lessened by the neat retort of his brother prelate—"I hear, my Lord, your conscience *clattering*." A smart sally this, and the better when we remember that *clatter*, besides its ordinary meaning, is also used in Scotch "for an indiscreet betrayal of a secret which it is intended to keep."

For a few years Gavin fulfilled the duties of his office with zeal and fidelity, but he was not allowed long to retain his post. In 1521 he was compelled, owing to the decline of the Angus party,

to take refuge in England, where for one brief year the gentle scholar enjoyed a quiet life. Henry VIII. gave him a pension. Erasmus knew and loved him. He was struck, he tells us, by the "regal mien" of the aristocratic prelate—and he was respected and honoured by the chief literary men of the time. He died of the plague, in 1522, and lies in the Savoy Chapel. A brass plate bearing his name and rank, with a brief epitaph, marks his grave. There is something pathetic in his history. Drawn against his will, and by the accident of his birth, into the seething whirlpool of Scotch politics, neither his literary nor professional eminence sufficed to save him from an exile's fate.

The Bishop's best work is a translation of Virgil's "Æneid." To each book there is prefixed an original prologue. These exhibit a fine feeling for the beauties of nature, and are expressed in such flowing and melodious language as to justify us in assigning to their author a high place among the Scottish poets. From "King Hart," an allegorical poem, we give, as a specimen of his work, two stanzas of the first canto:—

King Hart, into his cumlie castell strang,
Closit about with craft and meikill ure,
So seimlie wes he set his folk amang,
That he no dout had of misaventure :
So prouddie wes he polist, plaine, and pure,
With youtheid and his lustie levis grene ;
So fair, so fresche, so liklie to endure,
And als so blyth, as bird in symmer schene.

For wes he never yit with schouris schot,
Nor yit our run with ronk, or ony rayne ;
In all his lusty lecam nocht ane spot ;
Na never had experience into payne.
But alway into lyking mocht to layne ;
Onlie to love, and verrie gentlines,
He wes inclynit cleinlie to remane,
And woun under the wyng of wantownes.

After all, time has brought the unfortunate Bishop some reward. His literary talents were but little appreciated in his own day, and Scott, no

doubt, correctly expresses the thought, if not the very words, of his father, when he makes him say

Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine
Sare Gavin ne'er could pen a line.

But this same Gavin is remembered whilst the others are "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," and Dunkeld gains glory from the connection.

"Dunkeld, no more the heaven-directed chaunt
Within thy sainted walls may sound again,
But thou, as once the Muse's favourite haunt,
Shall live in Douglas' pure Virgilian strain,
While time devours the castle's crumbling wall,
And roofless abbeyes pine, low-tottering to their fall."

The bishops of Dunkeld were, as we have seen, great warriors as well as priests, and, indeed, with the exception of Douglas, they did not shine in this capacity. One of the last of them, in a trial for heresy, at which he was a judge, devoutly thanked God that he never knew either the Old or the New Testament, and, as he complacently remarked, "he had prospered well enough!"

The famous Black Watch were raised here in 1739. There is a splendid monument in the cathedral to the memory of those who fell in war, erected in 1872. Another famous regiment, the Cameronians, here performed a doughty deed of valour. It was immediately after Killiecrankie, a battle about which we shall say something in a little while, and the Lowlanders were depressed, the Highlanders elated by that brilliant combat. These last were flocking rapidly to their standards, and had they had an able chief, it is just possible that they might have really shaken the new government. All danger of this was put an end to by the events which we now narrate. The newly-raised Cameronian regiment had been sent North to assist in upholding the cause of the new government. It was composed of "pharisees of the pharisees," men whose hatred of

their opponents was a "hatred heated in the furnace of enthusiasm, and hardened on the anvil of persecution. Both knew and abhorred each other; but the Covenanter had a special ground of wrath against that savage horde, that in the evil hour of persecution had been let loose upon him like the wild beasts of old upon the Christian martyrs." Colonel William Cleland was their leader. He was not yet thirty, and yet had fought at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and had been specially marked out for vengeance by the Stewarts. He was an accomplished poet as well as an able general, and had not his life closed—in no inglorious manner—on that day he might have risen to high eminence. The garrison was posted in the Cathedral tower and Dunkeld House. These they proceeded to fortify, Sunday though it was. The hills round them were soon crowded with Highlanders watching them, and getting ready for the attack. There was some brief exchange of messages before the actual fighting. "We, the gentlemen assembled," said the Highlanders, "being informed that ye intend to burn the toun, desire to know whether ye come for peace or war, and to certify you that, if ye burn any house, we will destroy you." The reply was equally brief and pointed. "We are faithful subjects to King William and Queen Mary, and enemies to their enemies, and if ye who send these threats shall make any hostile appearance, we will burn all that belongs to you, and otherwise destroy you as ye deserve."

The contest did not come till Wednesday. Then the Highlanders made their attack in their usual manner, firing their guns, and charging sword in hand. But their defenders were well posted, and well commanded, and more than all, were well trained, and knowing how to fight, did not know how to yield. The Highlanders, confident of victory, found themselves unexpectedly repulsed, and

this was repeated again and again. Emboldened by their successes, a party now sallied out against the village, the houses of which had been occupied by shooting parties, and set fire to the houses one after the other. With that relentless hate which was one of their most marked characteristics, they locked the doors of the houses wherever they could. As many as sixteen men were burned in one house. This sort of thing went on all day. At last, in the late twilight of the summer night, the discomfited assailants made off almost in confusion to the hills. The Cameronians, "upon their retreating, gave a great shout, and threw up their caps in the air, and then all joined in offering up praises to God a considerable time for so miraculous a victory." Whether the victory was miraculous or no, it was, at any rate, emphatically decisive. The whole moral effect of the victory at Killiecrankie was reversed, the zeal of the Highlanders was damped, and instead of collecting in larger numbers, those who had already collected began to disperse.

In one respect this battle has a certain resemblance to Killiecrankie; as the victors then had lost their chief, so the victors now lost theirs. At the beginning of the fight Cleland stepped forward, and into full view of the enemy, in order to give some special injunction. Two shots instantly struck him. He fell mortally wounded, and expired almost immediately.

On the other side of the Tay, a little lower down than Dunkeld, is Birnam. Twelve miles to the south-east is Dunsinane Hill. It is 1,084 feet high. The top is flat and verdant, as are also the sides, though much broken by projecting masses of rock. Of the vast fortress which Macbeth erected here, hardly a vestige remains. The reader will remember how, when Macbeth goes to consult the witches, the apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises and prophecies thus —

Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him.

And how Macbeth lulls himself with a false sense of security through the people meeting around him, and Macduff advances with his forces against him, till the messenger reports—

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.

The real meaning of which is explained by the previous passage—

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Menteth. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And bear't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

This, therefore, is done forthwith, and Macbeth finds himself tricked!

Of this forest Pennant has remarked that it never recovered its march, for now hardly a trace of it remains. Two venerable trees, that rise from the banks of the Tay, are said to be the last survivors of those that composed the forest. As they are each about eighteen feet in circumference, they are, at least, noble monuments of sylvan greatness. We may close these few words on Dunkeld and its neighbourhood with a quaint jingle which we imagine was intended to commemorate the rough treatment of ecclesiastics, of which we have noticed some examples—

O, what a toun, what a terrible toun,
O, what a toun, was the toun o' Dunkell,
They hae hangit the minister, drowned the precentor,
Dang down the steeple, and drucken the bell.



LOCH LUBNAIG, CALLANDER, PERTHSHIRE.



THE FIELD OF KILLIECRANKIE.

OUR way is now up the Tay river, through Dunkeld parish and into Logierait. At the insignificant little hamlet of that name there are one or two things worth mentioning; it was once a royal residence, and here was a palace and a hunting-seat of the Scottish kings. It is better known as the "seat of the court of regality, in which the Lords of Athole administered feudal justice, from the twelfth century to the abolition of hereditary jurisdiction in 1748. Hence its name, according to some etymologists, *Logie* meaning a hollow, and *rait* meaning arbitration and settlement of differences—Logierait thus meaning the hollow in which differences were judicially settled." Many stories are told of the rough-and-ready manner in which justice, if we can call it so, was administered, and how the criminals, after being tried in the most summary manner by the Duke's deputies, were led through the *Clais-nan-deoir*, or Hollow of Tears, to the *Tam-na-Croich*, or Hill of the Gallows. One Donald Dhu was said to have been the last person hanged here. He was just about being turned off, when a woman appeared in frantic pursuit of a cow, which she could find nowhere. The advantages of Donald's elevated position at once struck her, for she addressed him thus:—"Hech, mon, you that up there sae heich, gie a look round and see if you can see any o' my kye round about." "Haud yer tongue, ye horrible woman," was poor Donald's not unnatural reply; "her-nain-sel was never so angry sin she pe porn." Donald was put to death

on a charge of cattle stealing, but subsequent inquiries proved his innocence. It was supposed that a sudden flood which soon afterwards arose, drowned the justiciary and swept away his house, was a direct visitation of Heaven upon an unjust judge.

The abolition of this jurisdiction was one of the indirect good results of the unsuccessful rising of 1745. We have, however, now left the Tay for the Garry, and passed into the parish of Moulin, and our principal purpose in going into this region is to give some account of the famous battle of Killiecrankie, which, although abortive, has yet acquired a certain celebrity from the rapid and exciting nature of the combat, and the fact that it was the last effort in Britain to withstand the revolution of 1688. The battle gets yet a deeper interest from the fact that it terminated the career of Viscount Dundee. Something, too, is due to the fact that the conflict occurred in the most remarkable scenery, and though a railway running through it has defaced it, yet this has also brought many to see it, and kept it before the public eye.

The pass of Killiecrankie is one of the steepest and wildest in the Highlands. The banks rise almost sheer out of the water that foams at the foot, rushing in white and broken masses over the huge stones which impede its course, or, in some places where, in course of time, it has worn the surface smooth, gliding along, dark, dangerous-looking, and rapid. The sides, steep as they are, seem quite covered with trees as we look up. The oak, the alder, the birch, and the ash grow out of every corner. The pass itself is a sort of cutting between two valleys. And it was to gain the top of these that General Mackay

marched with his soldiers just before the battle. Why he got himself into such a position it is hard to understand; he certainly supposed that the pass and adjacent parts were quite in possession of his own men, and did not know that the enemy were so near. The troops on the other side were not, indeed, a regular army, but they were admirably fitted for mountain warfare—with his foot on his native heath the Highlander is irresistible. The general who led them was one who well understood the work to be done and the instruments with which he had to do it. Viscount Dundee is one of those Scotchmen whose name is indelibly connected with many spots of their native land, and so in moving over the country we come across him again and again. As a soldier, however, his chief fame must always rest on Killiecrankie, and the events that preceded it, and it is only as a soldier that we here consider him. Nothing is more remarkable than the skill and patience with which he, whose name in the Lowlands was a very byword for savage rage, soothed the feelings and composed the differences of the Highland chiefs who led the divisions of his army. Often, indeed, must he have cursed the idiotic pride and mad conceit of those who put everything to risk for a point of etiquette, but he never showed what he felt. Now with a timely jest, again with a banquet, and now again by the use of personal influence he made up the quarrels and feuds of centuries. His skill, his patience, his tact, his courage, made him the darling of the army. How important he was to the cause of the Stewarts his death showed.

Mackay's army was composed of "fresh recruits, and old soldiers trained in the wars of the low countries;" and these, as in narrow file they struggled along the dangerous road, felt anything but easy as they gazed now at the rocks above them, and now at the torrent at their feet, dreading that each turn of the

pass might reveal a band of the enemy strongly posted—for a very few men could have completely barred the way. However, they got through the steepest part of the pass, and attained a small plain just beyond. But the ground continued to rise from this part, and there on the heights were the enemy seen preparing to dash down on them. The army found themselves caught in a trap. They could not retreat through the narrow pass in the straggling order in which they had come, nor could they advance up the hill in face of the enemy. They had no resource but to prepare to receive the enemy, when it should please him to attack them. In the meantime the sharpshooters on the Highland side amused themselves by picking off the officers that comprised Mackay's staff, whilst the "three small leathern cannon" which that general possessed were fired in vain at the attacking army. Mackay had something less than 4,000 men, and Claverhouse a little more than half that number. The Lowland line was three deep; their opponents were massed into clans. There is a very fine rhetorical oration purporting to be the speech which Claverhouse delivered to his troops on this memorable occasion. As they did not understand one another's language, it is probable that this oration must be taken as representing rather the thoughts than words of Dundee. General Mackay spoke to his men "a few homely sentences about the preservation of their religion and liberties." Such speeches, however suitable to the occasion, can never be expected to have any real effect. They are but the rhetorical flowers which cover the rock of fact, which they serve to adorn, though they cannot change its nature. Something more really eloquent, and likewise more "germane to the matter" was the wild shout which the Highlanders gave as they charged, and which we are told was noted as contrasting with the faint cheer which their

already dispirited opponents gave as they prepared to meet them. The battle did not begin till late in the day, for the sun shone full in the face of the Highlanders, and Dundee restrained them till it had sunk behind the hills; but indeed the result could never have for a moment been doubted. The Highlanders swept on to the attack like the mountain torrent that thundered down the narrow pass. The troops fired, and whilst they were fixing their bayonets their foes were among them. Instantly Mackay's army was swept away, and pursuers and pursued disappeared in the pass. In the description of the fight which that general gave, he has described with a kind of ludicrous pathos the aspect of affairs as it appeared to him. "In the twinkling of an eye, in a manner, our men, as well as the enemy, were out of sight, being got down pell-mell to the river, where our baggage stood." At which sad spectacle it may be easily judged how he was surprised to see at first view himself alone upon the battlefield. The battle was already over, and already also Claverhouse had fallen. He was seen "to wave his hat over his head, as he rose in the stirrups to signal his troops onward." A bullet, fired by chance or design, struck him at the moment, and he fell from his horse mortally wounded. As those about him anxiously raised the dying man, he faintly asked how the day went. One of the soldiers told him that "it went well for the king, but he was sorry for him." He answered "that it mattered not for himself, if the day went well for the king." But, indeed, the day could not go well for the king when it went badly for Dundee, and the bullet that killed him was fatal not merely to him, but to the cause he represented.

The news of the battle, which was at

first delivered in a very exaggerated form, and without the important qualification that Dundee had fallen, was received at Edinburgh with very mixed feelings, though consternation was the predominant one, as the new government had the undoubted support of the great majority of the people. But three things soon utterly destroyed the effect of the victory. It was known in a short time that Dundee had fallen, and so feared was he, that the defeat actually from that moment had the moral effect of a victory. Then we have the skilful generalship of Mackay, who soon collected his forces, and retreated in such an able manner that he covered the Lowlands; finally there was the stubborn and successful defence of Dunkeld by the Cameronians, which was of such a nature that, as we have seen, it completely damped the variable spirits of the Highlanders.

Thus the battle of Killiecrankie stands in history as an isolated effect—a subject fitter for the poet and the romance writer than the historian. It has been the subject of several popular ballads. In the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," Aytoun has told the story in spirit-stirring lines, and Wordsworth, too, has given us a fine sonnet, which we may repeat as concluding our account of the matter.

Six thousand veterans practised in war's game,
Tried men, at Killiecrankie were array'd
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen. Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame;
And Garry, thund'ring down his mountain-road,
Was stopp'd, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies. 'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
Oh! for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the men of England see:
And her foes find a like inglorious grave.

ATHOLE AND BRUAR WATER,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF A SALMON CAPTURE.



AM ye by Athole, lad, with the Philibeg?" says the old song, and following the Garry upwards from Killiecrankie, we are soon in the midst of this wild district, of which the hills abound with grouse, the streams with salmon, and the hills with deer. Here the kings of Scotland were wont to hunt, and they did it in right royal style, too, as the following account of an expedition of James V. into these parts may show:—

"On one occasion, when the king had an ambassador of the Pope along with him, with various foreigners of distinction, they were splendidly entertained by the Earl of Athole in a huge and singular rustic palace. It was built of timber, in the midst of a great meadow, and surrounded by moats, or fosses, full of the most delicate fish. It was enclosed and defended by towers, as if it had been a regular castle, and had within it many apartments, which were decked with flowers and branches, so that in treading them one seemed to be in a garden. Here were all kinds of game, and other provisions in abundance, with many cooks to make them ready, and plenty of the most costly spices and wines. The Italian ambassador was greatly surprised to see, amongst rocks and wildernesses, which seemed to be the very extremity of the world, such good lodging and so magnificent an entertainment. But what surprised him most of all, was to see the Highlanders set fire to the wooden castle as soon as the hunting was over, and the king in the act of

departing. 'Such is the constant practice of our Highlanders,' said James to the ambassador; 'however well they may be lodged over night, they always burn their lodging before they leave it.' By this the king intimated the predatory and lawless habits displayed by these mountaineers."

This was in 1533, and we know that such (after all) tasteless extravagance is not likely to be repeated nowadays. Blair Castle, with its memories of Montrose, and Claverhouse, and Dundee, might furnish theme for many a story, but we prefer to turn aside into the grounds to gaze at the falls of Bruar Water, which, if they could speak (we have Burns's authority for it!) would thus describe their own beauties:—

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

As Burns wandered by the banks of this fair stream it occurred to him that some woods would vastly improve the prospect, and so he becomes the spokesman of Bruar Water, and presents its humble petition to the Duke of Athole.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'rin' trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed'

Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn :
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

One of the most charming things about Burns's poetry is the tender manner in which he introduces the lower, sometimes even the inanimate, creation. He who pitied the mouse and the hare, and the daisy crushed by the plough, does not now forget the trouts.

The lightly-jumpin' glowrin' trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up to shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

And then he makes the water say,
when the request is granted :—

The sober laverock warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire :
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis wild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall insure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form ;
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers ;
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat,
From prone descending showers.

And, of course, among those who are to enjoy this shade, Burns, of all men, was least likely to forget the lovers, and the water urges their claims as a final argument, which no noble heart could resist :—

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care :
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Not in vain was the poet's prayer. As deep a shade as the most retiring of lovers could desire is cast over the water by the thick growth of trees that now cover the banks.

But why do we linger in pleasure grounds, however fine ? In this magnificent sporting country there is something to-day far better for us to do. We must have some sport ; the day is dark and warm, and here we have the very stream for the purpose ; is it not called the stream-abounding-in-salmon (this is expressed by one term in the graphic Gaelic language !) ? There is in it many a dark pool overhung with willows—fit abode of the stately fish. There is many a shallow reach over which we shall be able safely to follow him ; there are no insuperable impediments on the banks to bar our way, though quite enough to give zest to the pursuit. First we prepare our fly with anxious care. It has as many ingredients as the contents of a witches' cauldron : silkworms' intestines, a Limerick-made hook, gold thread, red floss-silk, feather of the gold pheasant, black barn-cock's hackle, feathers of the mallard, the teal drake, the turkey cock, the Indian bustard, the green parrot, the peacock, the jay, the ostrich, the blue macaw, and, most mysterious of all, pigs' wool ! The uninitiated may think the salmon stupid to long for such a strange thing, but then the uninitiated is—well uninitiated ! We honour our ideal salmon, who is lying in dreamy ease in some dark pool for conjuring up some such vision before him. All day we have sought him ; pools that looked so inviting as they lay dark and quiet under the shadow of the surrounding rocks, have been tried in vain, and made us repeat many ancient and somewhat threadbare reflections as to the vanity of human wishes ; but other proverbs tell us of the rewards of perseverance, and surely this pool, so cool, so deep, so carefully guarded, even on the brightest day, from the intrusive

sunshine, is the very place for us and for him. We let the fly play for a moment in the dripping water that feeds the pool, when suddenly a mighty mass of silver rises from the deeps, and with a rapid forward movement our fly is safely lodged in (it is to be hoped) *our* salmon, who, with a flap of satisfaction, settles himself down to renewed meditation in the dark abyss. He considers the business, it is evident, as finished. We are obliged to differ from him, however, and so, by gentle pressure, we urge him to come forth, which he does; hardly with a good grace, though, as he darts here and there in the pool, giving us a good deal of trouble to keep our line free from the entanglement of the willows. At last he comes to the conclusion that this sort of thing wont do at all, and so off he goes at a fine pace. But if he means business, so do we, and off we go after him. Now we are struggling waist deep in some pool; now we are wading over slippery stones where we can scarcely keep our feet; now we are moving in a pleasanter way along the bank, here

level with the water; and, again, we are crawling under the branches of the trees. Sometimes our salmon grows a little sullen, and lies away in some convenient corner; but, alas for him, that unlucky — mouthful we were going to say, but tit-bit is more like the reality, has delivered him into our hands, and by means of the hold we have on him, we soon get him *en voyage* again. He is not so fresh, now, however; we feel that his tug at the line is not nearly so vigorous as it was earlier in the chase. He has not dragged us after him all this way for nothing; and now here is a shelving beach, and with an artful move we have him near the shore, and in a minute he is landed, and safely in our possession. But now the “sun has stretched out all the hills,” for he reappears when his presence would do us no harm, and so we cram our salmon (he is huge of size) into the fishing-basket, and set our face homewards with a feeling of happy tiredness, which is something very different from the weary exhaustion that sometimes falls upon us in the city.





LOCH EARN, AND ENTRANCE TO GLEN OGLE.

THE ISLE OF REST.



SONG often quoted has a line in it bidding "Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North;" and though we are not going to do that for some time yet, we must, at any rate, bid farewell to Perthshire and its Highlands. True it is we might have wandered here and there for many a day before we half exhausted all the beauties of this noble shire. We might have "come o'er the hills to Gowrie," and paid our devotions at the shrine of St. Fillan's, and climbed Schiehallien, and so on, but we must onward! Our future course will lead us through scenery as grand, and historic incidents as famous; but we shall scarcely again find such a rich profusion

of objects possessing at once a human and a natural incident.

Even many of the less celebrated lochs and glens are full of beauty and interest. Between the better known lochs of Katrine and Tay, for instance, is Loch Earn, with its many pictures of quiet beauty; and, in sharp contrast, Glen Ogle—the "terrible glen," with its wild masses of fantastic rock equal in picturesque grandeur to Killiecrankie, though it has not the fortune to be so famous in song or story. And then we cannot pass, without some notice, Loch Menteith, in the south of the county, but we may well afford to go along its shores, for it will be a convenient place to take a pleasant leave of the county, for charmingly peaceful and suggestive of rest are its associations. If we have been unduly

long in Perthshire, this, at least, may be said, that much of what has been related will render our future Highland progress shorter. Is it heresy to say that many Highland lochs, and nearly all Highland mountains, bear a family resemblance? and so we only need present what is new to the reader. And now for Loch Menteith, and our last word about Perthshire. The loch is a small one—only seven miles round—and its characteristic is the soft air of repose that broods over it. The chief interest about it is concerned with two islands, on both of which there are considerable remains. One island is Inch-talla, the other Inchmahome, or Isle of Rest. The first of these islands was occupied by the Earls of Menteith. On the other was a religious foundation, endowed by Edgar, King of Scotland. Here, after the “rough wooing” of Queen Mary by Henry the Eighth for his son, and the battle of Pinkie, in which it culminated, she was conveyed for security. And could there have been a more charming place for the child queen than this island, “set in its woods with its magical shadows and soft gleams? There is a loneliness, a gentleness, and a peace about it more like lone St. Mary’s Lake or Derwent Water than of any of its sister lochs. It is lonely rather than beautiful, and is a sort of gentle prelude, in the *minor* key, to the coming glories and intenser charms of Loch Ard, and the true Highlands beyond.” The battle of Pinkie was fought on the 9th of September, 1547, and immediately thereafter Mary was removed to this quiet spot, where she would be in the hands of sure friends, and whence, if there was need, she could be removed to the Highlands, in whose inaccessible retreats she would be safe from the pursuit of her royal wooer. Her education was carefully superintended by John Erskine, the prior, and Alexander Scott, incumbent of Balmacellan, her tutor. She was attended by her four maids-of-honour, the celebrated

Queen Marys; and here she wandered, “her shining hair, which, in childhood, was of a bright golden yellow, bound with a rose-coloured satin snood, wearing a tartan scarf over black silk, fastened with a golden agrafe, engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine.” A charming picture this of the Scottish child-queen. One memorial of her is still to be seen there, and of this Dr. John Brown, the author whom we have already quoted, thus writes:—“You find, on landing, huge Spanish chestnuts are lying dead, others standing stark and peeled, like gigantic antlers, and others flourishing in their *viridis senectus*, and in a thicket of wood you see the remains of a monastery of great beauty, the design and workmanship exquisite. You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts and old fruit trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon one of the strangest and most touching sights you ever saw—an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high, and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age. What is this? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary’s Bower; but, besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little queen, then five years old, and surely fancy free, do with a bower? It is the *child-queen’s garden*, with her little walk and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, here is the first garden of her simpleness. Fancy the little lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids-of-honour, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time long ago, laughing and running and gardening as only children do and can. There is something ‘that tirls the heart-strings a’ to the life,’ in standing and looking on this un mistake-

able living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr. Tennyson, we would write an idyll of that child-queen, in that garden of hers, eating her bread and honey—getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder. As you linger there amid 'the gleams, the shadows, and the peace profound,' your mind is informed with quietness and beauty, filled with thoughts of other years, and of her whose story, like Helen of Troy's, will continue to move the hearts of men as long as the grey hills stand about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths." She was only a few months here, however. Her marriage with the Dauphin was arranged for, and, as Knox says with savage bitterness, "Thus was she sold to go to France, to the end she should drink of that liquor that should remain with her all her lifetime for a plague to this realm and for her final destruction."

The island is a tolerably large one—about four acres in superficies—and it has other interesting memories besides the one we have noted. The priory precincts were used as a burying-ground, and here lie the remains of many noble families. There are still monuments extant to the memory of Walter Stewart, fifth earl of Menteith, who was one of the competitors, along with Bruce and Baliol, for the Scottish crown, and to some members of the families of Drummond and Graham. Here, also, is buried Lord Kilpont, first earl of Menteith and Airth, who joined Montrose, and was immediately therefor killed by Stewart of Ardvoirlich, though how or why it is impossible exactly to say. This assassination had some important effects, for it was followed by the immediate secession of Kilpont's men—a loss which seriously hampered Montrose.

One corner of the island rises into a

headland; it is called the Nun's Hill, and for this reason. One of the sons of the Menteith family fell in love with a nun, who dwelt in the religious foundation of Inchmahome. At night, when all was still, he crept down to the shores of the loch, and waited the approach of the boat in which the nun was accustomed to row herself from the island, and there, in his arms, she vowed to incur temporal and eternal ruin for his dear sake; and now all the preparations were made, and the night was fixed when she was to leave her island home with him, and rejoin the world. Before the time came the youth got engaged in some wild brawl, and fell mortally wounded. A priest was called to hear his last confession, and to him he confessed that he had dared to woo the bride of heaven! The priest learned all the particulars of the proposed meeting, and, dressing himself in the lover's garb, he repaired to the appointed place. And now the lady, with anxiety and hope burning in her heart, left the convent and was making for the shore. She neared it, and recognised, as she thought, her lover's form; but as she stepped ashore the figure started forward, and she saw before her the stern face and shaven head of the priest. With a wild shriek she fell backwards into the water. Next day her lifeless body was interred in the Nun's Hill, "upright," as is reported. No prayers were said over the grave or in the little chapel for the repose of one who was deemed to have died in mortal sin. But the other dwellers on the island thought sometimes that during wild nights, when the wind moaned unceasingly in the lofty tree-tops, and drifting clouds only allowed an occasional glimpse of moonlight to fall on the troubled waters of the loch, they could hear the shrill wailing cry of a woman's agony, and could even see, it was averred, a figure dressed as a nun move rapidly over the hill.

The Scottish kings, as our readers must have observed, were of an extremely peripatetic disposition, and they will not be surprised to hear that a good many of them honoured Inchmahome with a visit. King Duncan II. died here; Duncan, an illegitimate son of Malcolm Canmore, who had seized the crown shortly after his father's death, fell here by the hands of Malpedir, Maarmar of the Mearns; Robert the Bruce retired here for rest, it may be, but not from the cares of government, for there are yet charters extant which he granted from this spot; James VI., too, enjoyed here a "learned leisure."

As if to meet the two fair islands, a peninsula stretches into the lake; this is Knoc-n'an-bocan, or the Hill of the Fairies. It seems that the earls of Men-

teith had a red book, which, on being opened, had the power of compelling the appearance of certain fairies of the neighbourhood, who must be supplied with work, or they would tear the unlucky possessor of the charm to pieces. The earl one day incautiously opened the mystic volume, and lo! the spirits were round him clamorous for a task. The first thing that occurred to him was to make them construct a peninsula from the mainland to the island, but this they began to do with such marvellous rapidity (is it not visible to this day?) that he got frightened, and by a happy inspiration demanded from them a rope of sand. In vain they now laboured; the rope got no nearer completion; the test was too much even for fairies, and with howls of rage they fled the country!

FAIR INVERNESS.



THOUGH we have said farewell to the Highlands of Perthshire, the reader is not for a moment to suppose that he is "out of the wood," or away from the heath, or over the hills yet. We have lochs and mountains and forests in abundance to explore; but if the way be long, it is beautiful and pleasant, and the ideal nature of our travels allows us to go where and how we like. So let the reader take courage, for he will not be troubled by difficulties of transport, whilst we hope likewise free from cares "such as are wont to annoy the walled town." After all, we find we must take him to a "walled town," though we hope his sojourn will

not be unpleasant, for being in the Highlands, we must give some attention to their capital, as "fair Inverness" well deserves to be called. It is, we need hardly say, a town of great antiquity (all towns hereabouts would seem to be of "great antiquity"), having been founded in the year 60 B.C., by Evenus II., the fourteenth king of Scotland. So the learned George Buchanan informs us, and the statement, if not true, at least ought to be, there is such a scrupulous definiteness about it! A great number of British hill forts, sepulchres, cairns, and druidical circles are to be found in the neighbourhood, and there is no doubt that it was once a Pictish capital. It was in the castle here that, according to Shakspeare, the great crime of which he has told the story in Macbeth took place. Duncan is represented as commending the situation, and air of the place.

This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Some authorities have maintained that the murder was perpetrated at a place called Bothgofuane, near Elgin. This, according to Chambers, is the correct view ; but most people will accept Shakespeare's authority. We all know the story as the great dramatist has told it. How, when Lady Macbeth is reading the letter that announces the prophecies of the witches about her husband, the

Banquo rises and affrights his murderer. Ah, me, alas for this fine story, with all its pathetic details and its appropriate and poetic justice ! Those "pestilent fellows," the antiquaries, have been at their old tricks again, and picked it so clean, that only the very barest of bones remain. The "grand accessories" go first. "Archæology," we are told, "will not concede to Macbeth a great feudal castle, with its towers and dungeons and long, echoing passages. He would have to inhabit a *Rath*—a set of build-



A PASS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

news is brought, "the king comes here to-night," and how she at once pronounces his doom.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

How she urges the deed on her as wicked but more faint-hearted husband, and at last persuades him to murder the unfortunate Duncan ; and how, afterwards, in the same castle, the ghost of

ings of wood or wattles on the top of a mound, fortified by stakes and earthworks. For dresses we know that the common tartan of the stage was no more in use than the powdered hair, small clothes, and laced waistcoat, in which Garrick used to burst on the stage after the murder, to freeze the audience with horror ; yet it would be difficult to find anything more appropriate, and the armour and the heraldic surcoats of the days of the Plantagenets would be as

unhistorical as either"—then as to the characters, it seems to be quite true that Macbeth killed Duncan, and was himself afterwards killed when trying to suppress an insurrection. It, however, seems probable that Lady Macbeth, or rather Queen Gruach, had a right to the throne, and on the principles of succession then recognised, Duncan's death was nothing but the natural consequence of his presumption, and the proper way to restore the true heiress to her own. Macbeth, when he once got the throne, ruled wisely and well; he was the first king who benefacted the Church, and his dutiful reverence towards the Roman See was a thing to be commended. "In short," says Mr. Burton, summing up the evidence, "to hold that Macbeth was a mirror of sanctity in a graceless age would not be among the most untenable of historical paradoxes." And so Macbeth has been whitewashed in the most elaborate manner, and his good lady's opinion, "that all the perfume of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," proved to be entirely erroneous, since the professors of the new school of historical research have removed "the damned spots" with the utmost facility and dispatch.

If Inverness has a right to the proud title of the capital of the Highlands, it has had on several occasions to pay the penalty of greatness. In 1229 it was attacked by a set of wild Highland caterans under the leadership of an individual with the extraordinary name of Gillespick McScourlane, who is described as a "turbulent and potent Highland ruffian." He had the temerity to attempt to establish a small kingdom in these parts, but being seized, was instantly beheaded. This was during the reign of Alexander the Second, who gave the town two charters, and founded therein a monastery of friars. The disturbances amongst the neighbouring clans were felt a good deal by the town, whose inhabitants were forced,

much against their will, to take sides in the quarrels. They were not always so successful in getting rid of their enemies as on the following occasion, of which we repeat the traditionary account, though we cannot vouch for its authenticity. Donald, Lord of the Isles, on one occasion collected a great body of warriors and made an incursion into these parts. He encamped before Inverness, and threatened to burn down the city unless a most enormous ransom was forthwith paid to him. The townspeople were in despair, but the Provost, "douce man," had a most ingenious plan, which he forthwith proceeded to put into execution. He sent a messenger to the barbarians, and said that the council were busy considering the terms, and meantime some refreshments were sent to console the Highlanders whilst waiting. Among them was a liquid specially recommended to Donald's attention. It was clear as spring water, had a penetrating odour, and a burning yet not wholly unpleasant taste. As Donald quaffed it, it seemed to infuse new life into him; the blood moved more swiftly in his veins, and glad and happy thoughts filled his soul. His savage breast was soothed, and a genial feeling of kindness and comfort diffused itself over his huge frame. His attendants noticed that unwonted fire sparkled in his eyes, and at his invitation they too partook of the generous liquid, and like pleasing results followed, and soon the camp of the rough Islesmen was a scene of genial mirth. Alas, the liquor had another effect. A remarkable feeling of drowsiness fell bit by bit on the revellers. Donald, after much wild shouting and exuberant glee, lay stretched at ease full length on the turf, and soon his clansmen, disposed in every conceivable attitude, lay at rest with him, and over him, and around him. Ah, well did the cunning Provost know the effect of the liquid—had he not frequently proved it on his person and on that of his brother magistrates?—and

this was just what they had all waited for; so now without delay the gates were thrown open, and the citizens, sword in hand, marched courageously to the attack. Their foes were effectually *hors de combat*, and entirely at their mercy, and the slaughter was fearful. Only one individual got off with his life, and his "descendants, from the manner of his escape, still retain the name of Loban. A number of cairns are still seen on the field of battle, pointing out the repositories of the slain," and those who dig there will perhaps discover broken fragments of glass and earthenware—remains of the jars once filled with that precious liquid, which to this day is held in the greatest esteem, not merely in Inverness, but through the whole of fair Scotland. The descendants of Loban have, however, constantly forsworn this fluid, which is not to be wondered at.

The wild chieftains were not discouraged by this slaughter, for in 1426, and again in 1455, different Lords of the Isles descended on the unfortunate city, and wasted it with fire and sword. The town has various associations with several of the Scottish kings, as those generally made it their residence when they moved northward. James I. held a Parliament here in 1427, and Queen Mary resided in it a part of the time during her northern journey occasioned by the Huntly rising. It also figured in the Jacobite risings of the '15 and the '45, but then it sunk into comparative insignificance. It is now, however, the centre of a great touring district, and has rapidly lost most of the old out-of-the-way appearance which used to impress the traveller in contemplating its streets and its inhabitants. Amidst a great increase of material prosperity one misses the quaint charm that used to hang over the place in past years. The greatest part of the modern town is built on the right side of the river Ness, which flows past in a sort of serpentine fashion. A succession of

streets, of which Bank-street is the chief, run along the bank of the river. On the north the Ness is spanned by the New Bridge, and from this Chapel-street and its continuations, Academy-street and Church-street, branch out and run parallel to the bank. Meeting these at right angles, and terminating them, is High-street, which is continued in Bridge-street, and carried over the river by a suspension bridge. The chief buildings are the Castle, the ruins of Cromwell's fort, and the Cathedral, which is situated on the other side of the river. This last is a remarkably fine building, and was, until the erection of the new cathedral of the Scottish Episcopal Church in Edinburgh, the only modern cathedral in Scotland. As it wants, however, the charm of historical association, and has no importance save for the communion for which it is intended, we shall leave it with this word of notice.

Although we have said that Inverness was something of a primitive place, it must not be supposed that this implied that its inhabitants were boorish. Quite the reverse; the natural politeness of the Celt was never to be seen to more advantage than in this old town, and we are glad to record the general opinion of travellers that something of this still lingers, amidst much that is changed. There is a rather conceited saying current in the place that the best English is spoken at Inverness, which is true with some important qualifications. The common people do indeed speak much better than the Cockney inhabitant of London, or the peasant of Dorset. English is to them a new language introduced in a state of purity, and yet it is familiar enough to make them speak it without awkwardness.

In the case of the Lowland Scot, his own tongue becomes mixed with the new one, and then, moreover, it is so like it that he is not absolutely obliged to learn a new one to express his thoughts. Perhaps, also, something ought to be

credited to the superior fineness and delicacy of the Celtic character. Still, when we come to examine the question, we find that Inverness English is spoken with a most disagreeable "twang," and that it is, besides, mixed with a good many Gaelic idioms.

We cannot leave Inverness without mentioning the *Clack-na-Cudain*, or "Stone of the Tub," on which women used to place this useful vessel in order to have a short rest as they carried up water from the river. Commonplace as this usage seems, this tub-stone is the sacred stone of Inverness, and when Donald of the Isles burned the town, it was carefully sought out, and set up as a centre round which the dispersed inhabitants might rally. It is now built into a fountain effected in front of the recently finished Town Hall, and so its associations, if not with tubs, are still with water. For some time Inverness was a sort of railway *Ultima Thule* to the British Isles, as the line did not reach beyond this point, and travellers had henceforth to call in the aid of the stage coach if they wished to pursue the excursion further; now the railway extends as far as Wick. To show the rate at which this city is increasing, we may give the following figures, exhibiting the popu-

lation of the Parliamentary Borough: 1861, 12,509; 1871, 14,466; 1881, 17,336. The population of the county has been steadily increasing for the last thirty or forty years, but it is not yet so high as it was in 1841, when it numbered 97,799; in 1881 it was 90,414. The chief interest of Inverness for us, is its association with the house of Stewart. Near it is Cullo-den, where the battle that crushed the hopes of that house was fought, and as a transition from town to moor we may take these lines of Burns, in which the two are poetically linked together, and which expresses so well what must have been the sentiments of many of the townspeople at the result of the fight:—

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
 And aye the saut tear blins her e'e:
 Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bloody clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see:
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man, I trow, thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.



CULLODEN MOOR AND ITS FAMOUS BATTLE.



HERE are few names in Scotch history which convey so many melancholy associations as that of Culloden. The

final extinction of the hopes of an ancient race, and of its most, if not heroic, at any rate picturesque representative; the melancholy end of a movement begun with such high hopes; the sad efforts of fruitless valour striving against a too hard fate; the bare, desolate nature of the ground itself; the cruelties upon non-combatants which followed the actual termination of the war, when it was decreed that

The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel,—

all combined to give a certain sad meaning to that fatal name—to make the memory of this defeat more ominous than the memory of other defeats. Yet, when we put aside the many disturbing reflections that obscure the matter at issue, one or two clear facts which it is well to note may be stated. We see how hopeless the insurrection was from the very first. The Jacobites had met the royal troops twice, and had been successful on both occasions, and yet now they were driven before them dispirited and discomfited ere the final engagement was fought, and when that was over, the '45 collapsed utterly. The rising, like the men that supported it, had glitter and brilliancy, but was devoid of that real solid strength to be found on the other side.

The beginning of April, 1716, found the Highland army in the neighbour-

hood of Inverness, and the Duke of Cumberland's army marching slowly northward along the coast. A fleet of provision ships kept pace with the northward movement of the army. On the 15th the Duke was at Nairn, and the Highlanders at Culloden. The Prince's troops were badly provisioned, and they were far inferior to their opponents in artillery. It was thought, therefore, that a night attack might advantageously be made, for in such a case the mechanical discipline of a regularly-drilled soldiery would avail them little, and their heavy artillery not at all. It is said that the Duke of Cumberland was prepared for such an event; but still the design seemed a good one. There was something in it congenial to the daring and adventurous spirit of the Highlanders, and this and other events show that the Prince had a real genius for generalship, and well understood the nature of the troops whom he commanded. The want of provisions spoiled all, and from this moment a series of unfortunate incidents began, that terminated in the utter ruin of the army. The commissariat, indeed, was, even after taking all extenuating circumstances into account, exceptionally poor and bad. The men were half-starved, and had dispersed to collect provisions. They sullenly told their officers who ordered them to assemble, that they might shoot them if they chose, but that they would not come together till they had had food. At seven o'clock only very few were under arms, and they were still slowly collecting when eight o'clock—the time appointed for the starting of the expedition—struck. Notwithstanding this, Lord George Murray set off with the advance guard. The rear followed

some time after, but it was composed of men so tired and dispirited, that the distance between it and those in front kept continually increasing, though the van again and again reduced its rate of march, to enable the others to make up. Yet they could ill afford to do this, for they had wandered over the dreary moor in the thick blackness of the night, and were far behind time already. They halted in the darkness that precedes dawn, and began to consider their position. They could not commence the attack before daylight, and what chance had it then of success? Moreover, they heard in the distance sounds that convinced them that all was watchfulness in the royal camp. They gave up their design, and sadly and wearily retraced their steps. At last, utterly exhausted and famished, they reached Culloden, and there lay down on the ground to rest, but the enemy were already on their track. The Prince had been bitterly disappointed at the collapse of the project for the night attack. It had a certain ominous resemblance to the retreat from Derby, which he was accustomed to regard as the beginning of all his misfortunes. He thus declined a proposal made to him by some of his more prudent officers, that the whole army should retreat to the mountains, where the Duke of Cumberland could not reach them. But indeed there was no time for retreat, for already the enemy were upon them.

Drumossie Moor, where the battle was fought, is simply a plain. Hence it was as favourable as could possibly be to the regular troops, and as unfavourable to the Highlanders. There was no dash down a hill on troops lost in unfamiliar scenes: there was powerful artillery and determined men to meet. They faced their foe, wearied with their fruitless night march to Kilvarrock, sick and famished for want of provisions, ill-clad, ill-armed, ill-supplied with artillery, shorn of nearly half their strength by recent desertions and by the non-arrival

of expected support." The Jacobite army was formed in two lines, flanked with artillery. There was also artillery in the centre. The Duke formed his men in three lines, flanked with cavalry, and interspersed with artillery. His troops were in excellent spirits, and eager to fight. When they first caught sight of the enemy they had raised a lusty cheer, to which the Highlanders had answered with wild yells. When the Duke had formed them into line, he addressed them in a few words, which, if somewhat prosaic, were at least honest and straightforward. "I do not suppose," he said, "that there is a soldier before me unwilling to fight; but should there be any, who either from disinclination to the cause, or from having relations in the rebel army, prefer to retire, in God's name, I beg them to do so now. I would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand men at my back, determined to fight, than with ten thousand, of whom a tithe are lukewarm." The battle began with a cannonade on both sides. Charles's army suffered terribly, and did but little execution in return. They became impatient, and clamorously demanded to be led against the enemy. The order was at length given to attack, but it was not given simultaneously, and in somewhat disorderly array, yet forgetting in the mad excitement of the charge all their previous fatigue and hunger, the Highlanders rushed on the foe. This was the decisive moment of the battle; were this charge successful, as it had been at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, the battle would be won; were it lost, all was lost. On the Highlanders rushed, but under fearful disadvantages. They had to charge up against a slope; a wild wind drove a shower of sleet right into their faces; the ranks were ploughed by the well-directed fire of their foes. Notwithstanding all this, after a sharp but decisive contest, the first line broke. But the Duke had anticipated this, and had

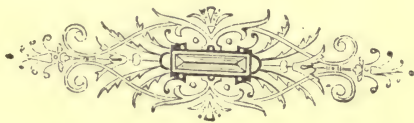
specially strengthened the second line, and this received the onward coming charge of the foe by a fire poured in at close quarters with deadly effect, and with the point of the bayonet. In vain, with reckless valour, the Highlanders hurled themselves against the wall of steel. They were repulsed, and recoiled like the waves from a rock. Then the command was given, and the English army in its turn moved forward against the broken foe, who retired in wild disorder, scarcely waiting for the attack. The Macdonalds were stationed on the left wing, to which, according to a tradition of their clan, they had held the right since the battle of Bannockburn. It is said that they stood in sullen silence whilst the clans charged the enemy, and that Keppoch, their chieftain, was slain whilst in vain urging them to charge the enemy, and that he fell dying with the passionate words—"My God! have the children of my tribe deserted me?" and when the battle was really over, they fell back in comparatively good order. Burton, however, considers this accusation unfounded. "The right was nearly destroyed ere the left had got into motion, and hence, perhaps, came the accusation against the Macdonalds, of having stood inactive in their wrath about the question of precedence." It is well to believe, if we can, that this act of mad folly had not been committed.

Prince Charles had watched the defeat of his army with the feelings of most profound horror and amazement. All that he had hitherto seen of the

Highlanders had been their successful charges. He had not believed it possible that they could retreat, and now, in the utmost disorder, they were observed flying in all directions, whilst after them the dragoons rushed in hot pursuit. A wild notion entered into the Prince's mind of placing himself at the head of the few who still stood firm, and dying on the field of battle. Perhaps this notion was not so wild as it seemed; better, at any rate, had it been for his fame, had he consecrated the cause to which he had devoted himself with his dying blood. As after events proved, all that was best in him really died on that fatal day. The selfish voluptuary of later years was not so much a degraded Prince Charles as another and an inferior order of being. Such opportunity for glory, where there was none for success, was not to be. His attendants, it is said almost using force, hurried him away from that fatal field, on which he had left every earthly hope.

Culloden, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair;
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing winter air.
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallowed footsteps bore;
Thy deeds unholy Nature viewed,
Then fled, and cursed thee evermore.

From Beauuly's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar,
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore.
Those hearts that high with honour heave,
The vollying thunder there laid low:
Or, scattered like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow!



THE WANDERINGS OF PRINCE CHARLES.

FLORA MACDONALD.



MONUMENT marks the field of Culloden. It is properly not merely a monument to those who fell there, but to those who were put to death on account of their share in the rising. The government had been thoroughly frightened, and their forces had been utterly humiliated. It was not to be wondered at, then, that these last should brutally avenge themselves on combatants and non-combatants, and that the government should take no care to restrain their excesses. Even when the first thirst for vengeance was slaked, when it was no longer possible to capture and slay men off-hand, the slower process of the law intervened to protract the agony of the unfortunate Jacobites; but it is not in our way to narrate these; let us rather turn to narrate the last, most romantic and pathetic act of the romantic and pathetic drama of the '45—the escape of Prince Charles.

At some hours' distance from Invergarry, on the Caledonian Canal, there lies Castle Dounie, the residence of Lord Lovat. The country round is desolate; not even the spring could make it cheerful. One of the girls of the family was gazing, she tells us, with "indolent composure" on the scene, when, as if by magic, it became filled with horsemen urging their headlong flight to the castle. So sudden was the apparition that the girl actually took them for creatures of her imagination, or even (for she had the ordinary superstition of her time) for fairy folk, and as these, "according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of

the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to vanish." But indeed they were only too mortal! This was Prince Charles and his suite as they fled from Culloden. A hurried interview with Lord Lovat only served to reveal more clearly the utter hopelessness of the cause, and Charles pushed on to Glengarry. It was deserted and unfurnished, but the Prince was glad to rest on the bare floor, and to dine on the salmon which his attendants managed to catch in the adjacent Loch, and which was reckoned "very savory and acceptable." A few more days of somewhat circuitous westward travelling brought them to Glenbisdale, in Arisaig, almost at the very spot where, some months before, the Prince had trodden for the first time the land of his ancestors, with the fond hope that he was about to place his father on the throne, and reign beside him as regent, and after him as successor. It was here that, with this memento of his past career in his mind, he definitely determined, in the meantime, to cease attempts at further resistance till he could go to France, and obtain help from the government there. He wrote to this effect to his followers, urging them to disband, but promising a speedy return. Indeed, not merely was resistance at present hopeless, but Charles could hardly hide himself from his enemies. Gunboats were cruising along the coast, militia were scouring the hills, government spies were spread in all directions over the country, and to stimulate the fidelity of all concerned a reward of £30,000 had been set on the Prince's head.

Amongst a people so poor that this sum represented a mass of money far too great for the imagination fully to comprehend, none were found base enough to betray the trust reposed in them. It was thought better that the Prince should proceed to the Western Isles, for it was believed that he could lie there safe from pursuit till the French vessel appeared that was to take him off; so, on the evening of April 24th, Charles, with a few attendants under the charge of Donald Macleod of Guatnergill, set off. It was a very dark night; but this might not have mattered had it not been that a great storm suddenly burst over the wanderers. The rain beat fiercely on them, the surf broke heavily into the boats, the incessant lightning showed the rock-bound coast, against which the wild waves of the sea were dashing with constantly increasing violence. The Prince proposed a return, but Donald, with alarming frankness, urged on them that it "was as good for them to be drowned in clean water, as to be dashed in pieces upon a rock, and be drowned too!" But the gale somewhat moderated, and the day-dawning discovered them tossing off the island of Benbecula. Here they waited for a few days, till the storm had abated, subsisting in the meanwhile on a cow which they had seized and killed. A few more changes and we find the party on a "small desert island near the Harris, where, being mistaken for a press-guard, they were avoided by the inhabitants, who deserted the shore at their approach." They nourished themselves with dry fish, and something more palatable, for "as we had plenty of brandy and sugar along with us, and found very good springs upon the island, we wanted much to have a little warm punch, to cheer our hearts in this cold remote place. We luckily found an earthen pitcher, which the fishermen had left upon the island, and this served our purpose very well for heating the punch." As they again put to sea they

were chased by an English man-of-war, but from this the Prince escaped to a wild spot in South Uist, where he lay concealed a whole month. Every precaution was taken for his safety. A cordon of scouts surrounded the place of his retreat. Guides were perpetually in attendance to show him paths by which in case of alarm he might escape. A boat was kept in constant readiness to depart. The government always seemed to have known whereabouts the Prince was, but never the exact spot. However, they began to get dangerously near the place of his retreat, and it was deemed advisable that he should again shift. One Hugh Macdonald of Baleshair was sent to advise with him, and he has left us a very minute account of the interview. Of the Prince he says:—"His dress was then a tartan short coat, and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanronald; his night-cap all patched with soot-drops; his shirt, hands, and face all patched with the same; a short kilt, tartan hose, and Highland brogs, his upper coat being English cloth." The food was of the simplest description, and served with anything but neatness. "He called for a dram, being the first article of a Highland entertainment, which, being over, he called for meat. There was about a half stone of butter laid on a timber plate, and near a leg of beef laid on a chest before us, all patched with soot-drops, notwithstanding it being washed *toties quoties*." They transacted their business, and then were about to depart, but the Prince would by no means hear of this. For once he would drown his cares, and so we have a description of a regular Highland debauch, quite in the manner of the "good old times." "Then we began with our bowls, frank and free. As we were turning merry we were turning more free," and then there follows a series of questions of a rather searching nature, which the Prince answered satisfactorily. His friends were rather afraid

that when "he had his own again," he would forget them; "but he told us then, if he had never so much ado, he would be one night merry with his Highland friends." The narrator adds, with conscious pride, "We continued this drinking for three days and three nights," and then confesses admiringly: "He had still the better of us, and even of Boisdale himself, notwithstanding his being as able a bowlsman, I dare say, as any in Scotland." Then, on the evening of the 14th June, off they set again, and for some time led a wandering life amidst the islands, which were not infested with scouts of the opposite party, whilst a large number of men-of-war were cruising about the narrow straits between the islands. Sometimes Charles had to sleep in a cranny of the bare rock, and he who was accustomed to the splendour of Rome and the luxury of Paris now thought himself exceptionally fortunate if he could obtain the shelter of a roof, however mean and humble. At last they were obliged again to return to South Uist, which they did after narrowly escaping from an English cruiser. Here it was determined that Charles, accompanied by one servant, should again attempt to escape, and after a "woeful parting indeed," he set off.

It is now that we come to the episode which is the most touching in these wanderings. Flora Macdonald was the step-daughter of Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in Skye. He held a commission in the Hanoverian army, but was in secret a Jacobite. It seems to have been thought that Flora might be extremely serviceable in assisting the Prince to escape. That she had prudence, decision, and energy of character, subsequent events abundantly proved. The Prince had gone to Benbecula, and there the first interview took place. Flora was staying in a small hut, and O'Neal, the Prince's only companion, went to visit her there. O'Neal said a friend was

there who wished to see her, and "she, with some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince." She was told it was, and then he came in. They conversed as to the most advisable plan. It seemed best to go to Skye, but there was a difficulty in the way. "She answered with the greatest respect and loyalty, but declined it, saying Sir Alexander Macdonald was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin." She was informed that he was absent, and so at last was persuaded. Soon the details were settled; the Prince was to dress as a woman, and to pass off as Betty Burke, maid to Miss Macdonald. It was determined that on the following day Charles should go from South Uist. But when going to Ormaclode, Miss Macdonald was made a prisoner! The militia had strict orders to bring all passers-by before the commanding officer, who, however, was her step-father, and he soon gave orders for his daughter's release. He also furnished her, "Betty Burke," and a man named Neil Makechan, with passports. And now they were to meet at Rosshineis, but how were they to get there? The militia watched all the ways, and therefore the sea route was the only one open. After considerable delay a small skiff was procured, and this took them a good part of the way; as for the rest, they walked, and a wild moor had to be tramped under a blinding shower of sleet. They got a little refreshment in a shepherd's hut, and about ten reached their destination—only to learn that a large body of Skye militia were posted in the neighbourhood. The Prince was obliged to leave the hut, for the militia came there for milk. He spent the time crouched under a rock. Makechan tells the story:—"It is almost inexpressible what torment the Prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain, which poured down on him so thick as if all the windows of

Heaven had broken open; and to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of midges upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints as would have rent the rocks with compassion." For three days he hung about the hut, and at last Miss Macdonald, with Lady Clanronald, was able to join them. They all sat down to dinner, and as things seemed clearing a little, were cheerful and happy; but the party was broken up in haste by the news that Lady Clanronald's house was full of soldiers. So the merry-making came to an abrupt termination.

On the evening of June 28th they sailed for Skye. The night was dark, but calm, when they started, but in a little a very high wind sprang up, and the rowers thought there was real danger of the boat being swamped. Day-break showed the coast of Skye unexpectedly near. A militia station occupied the first landing-place, and they were signalled to land or be shot. Charles ordered the boatmen not to fear the villains, and they said "that they had no fear for themselves, but only for him." They were within the range of the shot, but escaped unhurt. At last they got ashore at Kilbride, but Morgstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, was occupied by soldiers, and Lady Macdonald, in an agony of terror, insisted on the Prince's immediate removal. In this extremity the factor Macdonald of Kingsburgh came forward and offered to assist in conveying the Prince to Portree, from whence it was intended to go to Rasay. Kingsburgh and the Prince met on the shore. The Prince was attired in a "flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion with a hood;" in his hand he had a huge cudgel, which he brandished in a vigorous manner. "I

think I never," said a servant who accompanied the party, which soon afterwards set out, "saw such an impudent-looking woman as Kingsburgh is walking with. I dare say she is either an Irishwoman, or a man in woman's clothes. See what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats." The heir of a hundred kings hardly indeed could be expected to look the character of an Irish waiting-maid. "They call *you* a pretender," said Kingsburgh, half in apprehension, half in compliment; "all I can say is, that you are the worst at your trade that I ever saw." At Kingsburgh's house the little child rushed to inform her mother that there had arrived "the most odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen." Kingsburgh's wife was astonished when this strange figure bent down and kissed her. She saw it was a man! and asked her husband in a whisper if he were one of "the unfortunate gentlemen escaped from Cul-loden?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What of the Prince?"

"He is the Prince."

"Then we are ruined!" said the poor woman solemnly. Her husband comforted her with the somewhat trite reflection that they could die but once, and told her to prepare the meal. With comical female inconsistency she who a minute before was anxious for her life, now transferred all her anxiety to her larder. She had only bread and cheese, eggs and butter, and she wrung her hands with anguish as she reflected on what must pass in the Prince's mind as he viewed the humble board. Her husband told her something of "how he had fared of late," and so the supper was spread. The next morning they must again away. One or two little incidents of happy playfulness are told here, and they serve to soften this strange, bitter tale of sad privation. He was not quite *au fait* in his new dress, and the ladies

had to assist him, so they came and put on his cap and apron, and dressed his hair, and made him as much like an abigail of the period as possible. As Flora adjusted the cap, her companion asked her to beg from the Prince a lock of his hair; but Miss Macdonald's simple and high-minded nature shrank from the task. She declined. The Prince asked what was the matter? On being told, he smiled, laid his head in Flora's lap, and told her to take as much as she wanted. They, however, did not want other Jacobite relics. Kingsburgh gave the Prince a new pair of shoes, and religiously kept the worn ones as relics. These were cut into small pieces and distributed to friends. "The Jacobite ladies," we are told, "often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms." Another relic of a sterner character was kept—the sheets of the bed where he slept were preserved with pious care by the two ladies, and they served them as shrouds—pathetic memoirs of a devotion that was sweeter than life and stronger than death.

But now Charles again changed his clothes for a man's dress, and proceeded to the shore at a distance of half-a-mile from Portree. Here he bade farewell to Flora Macdonald. He spoke no word of thanks, but took her hand and pressed it convulsively. He gazed down for a moment on the fair young face, and the eyes dimmed with tears, but bright with the expression of the profound fidelity of her race. Then he reverently bared his head, and bending down kissed her twice on the forehead. As he stepped into the boat he turned and looked back. "For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." The boat was soon lost in the distance. The two were never again to look on each other in this world.

The party got to Rasay safely enough, and after that to Skye. Charles again was to pass as a servant, but this

time as a man-servant, though this disguise was not much more successful than the last. "There is not a person," said one of them, "who knows what the air of a noble or great man is, but, upon seeing the Prince in any disguise he could put on, would see something that was not ordinary—something of the stately and grand in him." After some more weary wanderings, during which no French ship came in sight, we find Charles again on the mainland, on the shores of Loch Nevis. He then went to Borraidale, where Angus Macdonald and his family, who had lost all for his sake, were staying in a small hut. A son of Macdonald's had fallen at Culcadden, and this thought was present in the Prince's mind as he looked round the wretched dwelling, and bowed to the dead lad's mother. He asked her gravely "if she could bear the sight of one who had been the cause of so much misery to her and her family." "Yes," she said, "even though all my sons had fallen in your Royal Highness's service." The district was here beset with soldiers. A cordon was drawn round every place where it was expected the Prince might be hiding, and the whole country thoroughly examined. But a guide, who knew the ways far better than the English soldiers, was easily procured, and after three days of intense toil the braes of Glenmoriston were reached, "where, without food or fire, and wet to the skin, his only shelter was a small cave, the limits of which were so narrow, and the narrow floor so rugged, as almost to rob him even of the luxury or sleep."

The country was then infested by a band of wild caterans, called the Seven Men of Glenmoriston. They had been concerned in the rising, had been hunted out of house and home, and were now revenging themselves by plundering and killing any member of the other side on whom they could lay hands. They had been declared outlaws, and a

price put on their heads; it was to these men that recourse was now had. They readily undertook the dangerous task of defending one whom they believed to be their rightful leader. So far from considering the task a dangerous one, they were proud of their Prince, and implored him, with rough vehemence and quaint arguments, for ever to remain with them. "Stay with us," they said, "stay with us; the mountain of gold which the government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country, and live on the price of his dishonour—but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own; we can live nowhere but in this country. Were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death." But ambition was not yet dead in Charles. He hoped still to live in Britain, not as a skulking fugitive, but honoured at the Court of St. James's. He stayed with these men for almost a month. Wild as was his abode, this was not the most disagreeable part of his travels. He at least had rest and safety, for the devoted fidelity of those around him, and the inaccessible situation of the retreat, seemed to preclude the possibility of surprise and capture. The Seven Men scoured the country far and wide in search of provisions, of which he had always an abundant supply, and sometimes even dainties were obtained; his guardians often risked their very lives to procure him something which they believed he might care for. But he again was obliged to press on. With Lochiel, Cluny, Macpherson, and one or two others as staunch and devoted, he lay for some time in the heart of that wild region that had once been the home of the Wolf of Badenock. "We lived," says one of the party, "in a very romantic and comical habitation, called the cage, which was only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of

which number were frequently employed in playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking."

Here a message reached them with the welcome intelligence that two French ships had been sent to carry them away, and that these were now lying in Loch-nanuagh. They hastened to the shore. A boat was sent for them, and the Prince stepped on board "French territory," though but a plank, and felt himself at length safe from his foes. He embarked almost at the very place where, fourteen months before, he had landed to begin that series of adventures surpassing anything to be found in romance, which are comprehended under the title of "The Jacobite Rising of 1745." By a strange fatality, it was his lot to visit as a fugitive almost every place in the Highlands which he had visited as a young hero, come, as he himself said, to regain the throne of his ancestors or perish in the attempt. He had done neither, and some thought of this may perhaps have crossed his mind as the shores of Scotland faded from his view. He was never destined to see them again. Yet our guesses at what he thought and felt are in reality conditioned by our knowledge of subsequent events. If we carefully examine the records of his sayings and actions, we can easily infer that the true state of the case was somewhat as follows:—He was in the first place so utterly wearied with his wanderings physically, and the effect of the constant hunt of which he was the object had such a depressing effect upon him mentally, that he must have been profoundly relieved when he felt himself safe, and probably had far keener sensations of pleasure when he left the country than when he entered it. The physical, though less important than the mental, has yet its place before it. Till that be satisfied, there is with most people little room for anything else. This is the explanation of the rebounds

of hilarious gaiety which this young hero exhibited when he had the prospect of a good meal, with the usual accessories of a Highland festival. Then it must also be remembered that he did not leave without hope. His constant reference to a future residence at "the Court of St. James's," where he loved to picture himself as dispensing favours and recompenses to those who had stood by him in the day of trial; his often expressed determination to return at the head of a French force, which he evidently thought would at once be placed at his disposal, alike show this. A little reflection on this remarkable, and, for the student, by no means uninteresting phase of human nature, will show us that such were his views. Of course, with his adherents it was different; the very success of the enterprise at the first only showed them more clearly how utterly impossible success was. One defeat completely shattered the whole organisation—already crumbling away of itself after its marvellous successes. They could not but feel that even had Culloden gone differently, this would only have deferred for a little the inevitable end. So there were no more real attempts to reinstate the old line. Jacobitism henceforth passed out of the region of actual fact into that of poetry and romance. There was a dramatic fitness that its last representative should pass from the scene where and how he did. Still, many traces of nobleness were in him, and these were fixed by the force of events in the national imagination. He is still splendid when he leaves the stage.

One other remark and we have done with him whom we may, with no violation of historical propriety, call the last of the Stewarts. It has often been said that he was morally responsible for the evil effects of the '45. In this view it is impossible to concur. He believed it to be alike his right and his duty to attempt the recovery of the British throne. He only held the notions of kingship common in those days, and we cannot blame him

for not being in advance of the times in which he lived. It has always been the unhappy privilege of kings, save in the few cases where the theory of a constitutional monarchy as we know it has been developed, to involve in their own lot that of others.

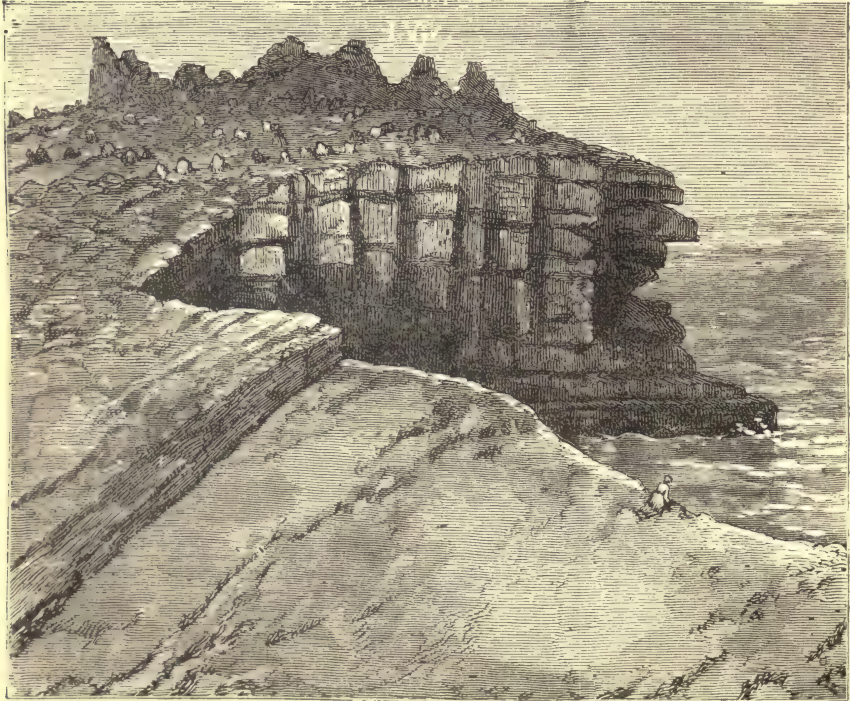
His will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Care for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state.

Yet, by every principle of justice, if we were to give him the blame for all the misfortunes of the '45, a previous question might be raised—Was the '45 an unmixed evil? Was it not rather a great good? It did on a smaller scale what the great French Revolution did on a larger—it cleared away the "rubbish of centuries." The feudal jurisdiction of the chiefs was abolished; the Highlands were opened; peace was secured to the Lowlands, and from the events of that memorable time dates the prosperity which Scotland now enjoys.

This article has already reached to a very considerable length, and yet we cannot close it without some words as to the Flora Macdonald episode. It was natural that a certain amount of myth should grow up about this romantic incident. A story of a hopeless passion was fabricated. It was said that the Prince had danced with her at Holyrood, and that she was so captivated that she was ready ever after to risk her life for him. Then such a subject became a favourite theme for Jacobite songs, of which the not unpleasing "Flora Macdonald's Lament" may be taken as an example. Such a story robs the incident of all its high character, and one is glad to learn that it is absolutely without foundation. She was animated by no other feeling than heroic devotion, and he, by the chivalrous respect which he invariably exhibited to her, shows himself to have been quite aware of this. She was ar-

rested shortly after and taken to London; but exasperated as the Government were, the finer instincts of justice and chivalry were too strong in the English nature to prevent anything being done. She was released, and, to her no small amazement, she found herself suddenly a heroine! Her after life was peaceful and prosperous. She was happily married, and lived long, respected and honoured. Dr. Johnson visited her, and has left the following brief but impressive account:—"We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." She

lived till 1790, forty-four years after the incidents that made her famous. Happy are we to commemorate a devotion that was not without its reward; but what shall we say of devotion as profound that brought no offering but a ruined fortune and an exile's lot to many as noble and as deserving a nature? It is here that the deepest pathos of the long tragedy of the House of Stewart lies. It was the continued sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty, of the noble for the base, of the just for the unjust. Most tragic of all, the sacrifice was vain, or at least it seemed so. Even in song this self-abnegation holds. The chief note is "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," not for the "unreturning brave," to whose generous self-sacrifice this "Lost Cause" owes its consecration.



PART OF INVERNESS-SHIRE COAST.

THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

FORT AUGUSTUS; AND OTHER FAMOUS SPOTS ON IT.



HE name of canal recalls to most of us a piece of water, unpleasant to the eye, and still more so to the smell, which stretches through some tract of flat, hideous coal country. On its banks rise factories dominated by huge chimneys continually belching forth dense clouds of smoke. Along it creep vessels ungainly in shape, loaded with cargoes, useful it may be, but certainly unpleasant. A canal, in short, is something eminently practical, utilitarian, ugly. If it were possible that any one should carry those ideas with him to the Highlands, and imagine that the Caledonian Canal was as other canals, how agreeably would he be disappointed! For the sail from Inverness to Fort William is through a varied panorama of the most charming scenery in all fair Scotland. Through that fair scenery it is our pleasing duty now to conduct the reader, only premising that the so-called canal is in reality a chain of lochs, which are all joined together by cuttings. The first of these is Loch Ness, or the Lake of the Cataract. It is over twenty miles in length, and about a mile broad. But here is Dr. Johnson's account of it from the celebrated "Journey to the Western Islands," a book whose ponderous style has a certain quaint charm:—"On the left were high and steepy rocks, shaded with birch, the hardy native of the North, and covered with fern or heather. On the right the limpid waters of *Lough Ness* were beating their banks, and waving their surface by a gentle agitation.

Beyond them were rocks, sometimes covered with verdure, and sometimes towering in horrid nakedness. Now and then we espied a little corn-field, which served to impress more strongly the general barrenness." The Doctor then goes on solemnly to reprove Boethius, who affirms it to be twelve miles broad. Boethius, he observes, "lived at no great distance; if he never saw the lake, he must have been very incurious, and if he had seen it, his veracity yielded to very slight temptations." "*Lough Ness*, though not twelve miles broad, is a very remarkable diffusion of water without islands. It fills a large hollow between two ridges of high rocks, being supplied partly by the torrents which fall into it on either side, and partly, as is supposed, by streams at the bottom. We were told that it is in some places 140 fathoms deep, a profundity scarcely credible, and which probably those that relate it have never sounded." Dr. Johnson's scepticism has been justified, for the greatest depth is about 129 fathoms. "Going along," continues the narrator, "we espied a cottage." This cottage they entered, and Dr. Johnson, with true courtesy, explains how it is not considered impolite in the Highlands to do so. This is his description of the hut. It has always seemed to us a literary tit-bit:—"A hut is constructed with loose stones, ranged for the most part with some tendency to circularity. It must be placed where the wind cannot act upon it with violence, because it has no cement, and where the water will run easily away, because it has no floor but the naked ground. The wall, which is commonly about six feet high, declines from the

perpendicular a little inward. Such rafters as can be procured are then raised for a roof, and covered with heath, which makes a strong and warm thatch, kept from flying off by ropes of twisted heath, of which the ends, reaching from the centre of the thatch to the top of the wall, are held firm by the weight of a large stone. No light is admitted but at the entrance, and through a hole in the thatch which gives vent to the smoke. This hole is not directly over the fire, lest the rain should extinguish it; and the smoke, therefore, naturally fills the place before it escapes."

In contrast, let us place beside it this charming description of the huts of a clachan, given by Mr. Hamerton in his "Painter's Camp in the Highlands":—

"A genuine Highland clachan is one of the most picturesque things in the world, especially just after rain, when the colour comes out. The houses, as everybody knows, of one story only, are built of great rough stones, and thatched in a rude way with rushes. Considered as artificial things, they do no honour to their artificers, for all their beauty is due to Nature, and to the poverty of the builders, who were not rich enough to contend with Nature. Whenever Highlanders are well off, they cease to build picturesquely altogether, the inns and farmhouses and kirks being uniformly square and hideous, whilst the castles of the nobility are usually—if of recent date—devoid of all interest except as enduring examples of the lowest bathos of the 'Gothic' renaissance. If the Highlanders could build churches and castles as grandly as they build poor men's huts, their country would be as great in architecture as it is in scenery.

The poor men's huts have the sublimity of rocks and hillocks. The colouring of the walls is so exquisite that it would take a noble colourist to imitate it at all. Gold of lichen, rose of granite, green of moss, make the rude stone of the poor man's house glorious

with such colour as no palace in all England reveals. And, as if it were especially intended by Nature that full justice should be done to her fair colouring by the most desirable foil and contrast, she has given the Highlanders peat, which they build into stacks close to their habitations, and whose intense depth of mingled purples and browns, make their walls gleam like jewellery. And when some cottage in the clachan lies empty and deserted, and the woodwork of the roof rises, a grim skeleton, above the abandoned walls, blacker than black, yet full of deep purples in its blackness, arrangements of colour become possible to the painter, such as the strongest colourists desire.

And all the adjuncts are so perfect! The landscape about a clachan is nearly always lovely. There is sure to be a grey precipice or purple hill within sight, or a rocky stream, or, at any rate, a picturesque group of trees. Then the people who live in it are so picturesque. I have never in my life seen finer figure-subjects than some noble groups of strong, hardy children, playing about the doors of the huts, and clad in all manner of admirable rags. And the very cows are clothed in lovelier fur than any other cows. Nothing in animal life is grander than a little Highland bull, black as coal and majestic as a king, marching heavily, with a strong sense of his own personal dignity and might. No wonder Rosa Bonheur likes the Highland cattle. It is enough to drive a painter half crazy with delight to see the sunshine on their fur! Then what variety of colour there is in them! You have them of all colours—black, cream, tawny, red, and brown, grouping with each other exactly as if they were artistic cows, comprising grand living pictures for our especial pleasure.

Nor is any painter likely to forget the sheep, with their twisted horns, that the travelling tinker will make spoons of some day for the cottagers' wives. And

now and then he will find a goat, or even a young roe-fawn from the mountains, as I have seen cherished and petted by children as lovely and graceful and active as itself.

These things shall you see about the cottages of our poor peasantry, there; and commonly, also, a little field of corn, all green and gold in its partial ripening, and laid, perhaps, by thoughtless gales. There will be a little kail-yard, too—that is, a miniature garden for cabbages—and a plot for potatoes.

And out of these little huts there come as fine women as eyes can behold. Mighty and robust is the typical Highland beauty. Her eyes are brown as the pool of a stream in the heather; her cheeks are full and florid as red apples; her hair is of deepest brown and black. Strong arms has she for labour, and stout legs for travel. Her structure is more for use than grace; her feet are large, her ankles thick, yet she is a glorious creature."

Well, this is rather a long quotation, but the remarks are so good that we could not shorten it. Let us return now to the Doctor and "Bozzy."

Here is the account of the "Fall of Fiers," or Foyers, as it is now called, situated about the middle of the south side of the loch. "Towards evening we crossed, by a bridge, the river which makes the celebrated *Fall of Fiers*. The country at the bridge strikes the imagination with all the gloom and grandeur of *Siberian* solitude. The way makes a flexure, and the mountains, covered with trees, rise at once on the left hand and in the front. We desired our guides to show us the *Fall*, and, dismounting, clambered over very rugged crags, till I began to wish that our curiosity might have been gratified with less trouble and danger. We came at last to a place where we could overlook the river, and saw a channel, torn, as it seems, through black piles of stone, by which the stream is obstructed and broken till it comes to

a very steep descent, of such dreadful depth, that we were naturally inclined to turn aside our eyes." Unfortunately, however, there had been a long drought. "The river having now no water but what the springs supply, showed us only a swift current, clear and shallow, fretting over the asperities of the rocky bottom; and we were left to exercise our thoughts by endeavouring to conceive the effect of a thousand streams poured from the mountains into one channel, struggling for expansion in a narrow passage, exasperated by rocks rising in their way, and at last discharging all their violence of waters by a sudden fall through the horrid chasm." So far Dr. Johnson, whose description we have specially quoted to contrast it with that of Robert Burns, who has given us the following lines, inscribed, "Written with a pencil standing by the Falls of Foyers, in Inverness-shire." The reader will remark that, different as were the characters of the two men, the Scottish poet's description is written in "John-sonese," a not very common vein with him.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream re-sounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening shoot descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists, and careless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid cauldron boils.

Another object in the Loch scenery which may attract our notice is the mountain called Mealfourvonie (namely, the Height of the Cold Moor), which rises opposite the falls. Its appearance is exactly that of a hayrick, and its isolated position makes it the chief landmark of

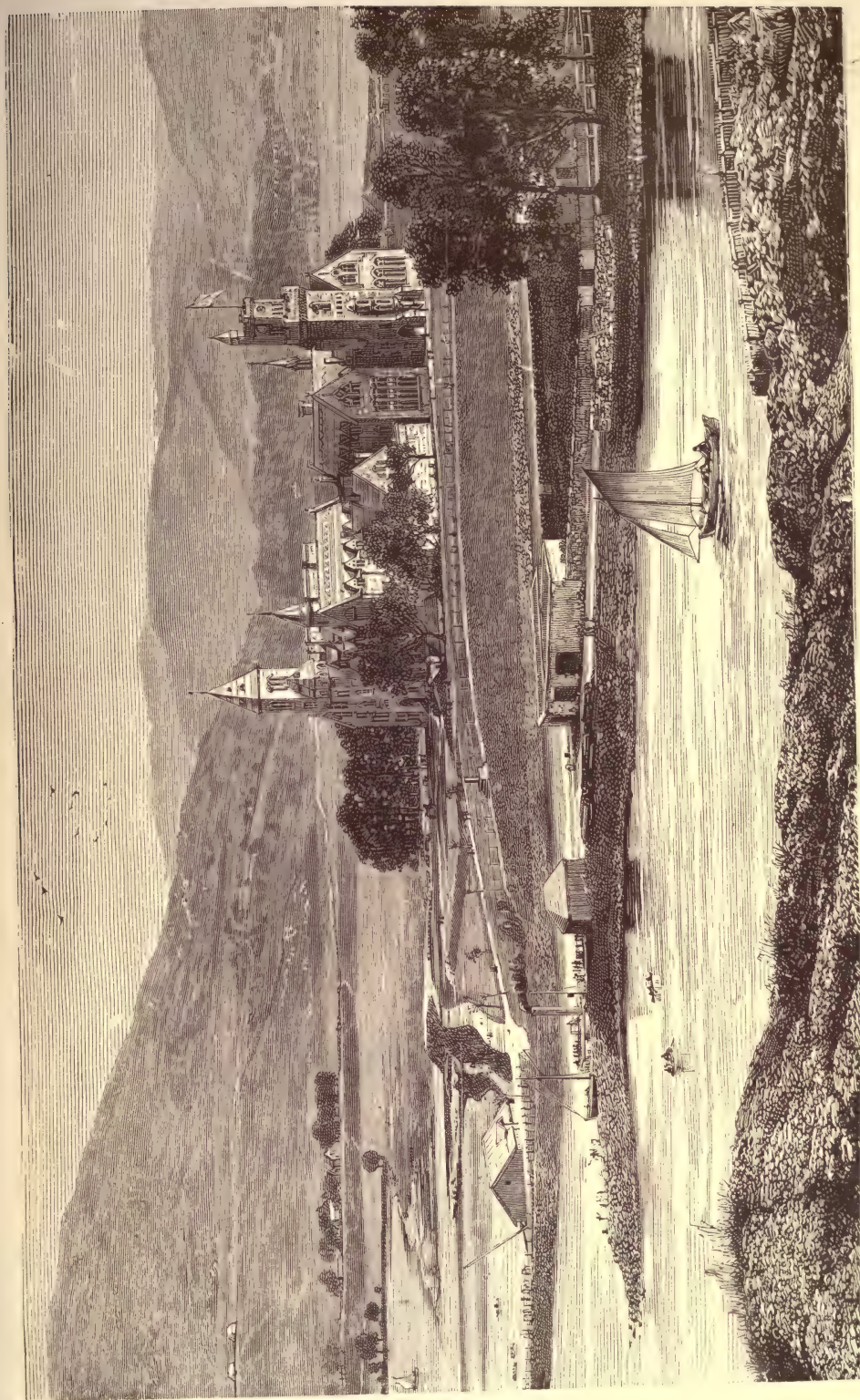
the neighbourhood. The glen on its east side is Glen Urquhart, through which the Enneric water runs out into Urquhart Bay. On the west of this bay, a narrow peninsula runs out into the loch, and at the extremity of this the gloomy ruin of Castle Urquhart rises sheer out of the water, which is here at its deepest. Although it might have been supposed that the remoteness of this castle would have preserved it from invaders, yet this is not the case. In 1303 it was taken by the officers of Edward I., who barbarously put the garrison to the sword. In 1334 it was held by the patriotic party against the adherents of Baliol. It was a royal castle, and though frequently "disponed" by our monarchs, seemed always to get back into their hands; but it passed finally from the royal possession in 1509, when James IV. "granted three charters of the lordship" to the Grants of Freuchie.

Fort Augustus, which may serve to remind us of the suppressal of the Jacobite risings, is at the end of Loch Ness. The town is quite modern, and is a late instance of that process which we have already noted in connection with Stirling, Edinburgh, and Dumbarton—namely, the rise of a town round a military position. The fort itself has had a strange history. It was built shortly after the '15, "in the form of a quadrangle, with four bastions at the corner." Quieter times succeeded. The Highlands became the most contented and orderly part of the sovereign's dominions, and the fort was no longer of any use. It was determined to sell it. The purchaser was the representative of a family against which it might be supposed to have been specially directed, and this bulwark of the Revolution settlement, and the Protestant ascendancy, became a Roman Catholic College, of which the guide-books say: "It is conducted by the fathers of the English Benedictines congregation, and has been designed with a view to give to the

Catholics of Scotland an educational establishment on a parallel with the Catholic colleges in England." If ever there was a case when the stones might be supposed to rise up and "cry out against them," it is surely this, though the more appropriate view of the question would seem to be that the Revolution settlement and the Protestant ascendancy are so well established that the government of our day can well afford to part (for a consideration) with its old buildings to members of the ancient faith, who are now (so happily are our differences reconciled) the most loyal of subjects. We do not know what motto the new building has, but a not inappropriate one would surely be, *Arma cedunt togæ*—at least this admirably expresses the remarkable change. Of the Lovat family, certainly the most remarkable was Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who first appears on the stage of Scottish politics about the end of the seventeenth century, when he had succeeded in ousting the heiress of the late Lord Lovat, and claimed the property and leadership of the clan for himself and his father. During the whole course of his life he acted a double part, and especially in the '15 and '45 constantly intrigued with the two sides. The early successes of Charles Edward induced him to become a little less cautious. He definitely committed himself to the Jacobite cause. The government were fully aware of the treacherous part that he had acted, and he, of all men, was least likely to escape. The last scenes of the life of this extraordinary man are thus narrated by Scott with his accustomed power, and we give the quotation, although a somewhat lengthy one, as an example, not merely of his fate, but of that of many other noblemen, as unfortunate, though less deserving of such a cruel doom:—

"The conclusion of Lord Lovat's eventful and mysterious career was the next important act of this eventful tragedy. That old conspirator, after making his





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FORT AUGUSTUS, CALEDONIAN CANAL.



escape from his vassal's house of Gortuleg, had fled to the Highlands, where he was afterwards taken in one of the Western Islands, by a detachment from the garrison of Fort William, who had disembarked from on board a bomb vessel, called the *Furnace*. The old man was brought to the Tower of London. On this occasion, using the words of the Latin poet, he expressed himself prepared either to resort to his old stratagems, or to meet death like a man, if he should find it inevitable. Lovat's trial, which came on before the House of Lords on the 9th, and was finished on the 19th day of March, was very long and extremely curious. On the former occasions it had not been necessary to produce the evidence of Secretary Murray; but on the present, as Lovat had not been personally engaged in the insurrection, it was indispensable to prove his accession to the previous conspiracy. This was accomplished in the fullest manner; indeed, he said of himself, probably with great truth, that he had been engaged in every insurrection in favour of the family of James the Seventh, since he was fifteen years old; and he might have added, he had betrayed some of them to the opposite party. His guilt, thinly covered by a long train of fraud, evasion, and deceit, was clearly manifested, though he displayed very considerable skill and legal knowledge in his defence. Being found guilty by the House of Lords, the sentence of high treason was pronounced upon the old man in the usual horrible terms. He heard it with indifference, and replied, 'I bid your lordships an everlasting farewell! Sure I am, we shall never all meet again in the same place.'

During the interval between the sentence and its execution, this singular personage employed himself at first in solicitations for life, expressed pretty much in the style of a fawning letter, which, when he was first taken prisoner, he had written to the Duke of Cumber-

land, pleading his high favour with George the First, and how he had carried his royal highness about when a child, in the parks of Kensington and Hampton-Court. Finding these meannesses were in vain, he resolved to imitate in his death the animal he most resembled in his life, and die like the Fox, without indulging his enemies by the utterance of a sigh or groan. It is remarkable how the audacity of this daring man rendered him an object of wonder and awe at his death, although the whole course of his life had been spent in a manner calculated to excite very different feelings. Lovat had also, indeed, the advantage of the compassion due to extreme old age, still nourishing a dauntless spirit, even when a life beyond the usual date of humanity was about to be cut short by a public execution. Many circumstances are told of him in prison, from which we may infer that the careless spirit of levity was indulged by him to the last moment. On the evening before his execution, his warder expressed himself sorry that the morrow should be such a bad day with his Lordship. 'Bad!' replied his Lordship; 'for what? do you think I am afraid of an axe? It is a debt we must all pay, and better in this way than by a lingering disease.'

When ascending the scaffold (in which he requested the assistance of two warders), he looked round on the multitude, and seeing so many people, said with a sneer, 'God save us, why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head from a man who cannot get up three steps without two assistants?' On the scaffold he repeated the line of Horace—

'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'

It was more in his true character, that when a scaffold fell, and he was informed that many persons had been killed and maimed, he replied, in the words of the

Scottish adage, 'The more mischief the better sport!' He submitted to the fatal blow with unabated courage, and left a strong example of the truth of the observation, that it is easier to die well than to live well. The British Government did not escape blame for having selected as an example of punishment an old man on the very verge of life. Yet, of all the victims to justice, no one either deserved or received less compassion than Lovat."

The next loch on the line of route is that of Oich, the smallest of those in the chain. We can only here notice the mountain of Craig-an-phitich, or Rock of the Raven, which name the Macdonalds used as a war-cry. Loch Lochy comes next, and to the north of this, in a narrow valley, is Loch Arkaig. This wild region is consecrated to the memory of Locheil. At Auchnacarry, a few blackened stones are the memorials of the once stately castle of the race which fell a prey to the senseless fury of the government soldiers in 1746; and on a little island near this, in the loch, lies the dust of many generations of the family of Cameron,

of Locheil. Locheil lost all in the '45, and was glad to escape abroad. He had entered into the scheme against his better judgment, and had gone to Borrodale to persuade Charles to give up the enterprise, as he was absolutely certain that it could only end in disastrous failure. Charles, however, determined to go on. "In a few days," he said, "with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stewart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it, or to perish in the attempt. Locheil, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." Stung to the quick, the Highland chief passionately replied, "No, I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power." This pathetic interview finally decided the fate of the movement; and from then the preparations went on which got ready the way for the erection of the standard at Glenfinnan.



BEN NEVIS.

INVERLOCHY CASTLE—A GAELIC POET LAUREATE.



N English poet, whose genius led him to prefer, as a rule, softer scenes, and the beauties of human art rather than of nature, has given us a few lines on the Prince of Scottish mountains, which are well worth quoting:—

Read me a lesson, Muse, and speak it loud
Upon the top of Nevis, blind in mist !
I look into the chasms, and a shroud
Vaporous doth hide them ;—just as much I wist
Mankind do know of hell ; I look o'erhead,
And there is sullen mist,—e'en so much
Mankind can tell of heaven ; mist is spread
Before the earth beneath me,—e'en such,
E'en so vague is man's sight of himself !
Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet—
Thus much I know that a poor witless elf,
I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet
Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
But in the world of thought and mortal might.

Whether these somewhat pagan reflections of poor Keats will occur to the wanderer's mind or not, he will, if he has any sense of the sublime, be powerfully affected by this, the highest, and, in many respects, the most remarkable mountain in the British Islands. On the rare occasion when the top is free from clouds, a magnificent view can be obtained of a very large part of the North of Scotland from sea to sea. The ascent is troublesome, for not merely does the brown porphyry and red granite of which it is composed curl itself into the most steep and awkward masses, but great detours have to be made to get round all sorts of obstinate precipices, insurmountable crags, and so on. The precipices are indeed one of the most remarkable features of

the mountain. It has been riven again and again by some terrific convulsion of nature in long-past ages. Snow is frequently to be met with in some of the more shady fissures, and the wild scream of the eagle, reverberating from the most lofty crags, is the fit accompaniment to the awful solitude. Traces of silver and lead have been found in the mountain, whose composition is thus of an altogether mixed and curious character. Round the foot winds the Nevis glen, and through it runs, with headlong speed, the Nevis river. This rises in the mountain, is less than ten miles long, and falls into Lochail, after making some charming waterfalls. Not very far from where this river falls into the Loch, is Inverloch Castle. It was here that a remarkable battle took place between the adherents of Campbell and Montrose—families that represented for long the two antagonistic principles in Scottish life and politics. This was in 1645, and Argyll's men marched to the neighbourhood under the leadership of the Marquis, and there behaved in such a manner that they roused the anger of Ian Lom, commonly called in English John Macdonald, a famous Gaelic poet, who forthwith proceeded to Montrose, then lying with his army near the place. Montrose listened with chilling indifference to the passionate tale of the poet, but all his followers were not so patient. One of them, Macdonald, the son of Colkitto, said he "would go and see what was wrong in Macdonald's country." They set off, and advanced far into "Macdonald's country," without seeing anything very amiss. Colkitto thought he had been deceived, and as placidity of temper was not his

strong point, he got into a furious rage, and gave orders that the unlucky bard should be forthwith suspended from a tree which stretched out its broad branches most conveniently by the wayside. The poet implored a respite, and at last it was agreed that the execution should be deferred till another stretch of landscape was noted, so on they went till they came upon some houses recently burnt. "Ho, ho!" said Colkitto, something after the fashion of the giant in the fairy tale, "the smell or track of the Badocks is here."

The poet's credibility was thus assured, and he was placed in the position of leader of the party. He conducted them round the base of Ben Nevis during the night, and in the morning they fell upon the surprised Campbells, who, never dreaming an enemy was near, were living in careless security. At the first alarm of battle, the Marquis got himself safely stowed away in a galley on the loch, and this added to the dismay of his unfortunate followers, who fled almost without making any effort at resistance, and were butchered like sheep by their savage opponents. The poet, from a safe eminence, watched the combat with vengeful glee. He composed a song to celebrate the event, and in this "he luxuriates like a fiend on the anticipated music of the widows and orphans of the Campbells in Argyleshire weeping and clapping their hands in agony over the fate of their husbands and fathers." Ian Lom held the post of poet laureate in Gaelic to Charles II., and with him died that strange office. He was at the battle of Killiecrankie, at least so he assures us in the spirit-stirring strain with which he celebrated that famous victory—strains which, even in a translation, have something of the wild force of the Highland charge they commemorate. He lived to a green old age, and one of his last poetical efforts was a song in which he bitterly inveighed against that accursed union of 1705,

which had destroyed the ancient kingdom of Scotland. Ian Lom was devotedly attached to the cause of the Stewarts, and he wrote countless Jacobite lays, and did much to keep alive the Jacobite sentiment in that part of Scotland. This region was, indeed, named, in the '45, the "cradle of the rebellion," for the whole minds of the people were so saturated with songs and sentiments of this kind, that they rose up as one man to do battle for the House of Stewart; but the Jacobite cause was always favoured by the Muses, if not by the Fates. It never wanted singers to celebrate its few successes and bewail its many defeats, and to throw over a lost cause

The poet's consecration and the dream,
The light that never was on sea or shore.

Colkitto, curiously enough, occurs in a sonnet of Milton; but the reference is by no means complimentary, and is rather owing to the strangeness of the name than the eminence of the person. Of some names he says—

Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

Our readers will also remember the full account of the battle given in the "Legend of Montrose," and the notice therein contained of the characters we have mentioned.

At this battle Montrose was sadly defeated, and escaped to the North by swimming the Kyle, leaving behind him his standard, his cloak, his star, and the garter with which Charles had lately invested him.

Having already been condemned to death by the Parliament, he was treated on his way to Edinburgh as a convicted criminal. He was brought into the capital on the 18th May, in the afternoon, and carried through the streets bareheaded in a cart driven by the hangman in his livery, the other prisoners walking two and two before him. His execution took place on the

21st of May ; and when on the morning of that day he heard the sound of trumpets and drums, and was told that it was the summons to arms of the soldiers and citizens to prevent any demonstration of the Royalists, he asked scornfully if he, "who had been such a terror to these good men when alive, continued to be no less formidable to them when about to die?" He went to the scaffold dressed in scarlet and gold, and made a studied address to the people. When he had concluded, the hangman performed his melancholy duty. Montrose was only thirty-eight years of age.

Perhaps the reader may have a curiosity to see a specimen of the Gaelic muse, so we quote a few of the spirited verses in which Ian Lom celebrated this Inverlochy engagement:—

Heard ye not ! heard ye not ! how that whirlwind,
the Gael—

To Lochaber swept down from Loch Ness to Loch
Eil,—

And the Campbells, to meet them in battle-array,
Like the billow came on,—and were broke like its
spray !

Long, long shall our war-song exult in that day.

'Twas the Sabbath that rose, 'twas the feast of St.
Bride,
When the rush of the clans shook Ben-Nevis's
side ;

I, the bard of their battles, ascended the height
Where dark Inverlochy o'ershadow'd the fight,
And I saw the Clan-Donnell resistless in might.

Through the land of my fathers the Campbells have
come,

The flames of their foray enveloped my home ;
Broad Keppoch in ruin is left to deplore,
And my country is waste from the hill to the
shore,—

Be it so ! By St. Mary, there's comfort in store !

Though the braes of Lochaber a desert be made,
And Glen Roy may be lost to the plough and the
spade,

Though the bones of my kindred, unhonour'd,
unurn'd,

Mark the desolate path where the Campbells have
burn'd,—

Be it so ! From that foray *they never return'd !*

Fallen race of Diarmed ! disloyal,—untrue !

No harp in the Highlands will sorrow for you !

But the birds of Loch Eil are wheeling on high,
And the Badenoch wolves hear the Camerons' cry—

"Come, feast ye ! come feast, where the false-
hearted lie !"





VIADUCT AT BALLOCHMYLE, AYRSHIRE.

The railway bridge at Ballochmyle is a beautiful structure nearly seven hundred feet in length, with embankments at each end a mile in length, and ninety feet high at their junction with the viaduct. There are three arches of fifty feet span on each side of the great central one, which has a span of one hundred and eighty-four feet, and is also one hundred and eighty-four feet above the ordinary level of the river. The scene is remarkable for the curious conjunction which it presents of Nature and Art. Seldom is so great a triumph of engineering to be found in the midst of so much natural beauty—such rude picturesque rocks—such sylvan and romantic scenery.

Close to this scene the identical crag is

pointed out on which Burns is said to have stood while he composed that sublime dirge, "Man is made to Mourn," and the spot where he beheld the "Lass o' Ballochmyle" is also closely adjacent.

Near Ballochmyle is the village of Catrine. There dwelt Dr. Stewart, father of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart. To them Burns alludes in the following lines :—

"With deep-struck, reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw ;
To Nature's God and Nature's Law
They gave their lore ;
This all its source and end to draw,
That to adore."



"STAND FAST, CRAIG ELACHIE!"

REAT rock, by which the Grant
hath sworn,
Since first amid the mountains
born;
Great rock, whose sterile granite
heart
Knows not, like us, misfortune's
smart,
The river sporting at thy knee,
On thy stern brow no change can
see,

Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

Stand fast on thine own Scottish ground,
By Scottish mountains flanked around,
Though we, uprooted, cast away
From the warm bosom of Strathspey,
Flung pining by this western sea,
The exile's hopeless lot must dree,
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

Blue are the hills above the Spey,
The rocks are red that line his way ;
Green is the strath his waters lave,
And fresh the turf upon the grave
Where sleep my sire and sisters three,
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

Still strong as thou the Grant shall rise,
Cleft from his clansmen's sympathies ;
In these grim wastes new homes we'll rear,
New scenes shall wear old names so dear ;
And while our axes fell the tree,
Resound old Scotia's minstrelsy,
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

And what, then, is this Craig Elachie, that it should be a watchword and centre for brave hearts to rally round? Perhaps not, at first sight, the most striking of objects. Ruskin thus describes it:—"In one of the loneliest districts of Scotland, where the peat cottages are darkest, just at the western foot of that great mass of the Grampians which encircles the sources of the Spey and the Dee, the main road which traverses the chain winds round the foot of a broken rock called Crag or Craig Elachie. There is nothing remarkable in either

its height or form ; it is darkened with a few scattered pines, and touched along its summit with a flush of heather ; but it constitutes a kind of headland or leading promontory in the group of hills to which it belongs—a sort of initial letter of the mountains ; and thus stands, in the minds of the inhabitants of the district, the Clan Grant, for a type of their country, and of the influence of that country upon themselves." And then, in a passage of great force and beauty, the writer goes on to describe how, when passing by that rock at the time of the Indian Mutiny, he thought how those who were nearest and dearest to England's heart, were being defended, "among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermilion was darkened with blood," by men whose war-cry was the name of this old rock, and who were as little likely to turn and flee as *it* was.

Each clan had its own particular war-cry or *slogan*, and when, as in this case, it was taken from some impressive natural object, we can well imagine how powerful its effect would be. It was a direct appeal to the Gael to fight *pro aris et focis*—to do all he could for home. This is well pointed out in the passage from Ruskin, whilst the verses quoted remind us how affecting the old rallying cry must be to the exile in American backwoods or Australian bush.

As we have been called upon to say a good many things about the Highlands, we think this a favourable opportunity for giving some little account of the clan system, and one or two points connected with it. A clan was an association of men bound together by ties of consanguinity, custom, common interest, and common

possession, who, under a chief, occupied a piece of ground, as, for instance, the Grants did that part of Strathspey about Craig Elachie. This piece of ground was generally held to belong to the whole clan. It was by no means the exclusive possession of the chief, who was obliged to consult the elders of the tribe before he took any important step regarding it; or, indeed, any other of the clan's affairs. Not indeed that all these relations and rights were defined by law, or even with any approach to legal precision. But the force of long custom had made it an unwritten law that such things were to be, and so they continued for long ages. It was almost a necessary consequence of such an organisation in a rude age that it should be warlike, and indeed war was considered the only proper occupation of a gentleman. "The military ranks of the clan," says Dr. Maclachlan, "were fixed and perpetual. The chief was, of course, the principal commander. The oldest cadet commanded the right wing, and the youngest the rear. Every head of a distinct family was captain of his own tribe. An ensign or standard-bearer was attached to each clan, who generally inherited his office, which had been usually conferred on an ancestor who had distinguished himself." Each clan had a place of meeting and a rallying cry. The men were summoned on any striking emergency by the well-known symbol of the fiery cross—two pieces of wood joined together in the form of a cross, of which one end had been burnt, and the other was stained with blood. Various messengers were sent on with these. Each ran at full speed till he was becoming exhausted, when he passed on the symbol to the first of his tribe he met, and it was the duty of the man thus charged with the mission to be diverted from fulfilling it by no other duty, however solemn and important. It will be remembered that, in the "Lady of the Lake," the solemn task of carrying

the message tears one man away from the arms of his bride, and prevents another from laying his father in the grave. As far as can be known, the last time this symbol was carried was in 1745, when it was sent round Loch Tay by the Earl of Breadalbane in order to collect his people to make a stand against the Jacobites. The distance of thirty-three miles is said to have been accomplished in three hours; but this is probably an exaggeration. At any rate, it was a curious example of the "irony of fate" that this ancient Highland ceremony should be employed for the last time against that very cause with which the Highlanders are usually considered as identified.

An imaginative, melancholy people like the Highlanders were naturally very superstitious, and when "on the war-path" they were encouraged or deterred by all sorts of singular omens. Among the most remarkable was this: that if a "woman barefooted crossed the road before them, they seized her and drew blood from her forehead."

In such a state of society disputes leading to war would be of frequent occurrence. The various territories between two clans could never be quite accurately defined; among a passionate, high-spirited people, quarrels on this or some other ground would speedily and easily arise, and these were likely to end in battle; it was deemed necessary to avenge the deaths in such battles, and so a feud, handed down from father to son for many generations, was the result. There were various ways in which one tribe might be easily avenged on another. Cattle lifting was a very common and profitable means of reprisal. The Lowlanders, or "Sassenachs," were considered as a common foe by all the Highlanders, and without in the least imagining that there was anything wrong in it, they levied forced contributions of cattle, etc., from them whenever it suited their purpose, or made them

pay blackmail for that protection which they, and not the law, were able to afford. It must not be supposed that the Highlanders were a set of thieves—not one whit more than the English officer of the present day, who, in time of war, seizes upon the stores of the enemy. No such things as bolts, or locks, or bars were used for the houses. They were not needed, for robbery was a thing unknown. It would even seem that not only did they not consider themselves as robbers, but they were not considered so by other people. General Wade, in October, 1729, visited a party of these *cearnachs*, or "highwaymen," as he somewhat inappropriately calls them, and in a letter to Forbes of Culloiden, he thus describes the interview:—"The knight and I travelled in my carriage with great ease and pleasure to the feast of oxen which the highwaymen had prepared for us opposite Lochgarry, where we found four oxen roasting at the same time, in great order and solemnity. We dined in a tent pitched for that purpose. The beef was excellent, and we had plenty of bumpers, not forgetting your lordship and Culloden's health; and after three hours' stay, took leave of our benefactors, the highwaymen, and arrived at the hut at Dalnachardach before it was dark."

After all, it may be asked, Were the Highlanders quite unjustified in considering the Lowlanders their natural enemies, and their property fair game? Certainly the Lowlanders showed them no mercy, though they conducted their attacks with a greater show of legality. We have referred already to the mode in which land was held by the Highlanders. We have said that it was in the possession of the whole community. Such a notion was directly contrary to the genius of the feudal system which prevailed at the Scottish Court. According to this, the whole land belonged to the king, and it was gifted out amongst his vassals on condition of their render-

ing military service to him. Such of the Highland chiefs as saw which way things were tending in Scotland, and where the ruling power would ultimately lie, were wise enough to obtain grants of this land from the crown. It is to this connection with the court that the great powers of the Campbells, both of Argyle and Breadalbane, is to be ascribed; but some chiefs were too careless to do this, or their possessions lay near to some powerful neighbour, who looked upon them with an envious eye. It was easy to bring forward some offence, real or alleged, which the hostile chief was said to have committed, and then he was charged with this, and his lands forfeited. The execution of the sentence was committed to his powerful neighbour, who, furnished with letters of fire and sword, at once set to work to make an end of this unlucky clan. Very soon they were driven to the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, and all that they could do by way of support and revenge, was to pursue a course of depredation against the property of those that had crushed them.

The case of the Macgregors was a remarkable instance of this, as we have already noticed when speaking of Rob Roy. The chiefs that were more fortunate became exceedingly powerful, and in time might almost be considered as absolute rulers of the tribe. They had the "power of pit and gallows," which they, and the officials to whom their authority was delegated, were by no means slow to exercise. An incident so late as 1707 is a proof of this. Lord Drummond had an executioner famed far and near for the ability with which he performed the duties of his ghastly office. The town of Perth is said to have written to his lordship asking for the loan of this expert headsman, which was complacently granted to them, though with the provision that the said executioner was to be immediately sent back when required. Such tyranny would have been abso-

tully intolerable, but it was softened in various ways. There was a profound affection and devotion between the Highlanders and their chiefs, and this, the most pleasing feature of the clan relationship, has been also the most enduring. It is certainly not dead even at the present day.

The various members of a clan believed that they were all more or less nearly related to one another, and they greeted their head with a degree of familiarity that had nothing of disrespect in it. One profoundly touching instance of the fidelity with which the chiefs were served, is given as having taken place at the battle of Inverkeithing between the Royalists and Oliver Cromwell's troops. Sir Hector Maclean, chief of that clan, was wounded, and in great danger of his life. He was defended by seven brothers, who, in turn, covered his body with theirs, and each of whom, as he fell dying from the wounds which the superior numbers of the enemy enabled them to inflict, exclaimed, with his last breath, "Another for Hector!" This saying has become proverbial, as indeed it deserved to be. Instances of this might be multiplied, but we forbear. Faithfulness is a well-known characteristic of the Highlanders, but it is so of the Scotch race in general.

It may be as well that we should add a word or two as to the Clan Grant, since we have prefixed their *slogan* to this article. There is considerable dubiety as to the origin of this ancient clan. "They have," says Mr. Skene, "been said to be of Danish, English,

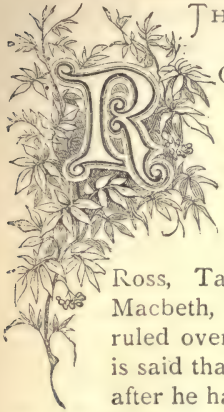
French, Norman, and Gaelic extraction."

A MS. in the possession of some branches of the family declares that the great progenitor of the Grants was the God Wodin, who came out of Asia about the year 600 B.C. Discarding these absurd inventions, we may safely conclude that the Grants were Gaels, and perhaps an offshoot of the Macgregors. In the time of Alexander II. there was a certain Gregory de Grant, sheriff of the shire of Inverness, and he is the first eminent member of the clan of whom we have authentic information. From this time, also, we can trace their history down to our own day. Among the many eminent men who led the clan, that mighty warrior, *Shemasnan Creach*, or James the Bold, was specially remarkable. He flourished under King James V., was in high favour at court, and was employed on the part of the government in warring against the Lord of the Isles. His successor was *Evan Bauld*, or the Gentle, who was an ardent supporter of the reformed faith. Of his successors it cannot be said that they remained constant to any one side in the politics of the succeeding reigns, though, on the whole, they inclined to the Protestant and popular interests. Perhaps their feud with the Gordons may have had something to do with that. We shall only add, in conclusion, that the badge of the clan is the pine or cranberry heath, and that the meaning of *Craig Elachie* is "The Rock of Alarm," though the bravery of the clan on many a field of battle may be said to have changed its meaning into Rock of Security.



NORTHERN TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THE PORTRAIT OF AN OLD-WORLD SCHOLAR.



ROSS and Cromarty are rather mixed-up shires, and as we have but little to say about them, we may well consider them together. Of Ross, Tain is the capital. Macbeth, before his rebellion, ruled over these parts, and it is said that Malcolm Canmore, after he had crushed all rivals, constituted this town, and gave it a definite organisation. About these same early times Tain was dignified by the possession of a Saint—one Dubhthach, or Duffus—who dwelt on the "Angels' Hill," as it is still called. The miracles this saint worked were of the usual kind, and one example will suffice. When a boy he was sent to a smith's to ask for fire. The man in cruel mockery placed some live coals on his lap, and these he carried home without burning his dress. Thus a sort of protection was thrown over the town, and its chapel came to have all the privileges of a sanctuary. Like all towns on the Highland border, it was often exposed to many dangers from the rude caterans who dwelt in the adjacent hills. One of these was named Poul MacTyre, and from the extent of his depredations he was described as a "very takand man." Against such men the protection of a saint could avail nothing, and even men who were more civilised, were often as sacrilegious. Here, in 1307, when the fortunes of the Bruce were at a low ebb, Mary his wife, and Marjory his daughter, fled.

Throw Ros richt to the girth of Tane
But that travele they made in vane,

for the Earl of Ross, who was devoted to the English crown, seized them and delivered them over to King Edward, who, as the chronicler briefly says—

Put the ladys in prisoun—
Sum into castell, sum in dungeon.

A hundred years after some Caithness men took refuge in the chapel, but were pursued by their opponents, who barred the door, and then fired the place, slaughtering all the unfortunate victims. For this crime their chief was afterwards executed at Inverness, during one of those short, sharp sessions which James was in the habit of holding there. The most famous visitor to the shrine was James IV. His father, James III., had admired it greatly, and had procured charters in its favour from the Pope. His son was struck with remorse for the part he had in his father's death. Besides wearing the renowned heavy girdle round his waist, and even adding to its weight, he made a pilgrimage here every year. Nay, on one occasion, he came thrice in one year. At the same time, we must not suppose that the king went in altogether for austerity—that because he was virtuous there were no cakes and ale. We have still preserved the accounts of the royal journey, and we there read the following curious items of payments: "To the madinnis of Forres that dansit to the king, 9s.; to the madinnis that dansit at Elgin siclyke, 9s. 6d.; and to the madinnis that dansit at Darnaway, 14s.," where he "tarried" to visit his early love "the Lady Jean Kennedy," say the historians. He prostrated himself at the northern shrine a month before the fatal field of Flodden, and this must have come to the know-

ledge of the men on the other side, as an English writer of the time accuses them of senseless and unavailing devotion "to Doffin their demigod of Ross." The king used to "do" the final part of his journey barefooted, and the loyal burghers, in order to ease his passage, prepared a path for him called the King's Causeway. Is it not so called unto this day? Of this chapel, where the Saint not only officiated, but where he is said to have been born, fragments of the walls alone survive.

Just as Tain is situated at the opening out of the Dornoch Firth, so is Cromarty placed at the entrance to the Cromarty Firth. But its history is not at all remarkable. It was a royal burgh, but was deprived of this right by the influence of Sir Thomas Urquhart. This Sir Thomas was a writer of considerable force and power, and of the most lively imagination. He has favoured us with a History of Cromarty, which, for daring of conception and minuteness of detail, is wellnigh unrivalled. If the stories it contains are not true, at least they ought to be. "Alopys, the forty-third in a direct line from Japhet, and contemporary with Rehoboam, the fourth King of Israel, was the first who discovered these parts. This individual was connected with some of the most famous characters in ancient history. His great grandfather was Colcido the Tyrian, who founded Carthage; his mother was the Queen of Sheba. Nor were his ancestors," says Hugh Miller, who tells the story, "a whit less happy in their friends than in their consorts. There was one of them intimately acquainted with Nimrod, the founder of the Assyrian Empire, and the builder of Babel; another sat with Abraham in the door of his tent, sharing with him his feelings of sorrow and horror when the fire of destruction was falling on the cities of the plain; a third, after accompanying Bacchus in his expedition to the Indies, and receiving from him in marriage the hand of Thymelica, his

daughter, was presented with a rich jewel when passing through Syria by Deborah, the Judge and Prophetess of Israel. The gem might have been still in the family had not one of his descendants given it to Pentasilea, that Queen of the Amazons who assisted the Trojans against Agamemnon. There were princes of this family who reigned with honour over Achaia and Spain; and a long line of monarchs who flourished in Ireland before the expedition of Fergus I." This Alopys settled in Cromarty, which he "planted" with his followers. Of his descendants, some were great travellers: one settled in Italy, and married a lady of as remarkable connections as himself. She was a sister of Marcus Coriolanus—a daughter of Agesilaus the Spartan, a daughter of Simeon Breck, the first crowned King of the Irish Scots, a daughter of Alcibiades, and niece of Lycurgus, the law-giver, were wives to some of the others." Such were the wild freaks in which this remarkable literary man indulged as he narrated the history of his native place. Alas, that its after annals should have nothing to still further dignify so ancient and noble an origin!

The entrance to the bay of Cromarty is by a tolerably wide passage, guarded by two gigantic rocks called the Soutars. The contrast between the wild waves that beat the crags on the outside, and the calm waters in the interior of the bay, has been often commented on. The slopes are richly wooded, and a number of fishing villages line the coast. Behind are the inland masses of the Ross-shire hills.

Quiet, hard-working, venturesome men are the folk of these fishing villages on the Ross and Cromarty coasts. Many a strange tradition and quaint custom lingers yet among them, as is well known to the readers of the charming writings of Hugh Miller, himself as great a literary ornament to Cromarty as quaint old Sir Thomas Urquhart was.

To "whistle for the wind" is almost as common as whistling for want of thought, so *that* does not require much notice; but a stranger custom is that of quieting the waves by standing up in the boat and waving the hand gently in the direction against which the waves are beating. A great number of the traditions have reference to death. Thus, if one man alone survives out of a drowned crew, he is shunned and despised by the relations of the dead, not so much that a moral stigma is attached to him as that he is accounted

Hugh Miller tells a story in which Calvinism is strangely mixed with fairy lore. An old man who was noted for his piety was passing through here one evening. He was reading the Bible as he slowly moved along the pathway, and as he was quite deaf, took no heed to the murmurs of the brook or the vesper hymn of the birds, when, to his astonishment, his ears, long unused to sound, were pierced by a wail of sorrow. Looking up, he saw "a beautiful sylph-looking female standing before him. She was attired in a long flowing



SCOTCH FISHING-BOATS.

fatally accursed. Another story is of the elfin inhabitants of Fairyland. A lady attired in green, and carrying a goblin child in her arms, appears at a cottage at midnight. She blows up the embers of the fire, and bathes her child in the life-blood of the youngest member of the household, who is, accordingly, found dead next morning.

The fairies here, as elsewhere, have special localities. One of these is Marial's Den, a wild, secluded spot near the town. Here they were wont to hold high parliament during the night.

mantle of green, which concealed her feet, but her breast and arms, which were of exquisite beauty, were uncovered." "Old man," she said, "you are reading *The Book*; tell me if there be any offer of salvation in it to *us*?" "No," answered the stern old Calvinist, "the gospel of this book is addressed to the lost children of Adam, but to the creatures of no other race." Whereupon, with a wild cry of despair, the figure vanished. Perhaps we may imagine her to have been such an one as Fouque describes in his exquisite portrait of

Undine, who had not a soul till she was loved by one of the human race. A place not less famous for the supernatural than this glen was the old castle of the Urquharts. It was built on the edge of a lofty ravine, and from the overhanging turrets the spectator could look sheer down to the water beneath. For long the old castle was nearly deserted, and left with but a couple of attendants. These had by no means a pleasant time of it. Strange noises were heard in the long winter nights echoing through the castle; a queer, pinched-up old man was seen "wringing his hands over a little cairn in a neighbouring thicket, and extraordinary animals like white rabbits were now and again to be seen shuffling about the passages." But the castle changed hands, and it was finally demolished, and so the ghosts went too. A strange old family this, and it is not to be wondered that the literary Sir Thomas should have been inclined to invest them with something of an apocryphal glory. Yet Sir Thomas was by far the most remarkable member of the race himself. The small dark face, the striking eyes, the thin, mocking lips of his portrait, agree admirably with the character one would naturally ascribe to him. He was born in 1613, and spent many of his earlier years abroad. He spoke French, Spanish, and Italian with the ease and fluency of a native. He might have applied to himself what he said of his country—that however much it might be surpassed in riches and fertility, in honesty, learning, and valour it had no superior. "Modesty, however, was not his strong point. He affirms that he had mastered what was already known, and that it must be added to." Hence he composed his great treatise on "The Universal Language," and no less than one hundred other works. His fertility was marvellous. He wrote eleven hundred epigrams; as he tells us, he "contrived, blocked, and digested these in a thirteen

weeks' time." Some have maintained that he was the author of the famous "Century of Inventions," universally ascribed to the Marquis of Worcester. The work was not published till two years after Urquhart's death, and it may be that the Marquis had found one of the many lost MSS. of Sir Thomas's, and passed it off as his own after that writer's death. But we cannot consider this at all proved yet. The most remarkable work of Sir Thomas, however, is the one we have already noticed, viz., his book on the history of his family and their district, entitled, "The True Pedigree and Lineal Descent of the Ancient and Honourable Family of Urquhart." Our author was a cavalier, and stood up for the Stuart cause. When the Scots advanced into England he accompanied them, and as his manuscripts were far too precious to be parted with, he carried them with him, "seven large port-mantles," as he piteously says, "full of precious commodity." These he left in Worcester, and after that unfortunate battle they were seized upon by the soldiers and used for the basest of purposes. The MS. of the Genealogy was about to be used as pipe-lights, when an officer of Colonel Pride's company got hold of it and restored it to its author. "To what base uses do we come, Horatio," must the learned Sir Thomas have reflected, as he half joyfully, half sadly, clasped his recovered MS., and thought of the other ninety and nine. He was afterwards imprisoned in the Tower, and it was to this imprisonment that we owe that remarkable work, the translation of Rabelais, of which the English reader is constantly prompted to inquire whether the volume owes its merit to the translator or the author—or whether another man could have ever been found who possessed the vocabulary or the invention required of him who would translate Rabelais. It is indeed a translation which being once done, becomes as classical as the original.

FAIRY TALES

OF THE NORTHERN SHORES AND SEAS.



WE shall continue giving in this article a few more tales of the spirits and fairies, making them as representative as possible. One story is connected with a wild spot, the valley through which the river Auld-grande runs into the Cromarty Firth. The river in some places flows underground, or at least concealed from human view. The bottom of the glen is inaccessible, though it is sometimes crossed by means of the trees that grow on its banks, and which form a natural bridge. Near this is the House of Balconie, where a lady once lived of a dark and mysterious nature. She had but one friend of her own choice, and that was, strange enough to tell, one of her own servants. She went with her a walk one evening, and approaching the chasm, suddenly seized her and attempted to drag her over. The girl screamed and resisted wildly, when a gentle voice interfered, "Nay, Madam, your surety must be a willing one," and a gentleman in green appeared, who politely stepped up to the lady's side, and courteously handed her—over the edge of the precipice! Of course it was now but too evident that the lady had sold herself to the Evil One, and that she was attempting to get out of the bargain by procuring a victim instead of herself.

The mermaid, or sea-maiden, with her occasional intercourse with the human species, is a favourite subject for the popular tales and traditions of various parts of the North of Scotland. One of

the ordinary forms of the tradition is related by Hugh Miller in his "Scenes and Legends." He tells us that about the beginning of the present century she had been seen by moonlight, sitting on a stone in the middle of the sea, a little to the east of the town, and scarce a winter passed, forty years earlier, in which she was not heard singing among the rocks, or seen braiding up her yellow tresses on the shore. "She was supposed to have a power over human destiny; but unless spell-bound, she did not exercise that power for any good end. If a man were daring and venturesome enough, he might seize her, and compel her to grant him three wishes; but if he failed, then he was dragged into the sea and never seen more." Hugh Miller's legend is that of a love-sick fisherman, who, when wandering by the sea-side on the morning of the First of May, heard strains of wondrous and unearthly beauty. He crept nearer, and discovered a mermaid seated on the rock admiring herself in the clear mirror of waters, and combing her hair, singing the song whose notes he had heard. This is simply the *Märchen aus alten Zeiten*, which Heine has told so beautifully to all the world, and which Leyden has also described.

No form he saw of mortal mould,
It shone like ocean's snowy foam,
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took
And careless bound her tresses wild,
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay.

But there was something more. A wild

thought flashed through the mind of the young fisherman. Here was an opportunity to get the three wishes fulfilled. So he crept nearer, whilst the mermaid, charmed with the sound of her own voice, and fascinated by her beauty, was quite oblivious of his presence, and then he sprang upon her. The struggle was terrible, but at length the mermaid ceased her passionate resistance, and lay completely subdued in his arms. "Man! what with me?" she said. "Wishes three," he replied, in the orthodox formula, and then he demanded—*First*, that neither he nor his friends should be lost at sea; *second*, that he should prosper in all his undertakings; *third*, that he should win her on whom his heart was set. "Quit and have," said the mermaid. The fisherman was not unwilling to do so, for the beautiful form that lay in his grasp was as cold as a corpse, and there was something uncanny in her touch. There was a gleam as of the white shoulders of woman and the glittering scales of fishes, and down in the blue deeps the sailor saw the mermaid disappear from view. He returned home, and in time all that the mermaid promised came true to him.

Another story of water-spirits we give in a condensed form from Campbell's interesting work, "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." There was once a poor old fisher and he could get no fish. So a sea-maiden rose up from the water and said to him that if he would give her the first son he had, he would get plenty. The old man promised, but he thought that she only joked with him, for he had but an old mare, an old dog, and an old wife. "Never mind," said the mermaid; "take these grains of wheat, and give three to thy wife, and three to thy dog, and three to thy mare, and plant three behind thy house; and it shall come to pass that thy wife shall have three sons, thy mare three foals, thy dog three puppies, and three trees shall grow behind thy house, and as these grow and

decay, so shall grow and decay the fortunes of thy three sons. But in three years you must bring your eldest son to me," and so saying, she disappeared. The fisherman might have thought this a dream, but there sure enough in his hands were the twelve grains; so he tried the charm, and everything turned out as the mermaid had foretold. But when the three years had passed, he became very sorrowful at the thought of sending his bonny boy to Fairyland. So he set out alone, and said to the maiden, when she re-appeared and reminded him of his promise, that he had quite forgotten that this was the day. The mermaid did not believe this, but she said nothing, but gave him four years more, at the end of which time he was to deliver up the child without fail. Well, the four years were come and gone, and the old man was now more unwilling than before to part with his first-born. So again he went out alone, and the same thing happened—only this time he got seven years. Well, the seven years came near their end too, and the fisherman's heart sank within him as he knew that the last of these was running out. Now his son was a fine lad by this time, and when he saw his father so troubled, he asked him what was the matter. After much persuasion the old man told him, but the boy was not frightened, but said he would go through the world seeking his fortune, and so should be out of the sea-maiden's reach; but first he said he must have a strong sword. So his father went to the smith to get him a sword, but when it was made the boy took it and shook it, and lo! it flew into splinters; and the smith made him a second sword, but it likewise flew into splinters; but the smith was now put on his mettle, so he made him a third sword, still stronger and better, and this held. So the son bade his father farewell, and took his musket, and the mare's black foal, and whistled to the dog's black pup, and set forth through the world to seek his

fortune, and he had only the world for his pillow. Now he had many surprising adventures. First he killed a deer, and then he met a great dog, a falcon, and an otter, and being fond of all animals, he divided the deer among them, and they said that if swiftness of going, or swimming, or of flying, would ever avail him, they should be there to render it. So a little after he came to the king's house, and there he engaged to be a herd; and while he was feeding the cattle next day, he heard a loud Hiu, Hau! Hograich and a fierce giant rushed at him, saying that he would devour him, but with his great sword he cut off the giant's head, and led on his cattle still further in the rich pasture. And then, again, he heard a hideous din, and another great wild giant, worse than the last, came out against him, and said, "It is a drink of thy blood that quenches my thirst this night;" and again there was a fierce combat, but with the help of his black dog he conquered the monster, and cut off *his* head likewise. But now the herd found that all were getting into great sadness at the castle because a beast with three heads came every year, and lots were drawn which it should get, and this time the lot had fallen on the princess, and she must go. And so on the day appointed she went and sat herself down by a loch at the corner of the shore. But with her there was a valiant warrior who vowed he would kill the beast. But when the beast appeared he got frightened and ran away, and the maiden gave herself up for lost, till she saw a handsome youth on a black horse, and by his side ran a black dog; and he said he would be her deliverer; but she must put her gold ring on his finger, and she did so, but did not recognise the herd-laddie of her father. Now the beast appeared, and there was a frightful combat, but at last her deliverer succeeded in cutting off one of the heads of the monster, whereupon it cried *Ravie* till the rocks echoed again, and then dis-

appeared in the loch with a great splash. "Ah! but the other two heads!" said the girl. "That will follow next," replied the youth with a laugh, and then they separated, and the princess returned home bearing with her the giant's head. But on the way she met her coward warrior, and he said that she must say that he had cut off the head or he would kill her, and she agreed to do so. And so they went on to the palace, and there were great rejoicings as before. And now much the same thing happened the next day, only this time the herd got an earring stuck in his ear; and so the third day, when, after a still more dreadful combat, he killed the beast, and cut off its last head, he made her give him the other earring. But it was thought the boastful champion had done this, and so it was settled that he was to get the king's daughter. But when they were all assembled, she said that she would only marry the man who could take the heads off the withy on which they were slung, and the king said that was but just, for "who should take the heads off the withy but the man that put the heads on?" But now it was found that nobody could do this but the herd, and he did it quite easily, to the great astonishment of all. Then said the king's daughter, "The man that took the heads off the beast, he has my ring and my two earrings," and so they were brought forth, and then the two were married; but unfortunately it happened that one fine evening, as they were walking by the side of the loch, a beast came suddenly forth and ran off with the princess. Her husband was in great perplexity, and really did not know what to do. He consulted an old smith, who said that "in the midst of the loch is Eillid Chaisfhion, the white-footed hind, of the slenderest legs and swiftest step, and though she should be caught, there would spring a hoodie out of her, and though the hoodie should be caught, there would spring a trout out of her, but there is an egg in the mouth

of the trout, and the soul of the beast is in the egg, and if the egg breaks, the beast is dead." And so he set off; but the only way he could get to the island was by leaping right over to it, and this his black horse did, and with him there leaped the black dog, and right eagerly they hunted the Eillid. But she was very swift of foot, and whilst they were hunting her in one end of the island, she would suddenly leap to another. But at this time the man called, and there appeared the great dog which had been formerly fed with the carcass of deer, and he helped so efficiently, that soon they had the Eillid; but then the hoodie sprang out of her. "Oh!" said the man, "'tis now were good the falcon grey of swiftest wing," and lo! there was the falcon chasing the hoodie, which she soon caught, when out of her the trout fell; but this the otter soon had, and then from the trout's mouth fell the egg. And now the beast was in a terrible state, and he said he would give up everything if only the egg was not broken; but his opponent would make no answer, except saying, "Give back my wife, give back my wife," and the beast was exceeding afraid, and did so, and then the man smashed the egg, and there was an end of the monster. And so they lived happy for a long time, but at last the man's heart began to weary for more adventures, and as he was in this state, he found there was a little old castle in a dark place by the side of the loch, and so he determined to see what was in it, though all the people said that he who went in there would never return; but go he would. And when he went there was an old crone at the door. Her looks were evil, but her words were smooth and pleasant. She invited him to go in, but as he stepped across the threshold, she drew the *Slachan druidhach* on him, and he fell dead. So the folk at the palace lamented for him, and also his old father knew some terrible trouble had come upon him, for the tree that

before was so green and pleasant was now withered and decayed all at once. Then the second son said he would follow his brother, so he went forth on the second black foal, and followed by the second black dog. He was well received at the palace, and the old dame at the castle was quite friendly, but she played the same trick on him as she had on the elder brother, and then there was again lamentation at the palace and the cottage, and the second tree withered. But now the third son said he would go and see what was the cause of all this; though his father tried hard to detain him, it was of no avail. Go he would, so he set off, mounted on the third black foal, and with the third black dog, and him too the old woman courteously entreated to enter. But he made her go in before him, and as she was entering, he cut off her head with his sword. But she seized it and stuck it on as well as ever. And then they had a terrible wrestling match, but finally he got possession of the *Slachan druidhach*, and when he had knocked off her head with *that*, there was little danger of it coming on again. Then he went into the inner room of the castle, and found there his two brothers, and he touched them with the *Slachan druidhach*, and they were alive again.

We have not given all the incidents of this very complicated story. It may, however, serve as an example of a number of other tales of a like nature. To our mind an old fancy never appears to better advantage than when it is treated by some modern poet, who has the sense to appreciate the fine points of the story, and has the taste to reject the vulgarities and wearisome repetitions which oftentimes disfigure the popular story. There are few better examples of this kind of work than in John Leyden's "Mermaid," of which the opening was considered by Sir Walter Scott to be the very perfection of melodious verse.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee !
How softly mourns the writhéd shell,
Of Jura's shore its parent sea.

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

As the gallant chieftain is borne home
to his lady-love, the sailors raise a song
to while away the tedium of the voyage.

Softly blow, thou westering breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail !
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale !

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shadowy rocks below.

Night overtakes them on the voyage.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green ;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

The sea-maid's form of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached above the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She plunging sought the deep below.

She takes him to her abode under the
sea, but he refuses to be comforted, and
finally, by a pardonable trick, everything
being fair in love and war, escapes
her.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day ;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The loving chief of Colonsay.



THE WILDS OF SUTHERLAND.

THE LAST DAYS OF MONTROSE.



THE parts of Scotland we are now surveying present us with some difficulties. There is a certain amount of historical incident, but that is very naturally far inferior to what we have in counties like Stirling or Edinburgh, where, in almost every mile of the way, we meet some landmark made famous in song or story. This is only to be expected. Counties that are far removed from the centres of political events cannot be so much the theatres of human actions as those which contain capitals and famous cities. Even yet, though Sutherland is on its eastern side traversed by a railway, the greater part of it is difficult to reach. Primitive and simple indeed are the ways of its dwellers, especially of those who inhabit its western and remoter shores, and whose ears are for ever filled with the wild music of the tossing Atlantic. Interesting enough in many respects—but hardly as regards history or literature—is this county. And then another difficulty meets us when we attempt to describe the scenery. We have already said much as to Highland scenery, and it would but weary our readers were we to enter into a full detail of this, which we may well call the last county of the Highlands. Its scenery is wilder and more rugged, indeed, than even the scenery of Perth and Inverness; but we do not know that we could present the points of difference so accurately as to interest the reader who has been so kind as to accompany us on our, we cannot say

Pegasus, rather our serviceable hack, in these our wanderings. It is true, indeed, that even he who has drunk in the placid beauty of Loch Tay, or listened to the shrill scream of the eagle from the misty peaks of lofty Ben Nevis, will find much to enlighten and charm him in Sutherland; but Nature paints in a different way from man. Her own descriptions are infinitely more varied than even the subtle appreciation and expression of a Ruskin can cope with, and as for "the likes o' us!"—

So it must not be thought that we despise the objects of interest, natural or otherwise, to be found in some of these northern counties, because we pass them by with slight notice. It is simply because the plan of this special volume does not permit us to do them anything like the justice to which they are entitled, and so we beg a humble pardon of the *genius* that presides over the destinies of Sutherland, and of all those who hold it in reverence.

An authority thus briefly points out the chief aspects in the "superficial configuration of Sutherland. It is washed by the ocean on three of its five sides. On the west and north coasts, and in the section of country intermediate between the extreme points of these, are groups of huge mountains; while the rest of the county is spread out in spacious undulating plains, edged by continuous chains of hills of comparatively moderate height." If the reader should have a fancy to go to the diggings, or rather washings, he may possibly be interested in learning that the most precious of all metals is to be found in these parts. Not, indeed, as an "article of commerce," for which he must go further south, but

in a state of nature; and, moreover, that in the words of Scripture, "The gold of that land is good." Still we are afraid he will hardly find it in sufficient quantity to repay the trouble of working, and unless he is deeply possessed by the *sacra fames auri* in its most primitive form, he is not likely to betake himself to these parts on such an errand.

The north-west corner of the county terminates in Cape Wrath, a mass of rocky precipices whose faces are continually beaten by the "long roll" of the Atlantic billows. A mass of reefs lies at the base of these precipices, and over these the sea foams and tears in white masses, whilst a little out are some low-lying and desolate-looking islands, which only serve to add to the dreariness of the prospect. According to Sir Walter Scott's description, there is but one narrow creek where it is possible to effect a landing, and even there "the foam of the sea plays at long-bowls with a huge collection of large stones, some of them a ton in weight, but which these fearful billows chuck up and down as a child tosses a ball." And yet the very wildness and desolation of the scene has a fascination all its own, and such fascination seems continually on the increase. It has been truly remarked that the modern tendency is towards the wild and desolate in scenery, and that it is possible that a future generation may neglect the rich beauty of Heidelberg for the desolate sand-dunes of the North Sea, and prefer the savage wildness of the desert to the trim neatness of the garden. Even in our day men hasten from the rich and fertile fields of Kent and Surrey to gaze with a far keener joy on scenes like that presented to the spectator from Cape Wrath. Perhaps the very contrast has a certain piquant charm in it. The jaded imagination receives an agreeable fillip. But this is not the place to enunciate a philosophy of taste, and we will only add that there is little doubt that scenes of savage wild-

ness have a profound charm for the modern imagination, which charm is enhanced by the command over natural objects which the modern intellect has given us. If the steam-engine—so derided from an æsthetic point of view—be regarded from this side, it will be evident that one of its consequences has been powerfully to develop this by no means quite natural love of wild scenery.

But the lover of such scenery would find much to delight him in this shire besides the prospect from Cape Wrath. On the southern edge of the county rises its loftiest peak, Ben More. This mountain of hard rock is only partially covered with vegetation, and the minor peaks which rise round it on every side contain dark and inaccessible lakes, which lie hid in the recesses of the mountains. Not far from the foot of this we have Loch Assynt, closely hemmed in by hills on either side, at the foot of which it winds in and out with charming variety. Then there is the coast, deeply indented with bays, and lined with a long succession of precipitous cliffs, whilst many of the smaller lochs and mountains present scenes of wild and sterile grandeur such as is scarcely to be found elsewhere in Scotland.

Among these wild scenes the Marquis of Montrose wandered in the vain effort to escape his doom. Scott has thus told the story of the "beginning of the end" in the life of that remarkable man:—

"It appears that Charles II., who never had any deep sense of integrity, was willing to treat with both of these parties at one and the same time; and that he granted a commission to the Marquis to attempt a descent on Scotland, taking the chance of what might be accomplished by his far-famed fortune and dauntless enterprise, while he kept a negotiation afloat with the Presbyterian commissioners, in case of Montrose's failure.

That intrepid but rash enthusiast embarked at Hamburgh with some arms

and treasure, supplied by the northern courts of Europe. His fame drew around him a few of the emigrant Royalists, chiefly Scottish, and he recruited about six hundred German mercenaries. His first descent was on the Orkney Islands, where he forced to arms a few hundreds of unwarlike fishermen. He next disembarked on the mainland; but the natives fled from him, remembering the former excesses of his army. Strachan, an officer under Lesley, came upon the Marquis by surprise, near a pass called Invercharron, on the confines of Ross-shire. The Orkney men made but little resistance; the Germans retired to a wood, and there surrendered; the few Scottish companions of Montrose fought bravely, but in vain. Many gallant cavaliers were made prisoners. Montrose, when the day was irretrievably lost, threw off his cloak bearing the star, and afterwards changed clothes with an ordinary Highland kern, that he might endeavour to effect his escape, and swam across the river Kyle. Exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he was at length taken by MacLeod of Assint, who happened to be out with a party of his men in arms. The Marquis discovered himself to this man, thinking himself secure of favour, since Assint had been once his own follower. But tempted by a reward of four hundred bolls of meal, this wretched chief delivered his old commander into the unfriendly hands of David Lesley."

Montrose, though captured alone, did not set out alone on his wanderings; with him was Lord Kinnoul, but what became of him was never known. It was April, and the weather very cold. The fugitives were supplied with none of the necessities of life, and as there were none to whom they could look for rest or refreshment, they must have been separated, and Kinnoul have died of starvation. His fate was easier to be borne than that of his companion. Montrose was conducted to Edinburgh with every mark of disgrace and infamy. No one dreamt

of showing mercy to him, for he had forsaken the cause. It might, indeed, be pleaded that he was true to the king that they had recognised in Scotland; but, indeed, any plea which he might have made would have had little force. It was an age and a country where death was the sure penalty of political, as well as military failure; and Montrose could hardly complain if he was called upon to endure the doom which he would certainly, if successful, have inflicted, and his party did afterwards inflict, on their foes. It might be objected that while his death might be considered as just, it was accompanied with insult and cruelty of the vilest description. Mr. Burton, with his usual moderation and caution, is inclined to think that some of these accounts were exaggerated. This was, perhaps, the case; but, indeed, the savage hatred of parties in those days was a thing that knew no bounds. Mercy was not heard of. Men were ready to suffer themselves, and they never spared their opponents. Least of all, that party which, whilst it represented what was strongest and deepest, and even truest, in Scotch nature, yet also represented what was most narrow, and fanatical, and cruel. There could be no better work than to heap every possible ignominy on the man who had agreed to the solemn league and covenant, and whom they asserted had broken his trust.

Of Montrose himself it may be said that he was the very *beau ideal* of a cavalier. His very faults were those of a "gentleman" of the period. Like Froissart, he had little compassion for the sufferings of the "lower orders." His treatment of the town of Dundee, for instance, was extremely cruel. But he was deeply loyal to his sovereign, and courteous and considerate to his equals. The lines which he composed at Brussels on hearing the news of the king's death, breathe no spirit of mere sentimental devotion—

Great, good, and just, could I but rate
 My grief with thy too rigid fate,
 I'd weep the world in such a strain
 As it should deluge once again ;
 But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
 More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
 I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
 And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds ;

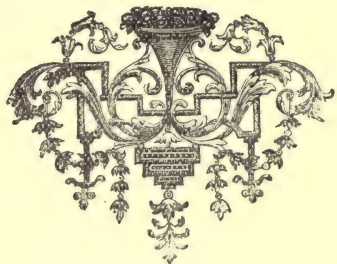
—but show, when we remember his hopeless expedition, that he was ready to risk all to avenge the death of his sovereign. The wild daring of the expedition is in the true cavalier vein. He met his death, not merely with courage—that was too common a quality to excite much attention, or deserve any praise, however the absence of it might be despised—but with perfect dignity and serene composure. Even the implacable Argyle wept when he heard the account of the “last scene of all” that ended that strange and eventful history.

Montrose was something more than a mere soldier. The charming verses which he has left behind him show him to have been a man of cultivated intellect and much imagination. It was no mere boast when he promised his “dear and only love”—

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
 And constant of thy word,
 I'll make thee *glorious* by my pen,
 And *famous* by my sword :
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before,
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

His spirit passed away, but it was destined to live again in his grandson, Viscount Dundee, who bears in almost every feature of his character the traces of the same mind as that of his celebrated ancestor.

But we have wandered far away from Sutherlandshire. Let us return to it for a few more words. Of buildings we need not say very much. Near Golspie is the huge pile of Dunrobin Castle. The earlier structure, itself of considerable extent, is enclosed in a vast mass of more modern buildings. We need hardly say that the vast wealth of the family to which it belongs has been used to furnish it in the most princely style. It forms a fit residence for a house whose territory might well form a dozen German kingdoms. The riches of the family, it is pleasing to reflect, have been poured out with no stinted hand on more useful, if not so striking objects. The railway which traverses the county is due to the exertions of the Duke of Sutherland, and a part of it is entirely his own property. The county has also a certain proportion of ancient ecclesiastical establishments; ruined castles, and picturesque towers. But it cannot be said that any of these possess any great interest, so we shall, with many apologies, take a respectful leave of Sutherland, and pass on to an almost entirely different scene.

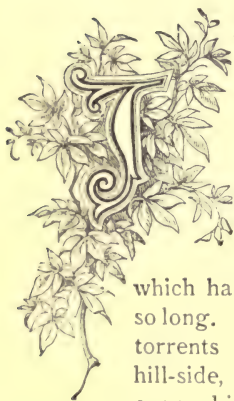




JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE HOTEL.

A "LAND OF BROWN HEATH."

JOHN O' GROAT AND HIS HOUSE.



N Caithness we seem suddenly to have entered upon a different part of the world. There is no longer the high mountains which have accompanied us so long. There are no longer torrents rushing down the hill-side, and forests rising in every kind of tree to the summits of the smaller and the middle of the larger hills. Caithness has indeed a certain attraction of its own, but it is something quite different from anything we have hitherto encountered. It is, with few exceptions, one vast moorland,

quite flat and without trees. Dr. Johnson's sarcasms about the want of wood in Scotland would apply with almost literal truth to this singular shire. For those in whom that tendency of modern taste which we have several times noted is properly developed, these vast tracts that stretch barren and desolate to the horizon will not be without a certain attraction, and the utter loneliness of the waste has a charm all its own. Another aspect equally desolate and sublime meets us on the coast. This is precipitous and rugged in no common degree. The constant action of the waves has in course of time carved the hard rock into quaint and curious shapes. The whole coast is full of caves

and funnels and rents, and through these in stormy weather the sea tears and thunders, and the waves dash themselves against the cliffs of this rock-bound coast in by no means impotent rage. Alas for the vessel doomed to be their plaything, or the fleet of fishing boats caught in some unexpected storm! Many of these rocks are specially remarkable for some fantastic shape or striking peculiarity of outline. Among these we may mention the Great Stack, the Gloop, the Wolf's Chol, and Duncansby Head, with its various stack-like divisions, and its rough, weather-beaten appearance. "The sea comes with its waves, and roars on its hardened sides. Its head is covered with foam, and its hills are echoing around." It is not merely the scenery that is changed, so are the people, and the language that is spoken. We seem to have come back to the Lowlands. The people have the fair hair and the peculiar steady appearance that betoken a Teutonic race. There is no longer the dark countenance of the Celt; no longer his grace and fire and unsteadiness. The Gaelic language also is not spoken, save in corners near the Highlands. The language is English, spoken perhaps scarcely so correctly as it is a little way south, but more correctly than in the Lowlands. Celtic elements appear, certainly, but they are foreign. The people we soon learn to recognise as Scandinavian, and the names of their chief settlements are easy and convenient proof of this. Wick is Scandinavian for a bay, so that Wick Bay is a pleonasm; and Thursoe is Thor's Town, and Holborn Head has almost a Cockney sound about it, though we dare say the Caithness people give the *H* and the *R* and the *N* in it their full value, and do not elide or soften them as at the other end of the island.

According to Ossian, "Pleasant are the words of the song, said Cuchullin, and lovely are the tales of other times.

They are like the calm dew of the morning on the Hill of Roes, when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale." Hoping that the reader is of the same opinion as Cuchullin, we proceed to tell again a few of these tales, and first, of course, we must give precedence to John o' Groat and his famous house—a house as famous and perhaps as fabulous as that which Jack built. When at school we had a rhyme, of what antiquity we know not, which we used to repeat when rain threatened, under the firm belief that the rain-drops would listen to our prayer, and spend their wrath in another direction—

Rain, rain, rattlestane,
Dinna rain on me,
But rain on Johnny Groat's house
Far ahent the sea.

If the reader thinks of visiting this famous erection, we regret to tell him that, even if we allow it once existed, this is certain—that it exists no longer. The site will be shown him, and he may put up at what we take to be a lineal descendant of that famous building, namely, the John o' Groat's House Hotel, and that is all. But to our story. When James the Fourth, King of Scots, held sway, there stood none higher in his favour than three wealthy Dutchmen, named Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat. For commercial purposes they determined to settle in Caithness, and so off they went, carrying with them a Latin epistle from the monarch, in which he entreated his good subjects of Caithness to show all manner of kindness to these "trusty and well-beloved" friends of his. As the Groats had taken the additional testimonial of a well-filled purse with them, they were received with open arms by the inhabitants of those remote parts, and had no difficulty in purchasing a considerable piece of land adjacent to the spot where, according to tradition, John o' Groat's house once stood. They

were diligent and prospered exceedingly, and increased in number, till eight branches of the family of Groat, each possessing its separate estate, were to be found in the neighbourhood. But now, alas—for this honest family! As they began to increase in riches, their hearts began to swell within them. Instead of

for their own private ends. So now the question came to be, who was to be head of the clan? They each and all laid claim to this honour. One affirmed that he was richest, another was known to be oldest, a third was thought (by himself) to be wisest, and soon among the rest. Now the Groats had an excellent



THE GLOOP.

an honest burgher family, they began to imagine themselves some mighty clan of vast antiquity, and no doubt a number of those individuals, whom the acts of the old Scotch Parliaments, with but the most scanty reverence for literature, called "bardis and other sic lik runners about," were to be found puffing them up

custom. Every year they had a great family banquet, at which the whole eight were wont to be present, and there they met and discussed their affairs, and gave each other good advice, and discussed as to how the family affairs were getting on, and drank and atè to their hearts' content, and generally had a

good time of it. But on the occasion after this unlucky headship question was mooted there was nothing of this; each was occupied in asserting his own claim to sit at the head of the table, to lead the clan in war (it was well known that the Groats were the most law-abiding people in these parts), and

finally adjured them to let the question rest till their next meeting, when he promised that it should be settled to the absolute satisfaction of every one present. They agreed, and next year they approached the place of meeting, each determined to contest his right of chieftainship to the death, when lo! full



DUNCANSEY HEAD.

so on, so that neither business nor pleasure could be proceeded with. In the midst of all this old John de Groat, who had a right, if any one had, to be the chief of the clan, implored a moment's silence. He urged on them the advantages of union and the danger of disunion, but all to little purpose, till he

on their astonished gaze burst John o' Groat's house! In shape it was a perfect octagon. It had eight doors and eight windows, and within it was an octagonal table with eight chairs ranged round it, and in one of them old John o' Groat was already seated, beaming with satisfaction at having so neatly settled

such a knotty point. There was a good deal of sense in the family, and they at once accepted the solution, toasted with right good will the venerable John, and yearly assembled at this new *rendezvous*, and so in high good humour disappear from the page of history.

The problem of the Head of the Table was a somewhat knotty one, and it may be that further south it could not have been so easily settled. The completest solution was that given by some madly conceited Highland chieftain, perhaps the McNab, who, when dining with some dignitary, quietly took up a place near the bottom of the table. The dignitary thought he knew his guest, and was considerably astonished at such unlooked for humility. He begged the chieftain to take a seat near himself, but this courteous offer was calmly declined. "Where," replied the guest, with sublime conceit, "the McNab sits, *there* is the head of the table." In passing from this quaint story of John o' Groat's house, it may be remarked that the tale, curious though it is, has hardly sufficient merit in itself to account for its widespread renown. John o' Groat's house has come to be considered as typifying the end of Scottish earth—"From Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's," says Burns, and hence everything connected with it has obtained a wider notice than would otherwise be the case.

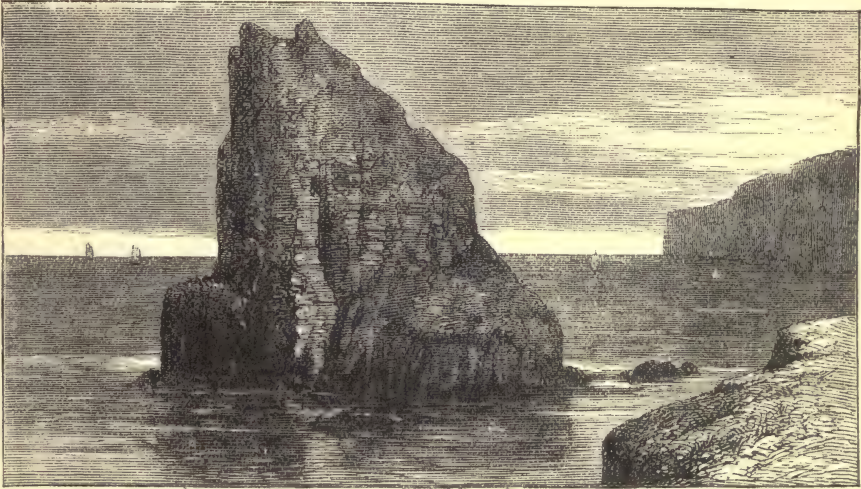
Caithness, like most other parts of Scotland, possesses a great number of old castles—Buchollie, Berrydale, Dunbeath, Braal, Dirlet, and many others. Most of these are complete ruins—not that, from an artist's, or indeed from a human point of view, they are the worse for that. Travellers up the Rhine are, we think, agreed that the two or three restored castles, even though the restoration has undoubtedly been carefully carried out, are among the least pleasing objects on the banks; and when we think of the deeds that have taken place within their walls, we may well be glad that they

are ruined. Like most structures of the sort, they are placed in a spot apparently carefully selected for its picturesqueness and inconvenience. The explanation of this circumstance is easy. Inaccessibility was the chief virtue of such dwellings. Hence any rocky headland projecting into the sea, or any rock peculiarly difficult of access, was sure to be selected. As the coast of Caithness presents numerous and striking examples of this natural formation, the builders of the castles had many spots to choose from, and to this we must ascribe the peculiar wildness of the situation of most of these edifices. With nearly every one of them there is connected some wild deed of treachery or revenge, just or unjust. A strange history is connected with the castle of Berrydale, last possessed by a giant named William More. When the giant was a boy, Robert Gun of Braemere had fallen violently in love with his mother, and had obtained possession of her by the treacherous murder of her husband. The story is a wicked and revolting one, with many complications, and we shall not repeat it. Suffice it to say, that when the giant grew up, he agreed to go to Orkney with the Earl of Caithness, and to put off his revenge till his return. But he had a presentiment that he would never return, and desirous that posterity should not lose the memory of so "proper" a youth, he lay down at full length on the ground and desired his companions to mark the spot. This was done. Stones were erected to commemorate the occurrence (are they not to be seen to this day?), and the distance between these was found to be nine feet five inches. The poor giant's forebodings proved quite correct. He fell in battle along with the Earl of Caithness and his sons.

The square tower of Braal, near the river Thurso, is worthy of a passing notice. Its walls are of such a thickness that it was found practicable to make

all the passage between the various stories through them. It is built of enormous blocks of stone, on which no mark of the chisel is to be seen, and it is difficult to conjecture how it was possible, in an age so rude, and without the aid of the simplest mechanical contrivances, to fit such masses so accurately into their place. We can only allude to Dirlet Castle, situated on an almost perpendicular rock, the base of which is washed by the river Thurso. On either

salmon. "There was a chest, or some kind of machine, fixed in the mouth of the stream below the castle, for catching salmon in their ingress into the loch, or their egress out of it. When a fish was entangled in the machine, the capture was announced to the whole family by the ringing of a bell, which the motions and struggles of the fish set a-going by means of a fine cord that was fixed at one end to the bell in the middle of an upper room, and at the



THE GREAT STACK.

side rise two still loftier rocks, which seem to keep guard over it. As if the access was not already difficult enough, it is bounded by a ditch on that part which is not washed by the river. Of Lochmore Castle we shall only say that it was built by a most ingenious individual named *Morarr na Shean*, or Lord of the Game. This Scottish Nimrod was a "fellow of infinite fancy," or rather invention, and he had the following ingenious arrangement to catch

other end to the machine in the stream below."

The staple industry of Caithness is fishing, and the two chief towns of Wick and Thurso are chiefly supported by this. Of Wick we shall only say that it was made a royal burgh by James the Sixth, and that it is a thriving town, whose special "crook in the lot" is the fearful succession of storms that in the winter months attack its breakwater, and cause vast damage. Thurso is

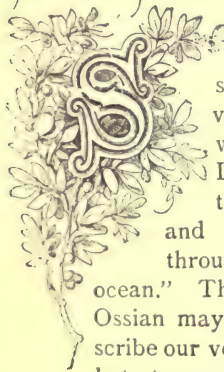
situated on the semicircular bay of that name, either end of which is bounded by the mighty cliffs of Holborn and Dunnet Head. It contains some antiquities of note: Ullster Castle, the seat of Sir George Sinclair; Harold's Tower, erected as a monument over the tomb of an Earl of Caithness who fell there in 1190, and the remains of a Bishop's Palace.

On the boundary line between Caithness and Sutherland stands the Ord, a huge mountain with far-reaching spurs. It is said that "the Sinclairs of Caithness long entertained a superstitious prejudice against passing the Ord on a Monday." This was because the Earl of Caithness crossed it on that day with

a large body of followers to swell the ranks that were to be so terribly thinned at Flodden Field. On the anniversary of that day a host of spectres were supposed to pass over the gloomy mountain, led by a youth attired in green—so at least Leyden sings—

What youth of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectral brave,
While o'er his mantle folds of green,
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day
That viewed their chieftain's long array,
Wild to the harp's deep plaintive string
The Virgins raise the funeral hymn,
From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
And mourn the emerald hue that paints the vest of
spring.

SOME RANDOM NOTES ON THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.



SPREAD the sails," said the King of Morven, "and catch the winds that pour from Lena. We rose on the wave with songs, and rushed with joy through the foam of the ocean." The sounding words of Ossian may be supposed to describe our voyage over the short but stormy strait that separates Caithness from the Orkney Islands. Of these islands there are sixty-seven, and somewhat less than the half are inhabited by a population which amounts to more than 30,000. As they are now connected with London by electric telegraph, and as there is a railway as near as Wick, it cannot be said that they are excessively far away, and yet there is still an idea of remoteness connected with them. Perhaps this is a memory of the days when the railway and the steamship, and still more important in

this age of news, the electric telegraph, were not; when the sailing vessels that were the only means of communication were liable to be detained on their voyage for an indefinite period, and when the islanders were content to go on placidly their own way, and let the great world wag as it pleased. How far off they used to be from means of communication may be judged by one striking instance. The clergy continued dutifully praying for James II. as King of Great Britain and Ireland three months after he had abdicated, or, as the Scottish Parliament emphatically put it, "forfaulted the crown," as they were in total ignorance of the blessings already secured to them by the Revolution settlement. A number of the islands are bare, barren heath, low-lying and exposed to the beating of the sea, whose foam flies far across them; others are surrounded with ramparts of huge rocks, against which the rushing waves thunder, though not quite in vain. The climate is

moist and cold, but fairly equable, and not so severe as might be expected from such high latitudes. There are, however, certain phenomena to be observed which remind one of the arctic latitudes. In the summer it is scarcely ever dusk, and certainly never dark, for at midnight it is quite possible to read without the aid of artificial light. Those who have experienced the beauty of these long evenings—when the day, like the dying dolphin of poetic fiction, goes through every phase of colour, and when each tender shade is succeeded by another more delicate in an almost endless succession, till the still grey of the late twilight is felt as a relief from the ever-changing panorama of beauty—will recognise how much this makes up for the warmer days and nights of the sunnier south. In winter this is balanced by the very great length of the nights, but here another arctic phenomenon lends its occasional assistance to relieve the darkness. The aurora borealis shoots its strange gleam across the sky, and its fitful flash lights up the dark winter night with unearthly splendour.

Although the islands cannot be called fertile, yet this name may, with the strictest propriety, be applied to the waters around them. The "harvest of the sea" is very great, and the islanders find their chief occupation in gathering it in. Agriculture has much improved of late years, and modern instruments and methods of husbandry are fully taken advantage of. A great number of the people—at one time probably this was the case with all the occupiers—are *odal* possessors of the land. Those who hold under this tenure possess the land by a sort of peasant proprietorship, absolutely unburdened by the payment of dues to any superior. In past times the islanders were cruelly treated. They were far from the seat of government, and the islands were often gifted out to adventurers, with but scanty regard for the rights that existed there.

Many of the peculiarities of the Orkneys and Shetlands are due to the fact that they were only incorporated with the Scottish crown in the 15th century, when James the Third received them as a marriage dowry when he married the daughter of the then King of Denmark, and with such a remote district, separated from the mainland by a stormy sea, it was long before this incorporation began to take effect. It is pleasing to reflect that this distant part of the ancient kingdom of Scotland has shared to the full in that great wave of improvement which has spread itself over the country during the last hundred years, though the traveller may be excused if he regrets the rapid disappearance of many a quaint old custom, which, harmless in itself, seemed to diversify the ever increasing sameness and monotony of the national life of Britain.

It has been frequently remarked that everything in this world is relative, and the name of the largest island in the Orkneys is a proof of this, for whilst it is an island only to the Caithness folk, it is thought deserving of the name of Mainland from the Orcadians themselves. Of course it might also be remarked, were we to consider the case curiously, that the larger mainland is itself an island with regard to Europe; but we shall not enter into a philosophical discussion, but moor our "nodding ships" in Kirkwall harbour. In Kirkwall there are a good many objects that would well repay a lengthened inspection. First and foremost there is the magnificent cathedral, which, not merely beautiful in itself, possesses the almost,—were it not for Glasgow—the quite unique distinction of having escaped the misplaced zeal of the Reformers. The tower, indeed, is not perfect, but this is due to a storm of nature, not of man. The origin of this noble pile was as follows:—Two Earls once ruled in Orkney, whose names were Haco and Magnus. They were cousins, but this

did not prevent Haco, jealous of the ever increasing power which the good deeds of Magnus were bringing to him, from basely putting an end to his co-ruler's life.

The mother of the murdered man with difficulty rescued his body from the hands of the tyrant. It was buried in Christ Church, Birsay, and the tomb "emitted a lustrous light and delicious odour." It soon became a shrine to which pilgrimages were made. Revenge seemed long delayed. The murderer lived in peace and power, and on dying, left the islands to his son. For a time he was able to ward off all attacks, but at last an expedition came out from Norway against him, whose leader, Rognvold, a relative of Magnus, swore, if successful, to erect a stately shrine to the memory of the sainted martyr. Rognvold was completely successful. He succeeded to the Earldom of Orkney, and at once proceeded to put his vow into execution. The stately cathedral rose, and as it approached completion the remains of Magnus were removed thence, and it was solemnly consecrated in his honour. To the east of the town there are still to be seen the remains of the once extensive Bishop's Palace, which by its size and splendour bore witness to the greatness of the ecclesiastics. Both the piety and the wickedness of the Orcadians were turned to account to augment the wealth of the clergy. The pious gave of their own free will, the wicked were mulcted for their sins. "The old bishopric of Orkney," says an ecclesiastical writer, "became a great thing, and lay *sparsim* throughout the haill parachines of Orkney and Zetland. Besyde his lands he had the teyndis of aughtene Kirks; his lands grew daily as various crimes increased in the counties."

In the cathedral lie the remains of men celebrated in a wider sphere than that of Orcadian history. In these islands the shattered remnant of that great Norwegian armada that was to con-

quer Scotland—an attempt to be fatally crushed at Largs—took refuge, and here its leader Haco, "last of the sea-kings," passed away whilst the priests were reciting the lives of the saints, and his old comrades were chanting sagas from Norwegian history round his bedside. The body lay for some time in the church, and was removed in spring to Norway. Bishop Thomas Tulloch, Lord Adam Stewart, brother of James V., several of the Earls of Morton, and many others, are interred here. Of an Earl of Morton, "one of the ravenous race of crown donatives," we are told that wishing, with commendable filial piety to erect a monument "upon the corp of his umquhile father," and at the same time having, like Mrs. Gilpin, a "frugal mind," he got permission from a too indulgent session to tear up the magnificent marble slabs from the floor of the cathedral, and use *them* for the monument.

Amidst the graves there is one more interesting by far than any we have mentioned. It is in the choir; but no monument marks it, nor can we even tell the exact place where the ashes rest. And yet if there was any fitness in things, if the monument over the remains of the departed were to be proportionate to the grief of the survivors and the loss this death caused, we do not know a tomb ever raised that ought to have been more splendid. Here is laid the dust of Margaret, Maid of Norway, a little child of eight years, whose death so profoundly influenced the whole course of Scottish history. One is tempted to engage in that most profitless of all tasks—an inquiry into the "might-have-beens" of history—by a case such as this. No long devastating English wars, but a union accomplished 400 years sooner than it was, and an infinite amount of human misery saved—such results would have followed had this child's life been spared. And yet what Scotchman would wish the record of that 400 years

blotted out? It was painful and yet glorious. The nation passed through the fire; but it came forth purified in the process.

We shall now, in the briefest possible fashion, notice a few of the remaining *notabilia* of Orkney. This same island, or Mainland, contains a number of the structures called "Picts' houses." These externally are of the appearance of truncated cones, and consist of several cells. There are no passages for communication with the outer world, and from this and the fact that within human bones, and the bones of birds and animals have been found, it is believed they were used as a depository for the remains of the departed. "In one of these apartments," says a traveller, "was found an entire human skeleton, in a prone attitude; but in the others the bones were not only separated from one another, but divided into very small fragments." Some have supposed that the upper parts of the buildings have disappeared, and that those parts that remain were used as larders, and that the inhabitants of these parts were cannibals! There are modifications in the structure of the various houses, and they may have been used for various purposes, but for what, nothing can be definitely said. We have almost equal difficulty in determining the meaning of the curious standing stones which exist in nearly all the islands. Some of these are single, whilst others are in circles. The most remarkable are the stones of Stennis, which form two great circles on either side of the Loch of Stennis. They are thus charmingly described in the "Pirate":—"When Cleveland awoke the grey dawn was already mingling with the twilight of an Orcadian night. He found himself on the verge of a beautiful sheet of water, which, close by the place where he had rested, was nearly divided by two tongues of land that approached each other from the opposing sides of the lake, and are in

some degree united by the Bridge of Broisgar, a long causeway, containing openings to permit the flow and reflux of the tide. Behind him, and fronting to the bridge, stood that remarkable semicircle of huge upright stones, which has no rival in Britain save the inimitable monument at Stonehenge. These immense blocks of stone, all of them above twelve feet, and several being even above fourteen or fifteen feet in height, stood round the pirate in the grey light of the dawning, like the phantom forms of antediluvian giants, who, shrouded in the habiliments of the dead, came to revisit, by this pale light, the earth which they had plagued by their oppression, and polluted by their sin, till they brought down upon it the vengeance of long-suffering Heaven." In this same work of Scott's allusion is specially made to one of them called the Stone of Odin. There was a hole in this a little way above the ground, and through it Orcadian lovers were wont to join hands as they swore to be true to each other. The stone was afterwards destroyed, and the fragments used in the erection of a cow-house! Surely the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments was not established a day too soon. What these stones were erected for it is in vain to conjecture. We may believe that they had something to do with rites of "a creed outworn," but that is all, and even this we only believe because it is the only solution, or attempt towards a solution, that remains when everything else is exhausted. Where there is so little ascertained fact, there is ample room for ingenious nonsense, and not even the great pyramid has been more whimsically accounted for than the Standing Stone of Scotland. As to Orcadian folk and their customs, writers and visitors have given a favourable verdict. "They are," it has been said, "kind without caressing, civil without ceremony, and respectful without com-

pliments; their resentment of obligations and injuries is more quick than perceptible; they are obliging and hospitable to strangers, and where no party differences intervene, social and friendly among themselves." Of the manner in which old traditions linger one curious

Readers of the "Pirate" will remember the Dwarfie Stone and the Enchanted Carbuncle, which gleamed on the top of a cliff, but always disappeared from view when the climber went in search of it.

Like Scott's other novels, the "Pirate "



BUCHOLLIE CASTLE, CAITHNESS.

example—curious because it is a trace of Romanism—may be mentioned. The fishermen in one of the islands, when successful, will throw a small coin into a ruined chapel that stands there—a trace of the offering at the shrine of the saint, though it reminds one of the votive offering to the sea-god of a still earlier period.

does not owe the least of its charms to the perfection of local colouring, the strange, remote, secluded life is around you as you read it; but the mention of the novel reminds us that it is not all about the Orkneys, and that there is something also to be said of the Shetland Islands.





LERWICK, THE CAPITAL OF THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

ULTIMA THULE.

ITS CAPITAL, AND LAWS AND LEGENDS.



THE scene of a German fairy story that we remember once reading is laid at the end of the world. Perhaps this was in Shetland, which is the end of the British world in modern times, as it was of the ancient world in days of yore. A fit *Ultima Thule*, indeed, is Shetland. Wild and stormy, and grand and barren, for the general character of these islands is

somewhat different from that of the Orkneys. The scenery is very much wilder, and the land is still more barren. There are about a hundred islands, and of these less than half are inhabited. The coast line is very rough and rocky. There are a vast number of caves in the face of the lofty cliffs: These stretch a long way inland, and in stormy weather the sea dashes far into them, and the reverberation can be heard at a great distance. These cliffs and caves are of all possible varieties and shapes. Sometimes we have a number of "stacks"

rising out from the sea near the coast. These are pierced through and through with passages, whilst a cap of green verdure clothes the summit of the bare perpendicular wall. Some of the caves are very large. The hole of Scraada runs 250 feet into the land. The entrance to one at Doveholm is an arch 70 feet in height. "But the most sublime scene is where a mural pile of porphyry, escaping the process of disintegration that is devastating the coast, appears to have been left as a sort of rampart against the inroads of the ocean, which, when provoked by wintry gales, batters against it with all the force of real artillery, the waves having in their repeated assaults forced for themselves an entrance. This breach, named the Grind of the Navir, is widened every winter by the overwhelming surge, which, finding a passage through it, separates large stones from its side, and forces them to a distance of no less than 180 feet." As in Orkney, a peculiarly desolate and bare appearance is given to the landscape by the total absence of trees. All Nature's pictures in Shetland are constructed with three materials: the wild moor, the wild sea, and the wild rocks.

As in Orkney, so here, the largest island of the group is called Mainland, and about the middle of it, fronting the island of Bressa, is Lerwick, the capital, a small but prosperous and busy place. The town, unlike most of the Scotch towns, is *not* a place of great antiquity, and is little more than 250 years old. It was built as a station for the Dutch herring vessels, which at that time carried on a considerable trade in these parts. At present Lerwick presents the appearance of a "sort of vulgar Venice." A great many of the old weather-beaten houses are washed on one side by the sea, and they are frequently provided with two doors—one opening on the sea, and the other on the land. These form one side of the chief street, which runs along parallel to the beach. The dwell-

ings present a rather curious appearance. It is as if the sea had suddenly risen and floated them, and after twisting and twirling them about in all directions, had suddenly retired. The houses then apparently took root just where they had been thrown, and thus accommodated themselves to circumstances in the easiest of fashions. One might forgive a good deal for the sake of picturesque effect, but to have an occasional house in the middle of the street is rather awkward. But, as we had occasion before to remark, everything in this world is relative; and if you get entangled in some of these little narrow lanes and curious courts with which this main street communicates, you will come to consider it a very wonder of width, cleanliness, and sweet smells. But we shall get into trouble if we begin to abuse Shetland and Lerwick, and the dwellers therein, for the native writers (and who ought to know better?) unanimously agree in describing the islanders as well spoken and pleasant of manner, kind to strangers, and exceptionally well educated. Nay, some have even been found to declare them too highly civilised; that the ladies are inordinately given to tea-drinking and fine dress. If this be so it ought to be remembered that the fair islanders at least earn the money they spend on those amusements. They knit stockings enough, one would think, to supply the feet of all the human race, for they are *all* *always* knitting. and, says this critic, "They are rarely, if ever, paid for their work in money, so they take from the merchants just what they can get [this at least shows an easily contented disposition!] This tea-drinking with the older dames has grown to be almost a vice, while the love of gay dress has been fostered to an inordinate degree in many of the young knitters. On Sunday they emerge from their smoky huts *à la mode du beau monde*, dressed all of them like brides, and meeting them thus gaily decked, you

could not imagine that they lived in such hovels, were it not that they perfume the air around them with a strong odour of peat reek." The same writer bears witness to the zeal and fidelity with which they attend church, and their punctuality in the performance of all religious duties, and though he informs us that in some of the country parishes the collection often only amounts to threepence, yet this is not, we are sure, the case in their metropolis. But let us cease poking fun at these simple and honest islanders, and rather congratulate ourselves that the frontiers of our empire are inhabited by such a fine race of people. Even the faults of the Shetlanders seem things of the past. The houses in the sea were built to aid, it is said, in smuggling. The Dutch boats crept up to the sea-door under cover of night, and there unloaded, and departed by the same silent highway they had used in coming. Smuggling was at one time very prevalent, and at the close of the last century, and beginning of this, it was thus that the bulk of the inhabitants supported themselves. Wiser excise regulations have now made this practically a thing of the past. A still worse custom was that of wrecking. To such an extent had this practice gone, that the local ruler actually decreed severe punishment against such as were so forgetful as to assist a vessel in distress, whilst a strange superstition which seemed, and, indeed, in some way or other, probably *had* been invented for the purpose of aiding this cruel occupation, affirmed it to be exceedingly unlucky to help a drowning man, and that the man saved would at some future time bring grievous hurt to his saviour. "Wrecking" is an offence which has always been looked on with just harshness. Perhaps the wrecker's view was that if people were to be wrecked, he might as well get the benefit of it as the sea, and from this the step that led to the remains of a lost

vessel being considered fair game, and even to the taking of steps to aid its destruction, would only be too swift. The wreckers are now as extinct as the Vikings and as the Pirates, though we suppose that still, if an islander finds some "flotsam and jetsam" at his feet, he may stoop to pick it up without strictly attending to Her Majesty's rights. The only accusation that seems ever now to be brought against the Shetlanders is that they sometimes charge very high for the use of their boats; but this only means, we presume, that they are good political economists, and thus try to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market!

It is impossible to talk of Shetland without saying a word about the Shetland pony. Those animals ran about at one time almost wild. They were reared by the community for the good of the community, but of late years the demand for them has grown so strong that they have been kept as the most valuable kind of private property. Their small size is, perhaps, to be attributed to the difficulty they experience in obtaining nourishment. Sometimes they are forced to betake themselves to the sea-beach, where they eat tangle and sea-weed. Their owners only give them fodder in snowy weather, when such is absolutely necessary to keep them alive. Even a big Shetland pony is a small animal, and a small Shetland pony is a *very* small animal indeed; as small, sometimes, as thirty inches, and quite fit to be used as a drawing-room pet. As is natural in animals living in such a place, they are very sure-footed, and, what is more, have a wonderful knack of finding their way home again, which is very convenient to the traveller who has lost his way, and finds it by far the best plan to throw his reins on his steed's neck and trust to Providence and the pony, though it is only out of Shetland that it is called a pony—*there* it is dignified with the more imposing appellation of horse.

We may here add a word about some of the wild inhabitants of those islands, and first must come the eagle. The king of birds usually has his abode amidst the inaccessible cliffs which abound on the west shore of the island. Sometimes he may be seen resting on a little island in the middle of a loch. There are, however, only a very few of these birds to be found there. Much more destructive than the eagle is the raven, which attacks lambs, goslings—aye, even ponies—in the following fashion, which, whether true or not, is at least curious:—"Corby sees a pony lying down to rest, or standing listless and forlorn-looking near a dyke; with an impatient *croak* he darts down, and at one stroke pierces the eye of the poor animal, which immediately rolls itself in its agony, generally with the injured eye next to the ground. This leaves the other eye a mark for the murderer, and another stroke blinds his victim. A third attack is made about the tail, and then he soars away with his malign triumphant *croak, croak, croak*. He knows that he has given the poor pony his death wound, and he will return in a few days to the carrion, which it is decidedly the best policy to leave for his use, that he may be driven the less to create new prey in a similar manner." We must confess to a certain scepticism about this singular account, and especially cannot understand why "about the tail" should be a vulnerable part in Shetland ponies. The commonest birds in Shetland—those that the traveller sees in vast masses covering the rocks or sailing in the air, and mingling their voices with the hoarse voice of the ocean—are the rock-pigeon, the sea-mew, and the kittiwake. Shags and scarfs, or cormorants, also exist in considerable numbers. In talking of the Orkneys we have already mentioned certain phenomena that remind one that we may almost be said to be in arctic regions. Of course the same may be

said of Shetland, and in both cases there are one or two modes of animal life which we usually associate in our thoughts with "high latitudes." Occasional shoals or schools of whales visit these parts, and it is a red-letter day among the fishermen if they are able to capture one or more of these leviathans of the deep—"Hugest of beast that swims." The seal are regular "*habitués*" of the cliffs, and are regarded with peculiar awe and distrust by the islanders. They were supposed to be mermen and mermaids, whose usual habitations were lofty coral halls and noble grottoes far down in the deep. They sometimes had a fancy for visiting the upper world, and in doing so clad themselves in those rough forms that we call seals. These *selkies* "at night again disrobed themselves of their seal skins and boasting forms, beautiful beyond description, held their midnight revels in the pale moonlight amidst the surge that broke over the skerries. Many wonderful stories are told about them; they are said to have carried shipwrecked fishermen on their backs safe to the shores of Papa"—which was really very kind of them, considering the light in which they have been regarded. There is always something grand and fascinating about the superstitions of a race. We suppose it is natural to be superstitious, and since science sternly forbids us to indulge the fancy, we delight to hear about it in others. So rare is the belief in ghosts now, that we remember a peasant—on the ground that is round *Burg Rodenstein*, the Castle of the Wild Huntsmen, hidden far away in the green *Odenwald*—looking quite insulted when we asked him if the wild hunt was ever seen now, and quite plainly intimating that the whole business was entirely fabulous; and so, even in these remote parts, could there really be found one who would do battle for the existence of the Mermaid? Still, the old stories are preserved and handed down, but rather in the way of delecta-

tion for the learned, than for the delight of the peasant.

One excellent quality our Shetlanders possess, and this is that of simple statement of fact, unencumbered by any sort of circumlocution. This epitaph from the churchyard at Hillswick is charming—"Here lies Donald Robertson, to all appearance a sincere Christian, whose death was caused by the stupidity of Lawrence Tulloch, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts." If all history had been written in this plain, unvarnished, truthful style, how strangely different it would be from the history we know. This same simple directness of statement is shown in the more remote parts of the island in most amusing ways. "I learned," says Mr. Reid, in his interesting "Art Rambles," in speaking of the island of Foula, "from the fishermen that no later than yesterday the lighthouse steamer steamed as close up to the rocks at the south creek as if the captain had been acquainted with the coast from boyhood. As this was the first time the islanders had seen a steamer near the island, they were greatly astonished; and a few having heard of the doings of the press-gangs in days of yore, hid themselves for fear. However, the peaceable errand of the *Pharos* once known, the intelligence soon spread, and all the natives who chose were invited on board, a treat which will be long remembered, together with the fact that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, whom they designated the 'greatest man in Scotland,' had landed on the island, and purchased a few dozen eggs and a couple of codfish."

Mr. Reid also gives a drawing of a Shetland interior, which, in picture, looks very cosy and comfortable, though unmistakably primitive. The same apartment serves for dining-room, sleeping-room, sitting-room, etc., but when we think of the 'families in each corner and a lodger in the middle of the floor,'

which we are told is by no means rare in the slums of the Cowgate, and besides that this cottage is pretty well open to the winds of heaven, we can reflect, at any rate, that its inhabitants might be worse off. The fire is in the middle of the floor, and the smoke finds easy exit from a hole in the roof, from which a chain or rope depends, and on this the iron kettle used in cooking is slung. A spinning-wheel is in one corner, and at it an old dame is busily engaged in spinning. Opposite sits the *materfamilias* engaged in some household duty. The remaining chair in the room is occupied by a boy, who is eating his simple dinner of dried fish with the keenest of appetites. Lines are stretched across the room almost as high as the ceiling, or, rather, the bottom of the rafters, for there is no ceiling, and on this are hung a great number of dried fish, or fish in the process of drying. An antique and capacious box-bed, carefully folded up, protrudes some way into the room, and near it there is a plain but substantial wooden chest, used, we presume—for it is shut—as the receptacle for the Sunday finery of the family. A few tables and boxes complete the furniture. The walls are plentifully garnished with hooks, on which hang various articles for household attire and use; the faithful collie sleeps in peace on the rough earthen floor, on which we also notice a pair of huge fisherman's boots, and some flasks. This is by no means, however, a high-class Shetland cottage, for some of them are so large as to be divided into two tolerably big rooms. There is both a proper floor and a ceiling to the better room. The walls are whitewashed, and the window is comparatively large.

In talking of Shetland we have as yet said nothing of Fair Isle, which lies between it and the Orkneys. This rocky island is remarkable as the place where the flagship of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the commander of the

Armada called the *Invincible*, finally came to grief. And no wonder, indeed, for the tide rushes, even in calm weather, with such velocity through the narrow channel, that it is impossible to sail against it. At a distance, and in summer weather, this wild mass of rock may be advantageous as a land-mark; but in foggy weather, and in the stormy winter months, it is very dangerous indeed. "The island is girt about with a rugged perpendicular wall of sandstone, diversified with bold, grotesque headlands, *gios*, and stacks standing in solitary grandeur, around which circling wreaths of foam are ever winding, and over which the huge rollers from the Atlantic leap sportively, that they may course with unbroken power through dismal caves, where, after passing through tortuous tunnels black as night, they again greet the light of day, boiling at the foot of mighty shafts which pierce the cliff three hundred feet overhead." Here, as might be expected, most things are primitive and out-of-the-way enough. "The fashionable mode of sitting in church is for each to have his arm round his partner's waist, whilst the young married couples are very affectionate, and it is nothing extraordinary for the wife to put her arm round her husband's neck, draw his head under the bookboard, and kiss him."

When the Spaniards were thrown ashore they were almost quite destitute of provisions, and the islanders, from their scanty stores, were only able to afford them a very moderate supply, so that they were put to great straits before they were able to embark again. Some plaids of a curious fashion are knitted here, and the only counterpart to them is a species of Spanish cloak, so we may fairly conclude that this is one memento, at least, of that remarkable fleet. At one of the many wrecks which have taken place on this lonely spot, the crew were saved in an extraordinary manner. The vessel was stranded at

the foot of a precipitous wall of rock, and was rapidly going to pieces. The islanders were able to reach the crew through one of the sea-filled caves, the other end of which was connected by a shaft with the interior of the island.

Mousa, a little spot on the east side of Mainland, is remarkable for a so-called "Pictish Castle." This is simply a round tower, something like the section of one of the huge chimneys of our great manufacturing centres. It measures fifty feet in diameter, and is about forty-two feet high. There is a tower within the tower—the space between the walls is five feet, and the walls themselves are of enormous thickness. The windows are very small, loop-holes in fact, whilst the visitor must crawl on hands and knees in at the doorway. And yet this uncouth building was the scene of a drama of passionate love. At one time there were double earls in Orkney. Their names were Erlend and Harold, and they were both young men. Now Harold's mother was a lady of great beauty, and Erlend fell passionately in love with her. She returned his love, but Harold, who thought it might interfere with his ambitious plans, sternly forbade the union. Harold's father, it may not be quite unnecessary to mention, was dead. The pair, however, were determined to be united, and so united they were, and fled to this lonely tower, "within the dark recesses of which they nestled like two pigeons in a dove-cot." The undutiful son pursued them, and beset the castle with troops, but its strong walls were faithful to those they defended, and Harold had to sit down before the place for a regular siege. Fortunately, during this he had time to cool a little. He recollected that the conduct of his beautiful mother during her long widowhood had not been quite irreproachable; that, indeed, there were certain things reported of her to which this was but a trifle, and that, on the whole, it was

probably better that this lovely and charming widow should have somebody whose special duty it would be to look after her. So, as the chronicler tells us, "a reconciliation took place, and then, with great joy, returned the parties to their several pursuits, well satisfied with each other. Such is the story chronicled by Torfoeus concerning the siege of Moseyaburgum and the loves of Dame Margareta and Erlend."

Another much more imposing castle is that of Scalloway; this is situated about the same latitude as Lerwick, but on the west side of Mainland. It was built in 1600, by the cruel Earl Patrick Stewart, who expiated a long series of crimes at Edinburgh under the hands of the executioner. They built well in those days, whether the use of the building was to be for good or ill. The castle is unroofed, but the walls still rise strong and entire, domineering over the few humble cottages which seem to cower in terror, as no doubt the inhabitants of the place once did at the base. In the castle is an iron hook, from which the prisoners were suspended, whether finally or temporarily does not appear. Scalloway was once the capital of Shetland, and here the courts of law, and what men called justice, were held. Near it there is a slight elevation. It is green and pleasant to the eye, and at its foot grow almost the only trees to be found in Shetland. If there were any fitness in things, it ought to be for ever blasted by the fire that human cruelty once kindled on its summit, and the curse that David of old called down on the mountain of Gilboah—the curse that passionately prayed they might for ever be deprived of heaven's nurture—might well too fall on this hill. Again and again were persons accused of witchcraft burned on this "Gallows Hill," as it is still called. The very last executions that took place in the island were when Barbara Tulloch and her daughter Ellen King were burned to death for this imaginary crime.

Near the Mainland, north from Lerwick, there is an isolated rock, on which are a few fragments of a castle that once stood there. It is called *Frau-a-stack*, or the Maiden's Stack, and this is its story. There was once a wealthy Shetlander who had a lovely daughter. But though lovely, she was wilful, and it happened that among the host of her acquaintances, there was one whom her father evidently detested. He was dark and handsome, brave and daring, generous to a fault, aye, even prodigal and reckless of money, as if it were of no more value than the foam which even in calm weather curled round the base of the rock that he saw from his castle windows. The old gentleman thought with a groan of the rate at which his sacks of gold would be depleted by this young spendthrift, if he should succeed in getting his daughter. And then his daughter unfortunately was so fond of him!—there was no denying it. She said she would have him, and he said he would have her, and what was the old gentleman to do? But as he looked at the rock, a bright thought occurred to him. He would build a lady's bower on the rock, and there the lady should remain till she had given up all such absurd fancies as this. In due time the stone structure was raised, and the damsel, after weeping many unavailing tears, was safely placed in it. She still vowed that nothing would induce her to give up her lover. Did not the old gentleman know that love laughs at locksmiths? So it proved in this case, for one night, when the waves were wildly dashing against the cliffs, the lover adventured the daring exploit, moored his little boat in a cave at the foot of the stack, and then up! up! he climbed the steep ascent, till the lady, who sat wearily listening to the storm, and thinking of him, heard through all the wild raging of the sea and wind, the tapping at the casement, and lo! here was her lover! When morning came, and the domestics

went to the stack, carrying with them the day's provisions for their fair prisoner, they found, to their despair, that she had escaped. There were the marks of the way the lover had climbed, and also the marks of the difficult and dangerous descent—now and then, perhaps, a shred of woman's dress, torn off by some jagged point, and fluttering like a tell-tale flag in the morning wind. When the old gentleman heard of all this, he was horrified at the thought of the danger which his daughter seemed so narrowly to have escaped, and moreover he felt a good deal of remorse as he reflected on his own cruel barbarity. So he forgave the couple as soon as they asked for it, which they did like dutiful children immediately upon their marriage. The old gentleman likewise opened his money bags as wide as his heart. He was very rich, and could well afford to do so; the youth had quite sobered down after his late escapade, and there were no more wild pranks to be feared, and so, as the story-books say, "they lived happy ever after."

Unst, the most northern of the Shetland Islands, is also, perhaps, the wildest and most barren. There is a lighthouse on a rock called *Muckle Flugga*, and during a storm, when the full force of the Northern Ocean falls on the rock-bound coast, where

Far rocks on rocks, in mist and storm arrayed,
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
And from their sable base, in sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

We can well believe there is many a sailor who will "bless its useful light."

It is somewhere in this far-off region of *Ultima Thule* that Goethe has placed the scene of that exquisite ballad from "Faust," which Mr. Bayard Taylor has so exquisitely translated—

There was a king in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave,
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Nought was to him more precious,
He drained it at every bout,
His eyes with tears ran over
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Nought else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life glow,
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea,
Then fell his eyelids for ever,
And never more drank he!



"BONNIE DUNDEE."



PROBABLY, many people who only know of this large town (now the third in Scotland) as a centre of commercial activity, are apt to look upon it as a kind of up-start place, with little claim to interest other than of the trading sort. But it is far otherwise, and it is only to be regretted that—from some cause or other—so few tangible evidences of its antiquity remain to us. Of its origin nothing definite is known. "Some of our ancient historians," says Thomson, the historian of the town, "indulging in their *penchant* for the marvellous, inform us that Dundee was a place of strength and importance at the time Agricola brought the Roman eagles into Scotland, and point it out as the place where Catanach, King of the Picts, entered into an agreement or league, offensive and defensive of course, with Galde—the Galgacus of the Latin historians—King of the Scots, against their common enemy, the Romans. They also inform us that their castle was strongly fortified, and the residence of Donald I. We, no more than the historians who record these things, know anything about them." After this statement we are somewhat amused to find Thomson drawing the inference, from very general premisses, that Dundee, in some form or other, did exist at this time. If, as some suppose, the place anciently called *Alectum* was Dundee, then we begin to find historical trace of the place in 831, or a little later, when the battle of Pitalpin was fought between Alpin, King of the Scots, and Brude, King of the Picts. Of this battle Maule gives the following ac-

count:—"Brude, King of the Picts, taking it highly to heart that Alpin, King of Scots, with two thousand men, should have invaded Louthian, exercising all cruelty on the inhabitants, sparing sex nor age, in the preceding year, levies a great army, crosses the Tay at the castle of *Caledonia* [Dunkeld, as is supposed], and marches with all the speed he could to the country of *Horestia* [understood to be Angus], where he encamped on the side of a hill some thirteen or fourteen furlongs from the town of *Alectum*, where he is met by King Alpin with twenty thousand Scots. With much blood was it foughten for many hours together, till Alpin, with great force giving a fresh charge on his enemies, was unfortunately taken; the Scots no sooner seeing their king taken, but they betake themselves to the mountains, so that the Picts that day remained victors, who took their prisoner, King Alpin, and beheaded him, leaving his body behind them, and carrying his head to the city of Camelon, where, in derision, they affixed it aloft on a pole in the middle of the city." Not a very creditable story for Dundee or for the Scots, especially if it be true that Alpin joined the army in person, when he saw the battle going against them, leading on the garrison of the castle as a forlorn hope; surely they might have fought for his dead body to save it from ignominy, if they could not save him alive.

Another early tradition regarding it links it on to the Crusades. David, Earl of Huntingdon, the brother of William the Lion, had taken part in the third of these Holy Wars, and on his homeward voyage was wrecked on the Egyptian coast, sold into slavery, and taken to Constantinople. Here he was found by some Englishmen, and, having been

ransomed, he returned to Scotland. He was almost shipwrecked once more on the coast of Norway, and was exposed to other "perils of the sea;" and in his dread plight he vowed that he would dedicate a church to the Virgin upon the spot on which he should land, if ever he did land at all. The sea grew quiet, and with a favourable wind he reached the coast under the shadow of Dundee Law, near which he built his promised Church of St. Mary, as a token of his gratitude. William, the king and his brother, made over Dundee to him, it now taking rank as a royal burgh.

During the three succeeding centuries Dundee had a very unenviable position; for it was a common resort of the country's enemies, and thus became very frequently the theatre of conflict. It was *four* times burned, the last occasion being under Edward VI. and at the instance of Somerset, who was anxious to carry out at all hazards the betrothal of Edward to the Queen of Scots. With the rise of the Reformation, it entered upon a new phase of history, having been from an early period identified with the Protestant party—so much so that it came to be called the "second Geneva." Out of this time one striking historical figure stands forth as a champion of the new faith—Sir James Scrimgeour, of Dudhope, Constable of Dundee. Of the part which this man—and Dundee through him—played in the great movement, the late Dr. Lorimer has given the following sketch:—"When the horsemen who had been sent in pursuit of him returned to the Prior and reported [Alane's] escape, 'the Prior suspected,' says he [Alane], 'a citizen of Dundee to be the man who had provided me with a ship, and summoned him to appear before him in answer to the charge. The citizen appeared at St. Andrew's, accompanied by the Provost of Dundee, one of the knights of the kingdom, and was able to assure the Prior that he had given no such assist-

ance to the fugitive. But the Provost told Hepburn plainly that for his part he would gladly have assisted Alexander to find a ship, if he had known of his flight, and would have given him money too for his journey with the greatest pleasure.' 'If he had been my brother,' he added, 'I should long ago have delivered him from the miseries and dangers which he has been suffering at your hands.' " This bold Provost was Sir James Scrimgeour of Dudhope. The incident gives us an interesting glimpse into the state of opinion and feeling in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, at a period so closely succeeding the time of Hamilton's (Patrick Hamilton, the reformer) teaching and martyrdom. Dundee had already among her traders and merchants some citizens who were honoured by the suspicion of aiding and abetting fugitive heretics; and her provost and constable, a man of hereditary courage and spirit, was already so fearless a defender of oppressed Lutherans, that he frankly told a mitred prior to his face how glad he would have been to baulk his persecuting zeal, and to disappoint his cruel designs. The Constable of Dundee was an important accession to the cause of the Reformation. The Scrimgeours of Angus, whose chief he was, were a numerous, wealthy, and powerful family, and were connected by marriage with several other great houses of the kingdom. In a royal charter of 1527, granted to Sir James, mention is made of "the principal messuage, tower, and fortalice of his barony of Dudhope;" of "his patronage of chaplainries within the burgh and town of Dundee belonging to him by inheritance," and of many lands, his possessions, in the neighbouring counties of Fife and Perth. To the interests of the Reformation in Dundee in particular, the support so early given to it by Sir James Scrimgeour was of the greatest consequence, and goes far to account for the prominent place which

her citizens soon took in the great cause.

Other notable men of Dundee stood forward on behalf of the new light, to whom we can only make a passing reference. James Hewat, a friar, the brothers Wedderburn, men notable in Scottish church history, who issued the famous "Buik of Gude and Godly Ballates," and a translation of the Psalms; and Andrew Charters, characterised as "a man of quick ingyne and goodly personage." But far more illustrious than any of these was George Wishart, one of the noblest martyrs of the Scottish Reformation. His connection with Dundee is such as to maintain his name in everlasting remembrance. Hearing that the plague was devastating the town, he hastened to it to minister to the suffering and the dying; and one interesting reminiscence of his ministrations is that, standing at a spot where he could be heard both by those within and without the gates of the town, he preached from the text, "He sent His word and healed them," and emphasized its truth in the homely comment, "It is neither herb nor plaister, O Lord, but Thy word healeth all." Probably the testimony which was thus borne by Wishart to the beneficence of Divine law, and to the power and mercy of God, did as much to win the hearts of the people to the Protestant cause as did his eloquent pleadings in controversy.

Passing on from Reformation times, we come to speak of a chapter in Dundee history associated with a name very different from any of these, and vastly different from that of one already named who held the same office. This was John Graham of Claverhouse, whom James II. of England made Constable of the town, and latterly Viscount of Dundee. "These honours," says Thomson, "were Graham's reward for years of cruel and dishonourable service toward his countrymen, as the tool and minister of arbitrary power." It seems that Claverhouse

was foolish enough to test his right to govern Dundee by attempting to assume the power of a magistrate. He made a new provost, and his choice was not only resented, but, as a consequence of it, Claverhouse, on the principle that "discretion is the better part of valour," found it necessary to get off the ground as quickly as possible, which he did—minus his hat. Fired with rage at this humiliating defeat, he gathered his men together in the Glen of Ogilvy, and marched upon Dundee. As he was coming over the Sidlaw Hills, however—the range which forms as it were the background to Dundee—he was seen by a loyal lady of the neighbourhood, who sent a trusty servant to warn the citizens of his approach. Claverhouse, on his arrival, found them forewarned and forearmed, and with wrath fanned by disappointment, he set his men to burn the Hilltown, known once as Rotten Row, and in a little while it was consumed to ashes. This doubtfully noble deed of a so-called nobleman ended his relations with Dundee, the date of it being the 13th May, 1689—just about five weeks before his defeat and death upon the battlefield of Killiecrankie.

It was when Claverhouse was brooding his dark schemes in this same Glen of Ogilvy that he made that journey to the Convention of Edinburgh which has been immortalised in a song which may very well come in here to vary these drier details of history:—

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who
spoke,
Ere the King's Crown go down, there are crowns
to be broke,
So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the Bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Come, ope the West Port, and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat,

But the Provost, douce man, said, Just e'en let him
be ;

The town is weel quit o' this Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Each carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But some young plants of grace, they looked couthis
and slee,

Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

With sour-featured saints the Grassmarket was
panged,

As if half of the west had set tryst to be hanged ;

There was spite in each face, there was fear in each
e'e,

As they watched for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;

But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
left free,

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the high Castle rock,

And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke ;

Let Mons Meg and her marrows three volleys let flee,

For the love of the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes—

Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose ;

Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams be-
yond Forth ;

If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the
North ;

There are wild dunniewassals three thousand times
three,

Will cry *Hoich!* for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,

Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox :

And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,

Ye have not seen the last of my bonnets and me.

Come, fill up, etc.

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were
blown,

The kettle drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,

Till on Ravelston crag, and on Clermiston lee,

Died away the wild war-note of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men ;
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

We could not come to a place of such importance as Dundee without telling a little of its history ; but we must let these two or three incidents in that history suffice to show that it has had its share, through many centuries, in the good and evil fortunes of the times, and that its story has been so far interwoven with that of those who, for good or for evil, formed, in various generations, a great part of the public life of Scotland.

Let us now look at one or two of the relics of antiquity which Dundee possesses ; and then we will give an idea of it as it appears at the present day. First of all, we must say this with regard to the antiquities of Dundee—that they are fewer than one might have expected, and it seems somehow as if the commercial mind which has dominated the place in modern times has not been so alive to the value of preserving these ancient things as we could have wished. There is still, indeed, the “steeple” of the ancient church of St. Mary the Virgin, which it is believed belongs to the 14th century, and which is 156 feet high. It was “restored” a few years ago according to the plans of Sir Gilbert Scott. The Dundee merchants were not likely to spare any cost when they once took the matter of “restoration” into their heads, and £7,000 was spent upon the work. For ourselves we cannot say that the result inspires us with any measure of enthusiasm. It is heavy rather than massive, and, if we may be permitted to speak somewhat ritualistically, it does not symbolise any of those finer feelings which we associate with the House of God. Next we have Dudhope Castle—the seat, in olden times, of the Scrimgeours, a family of which we have already spoken—a building dating from very early times, and associated, no

doubt, with much that was romantic, but now devoted to practical and somewhat prosaic use as soldiers' barracks. The ancient custom-house still stands, we believe, in the Greenmarket, and we may add that it has also attained to some small immortality in literature, through its prominent place in one of Grant's romances, "The Yellow Frigate." This edifice stands in the Greenmarket. Then there is the East Port still remaining to remind the modern Dundonian where the limit of his city was placed, in one direction at least, and—still more important—to mark the spot at which George Wishart stood and preached in that memorable year of the plague, 1544. But we do not pursue this subject of antiquities further; it is too sad to think of the little that remains, and of the much that has been permitted to vanish without almost a record or a trace left behind them. The ancient castle, the convents, the mint—all have gone; and if we want to get at any outward and visible token of the days that have been, we are just as likely now to find it in the burying-ground of the "Howff" as anywhere else. This place contains many tombstones with curious epitaphs, but we can only instance one or two. Here is one which tells the oft-repeated tale, how men, notable in their time, are laid to their grave amid the hopes of friends that their memory will flourish immortal in the hearts of men, and then are forgotten:—

"To his dearest brother, Thomas Milne, . . . having ended his life well in the year of the Lord 1641, and of his age 22, Mr. Alexander Milne, minister of Forgan, placed this monument.

Fame will the long life give which fate denied,
Nor can we call him dead who thus has died."

A very curious one is the following:—

Man, tak hed to me,
Hov thov sal be,
Cvhan thov art dead
Drye as a treil,
Vermes sal eat ye;
Thy great bovie
Sall be lyke lead.

Ye tyme hath been
In my zovth grene,
That I vas clene
Of bodie as ze ar;
But for my eyen,
Nov tvo holes bene;
Of me is sene
Bvt benes bare.

This is surely grim enough, and, if written by a sorrowing friend, may probably suggest that a grief, which was so much at home in the details of the charnel-house, would probably not be very difficult to assuage.

But, dear reader, if you should chance to visit Dundee, and wonder as to how your time is to be spent, we can hardly advise you to spend it seeking out the antique. St. Andrew's is near you, and so is Arbroath, and so is Brechin; you had better betake yourself thither if such be your chief object of search. This has not been the *forte* of Dundee. It has, however, other elements of attraction. Nature has been very kind to it. Placed on a rising ground close to the Tay, it commands from its higher points a noble view—on the one hand up the river, on the other down to the sea. For our own part, we know few views that are finer than that which you have from a certain point in the Balgay Park. There, beneath you, is the busy and—in itself—not very picturesque town; beside you are the spurs of the Sidlaw Hills; and, above all, above you lie the fair lands of the Carse of Gowrie bordering on the majestic river. Many a Scotchman will wander "far frae hame," and yet see few views to compare with this, which, most probably, he knows nothing about. And the beauty of the surroundings of Dundee has been enhanced by the two magnificent parks which the town possesses—the Balgay Park on the west, and the Baxter Park on the east. The latter was the munificent gift of the late Sir David Baxter and his sisters; it extends to thirty-five acres, and was laid out under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton.

The town possesses several good modern buildings, the most notable being the High School, built in Grecian style; the Morgan Hospital, a noble building built in accordance with the bequest of Mr. John Morgan, a native of the town, by which about £80,000 was left to build and endow it; and the Albert Institute, a memorial to the Prince Consort, a handsome building which serves a practical purpose as containing the museum and the library of the town.

But, above all, Dundee is a business town, and as such it would probably choose mainly to be regarded. It has no fine streets, unless Reform-street be considered fine; nor is there any part which could be called a gay thoroughfare. It is simply a big place of business; and any stranger who should visit the Exchange about mid-day, or take a walk into the not very bright, but very busy, region of the Cowgate, would see the town in its most familiar aspect. We quote the following facts regarding it in this connection, from the interesting article "Dundee," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—

"Dundee is the chief seat of the linen manufacture in Britain, and from a very early time appears to have had a special reputation in this branch of industry. Hector Boece, a native of the town, in his *History and Cronikles of Scotland*, thus quaintly refers to it:—'Dunde, the toun quhair we wer born; quhair mony virtewus and lauborius pepill ar in, making of claith.' It was not, however, till the introduction of steam-power, in the beginning of the present century, that there was any remarkable development of flax-spinning in Dundee. The first work of importance was the Bell Mill (which is still extant), built in 1806, and the first power-loom factory was erected in 1836. Side by side with the extension of the linen trade has been that of jute spinning and weaving. Large cargoes of this material are imported into Dundee direct from India,

and it is manipulated on an enormous scale. In fact, the manufacture of flax, hemp, and jute fabrics constitutes the staple trade of the town, and supports, directly and indirectly, the great bulk of the inhabitants. There are upwards of seventy steam spinning-mills and power-loom factories, employing above 50,000 persons. Some of these buildings are of great size and considerable architectural elegance, those of Messrs. Baxter, Messrs. Cox, and Messrs. Gilroy being especially conspicuous. These three afford employment to above 12,000 hands. The principal textile productions are osnaburghs, dowlas, canvas, sheetings, bagging, jute carpeting, etc., and the total value of these fabrics annually produced has been estimated at upwards of £7,000,000. Among the other industries of Dundee may be mentioned ship-building, engineering, tanning, and leather manufactures (including shoemaking by machinery), all of which are conducted on a large scale. There are also considerable foundries, breweries, corn and flour mills, and confectionery and fruit-preserving works—Messrs. Keiller and Sons' 'Dundee marmalade' having a most extensive reputation. The prosperity of Dundee is, in a large measure, due to its commodious harbour and its magnificent docks. The harbour works extend about two miles along the riverside, and the docks, five in number, cover an area of thirty-five acres. Although they cannot compare in extent with those of London or Liverpool, they are probably unsurpassed in the kingdom for stability and convenience. They have cost, from 1815, when the works were begun, to May, 1877, £800,000; and the harbour revenue amounted in 1876 to £50,751. The principal imports for the year ending May, 1876, were—flax, codilla, and hemp, 31,300 tons; jute, 106,727 tons; coals, 146,399 tons; timber, 46,256 loads; whale and sealubber, 1,694 tons; breadstuffs, 6,808 tons. The principal exports were—

linen and jute manufactures (first six months), 346,472 pieces; (second), 19,117 tons; bags and sacks (first), 12,001,032; (second), 8,853 tons; yarns, 8,630 tons; grain, 3,506 tons. There were built at Dundee, in 1876, 32 vessels, with a tonnage of 18,794; and at the end of that year the shipping belonging to the port consisted of 156 sailing vessels (tonnage 68,314), 38 steamers (17,078)—total, 194; tonnage, 85,392. Eleven of the steamers are in the seal and whale fishing trade, each making two voyages yearly to the Arctic Seas."

We have not adverted to the religious buildings of modern Dundee. Enough to say of these that the town is, on the whole, well supplied with churches, representing almost every denomination of any standing in Britain; and some of these, such as the Pro-Cathedral of the Episcopal Church, St. Enoch's Established Church, and the McCheyne Memorial Church, may distinctly be called handsome edifices. It cannot, perhaps, be said of the Dundee of modern times that

it has taken quite the same prominent position in the religious history of the country as it did in the days of old. But it must never be forgotten that here Robert Murray McCheyne exercised his marvellous ministry, touching hearts with a wondrous power, making Dundee, for the time, a centre from which spiritual light and heat should be diffused throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. Here, too, for a brief time, the great—we may well say apostolic—missionary of China, William Chalmers Burns, laboured during the absence of McCheyne, and these two names live wedded together still in the hearts of pious people of the town and the country around. Noteworthy amongst ecclesiastics of the latest generation in Dundee, was a man of a very different stamp, George Gilfillan, a man indeed of true heart, of broad culture, of lofty imagination, in theology somewhat more of a wandering star than aught else, and not a little of an Ishmaelite, but a man whom to know was to love, and when dead to mourn for.



THE TAY BRIDGE.



WE cannot speak of Dundee without devoting a brief article to the Tay Bridge, a name which now marks alike one of the greatest achievements and one of the most terrible calamities of our generation. We shall most summarily and satisfactorily fulfil our purpose by extracting from the newspapers of the time an account of the bridge itself, and then a sketch of its dreadful fall upon that dire night of storm, Sunday, December 28, 1879.

"The Tay Bridge," said the *Scotsman* in its sketch of the opening of the bridge, "was opened on Saturday, June 1, 1878, the actual work having commenced in 1871, at a point about a mile and a-half above Newport. The engineer was Mr. Bouch, and the contractors Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes & Co. At the place where operations were begun the river is nearly two miles wide, with a maximum depth at high water in spring tides of forty-five feet, and a velocity of current as high at times as five knots per hour. The bridge consists of eighty-five spans, varying in breadth from 67 to 245 feet. Of this latter width there are eleven spans, and two of 227, which cross the navigable portion of the river. Here the bridge has a height of 88 feet above high-water mark, from which it slopes down to the Fife side with a gradient of one in 356; and, towards the Dundee end, where it takes a curve to the eastward in order the more conveniently to join the land line, it has a gradient of one in 73. The spans are formed of wrought iron lattice girders, and the supporting piers, in some cases,

entirely of brickwork; in others, of a sub-structure of brick with iron columns.

"The methods adopted in the work of construction necessarily varied to some extent with the nature of the river bottom, and the depth at which a stable foundation for the piers could be secured. The first thirteen piers from the Fifeshire side could, it was found, be made to rest on the solid rock at a depth of from ten feet to fifteen feet below the bottom of the river. For each pier two cylinders of iron and brickwork, with a diameter of nine feet six inches, were built on shore, and connected with a wall of brickwork three feet wide. The whole mass, weighing from 100 to 120 tons, was then floated out to the selected site, lowered to the bottom by hydraulic apparatus, and cleared of water. Workmen then descended and excavated the material down to the rock, so that the cylinders gradually sank down to this point, when their interior was filled with concrete, and on the base thus secured, which reached just above low-water mark, the pier of solid brickwork was built up to high-water mark, when it received a course of Carmylice stone. When two piers had reached this stage the girders intended to rest on them were floated out and allowed to settle on them, and were subsequently lifted up by hydraulic appliances at the rate of two feet at a time, while the brickwork of the upper portions of the piers was constructed by men working on light scaffolds suspended from the girders.

"After thirteen piers had been built and the girders placed upon them in this manner, it was found that the rock suddenly shelved away to a great depth under beds of clay, gravel, and sand. To carry the foundations of the piers

down to the rock was therefore impracticable, and the method adopted was to construct for each pier a single oval cylinder twenty-three feet six inches, by thirteen feet six inches, to float it out to its site, blow away the sand from beneath it by means of a special apparatus invented by Mr. Reeves, one of the assistant engineers, and thus sink the cylinder till it reached the gravel about eighteen feet below the river bottom. Upon the cylinders, when filled with concrete, were placed hollow masses of brickwork, also built on shore and floated out, which, after being placed in position, were filled with concrete like the cylinders themselves. These carried the piers to low-water mark, whence brick-work was raised by ordinary methods to high-water mark, when four courses of Carmylice stone were introduced, and on them the superstructure of the piers was placed in the form of iron columns of twelve inches and fifteen inches diameter. Fourteen piers, constructed in this manner, brought the bridge to the navigable channel. Here it was necessary to provide piers of greater strength, to support the vastly increased weight of the superincumbent girders, which at this point have a span of 245 feet, and weigh 190 tons each. The cylinders employed for the foundation were now made round, with a diameter of thirty-one feet, and on them hexagonal masses of brickwork, twenty-seven feet by sixteen feet, were carried up to high-water mark. From this point each pier was composed of six iron columns, constructed in ten-foot lengths, and of eighteen inches and fifteen inches diameter, securely bolted together, and made fast to each other by strong vertical and diagonal braces. Thirteen piers of this kind carry the bridge over the navigable channel, and beyond this the method of construction was reverted to, except that the double cylinders for the foundation were of greater diameter—fifteen feet instead of

nine feet six inches. The upper part of the piers also at this end of the bridge consisted of iron columns, and in the curved portion of the bridge, where it nears the north shore, a different arrangement of the columns was resorted to, and a series of stays put down on the west side to resist the outward thrust of trains going round the curve. The girders which span the spaces between the piers, and on which the roadway of the bridge is laid, vary in depth from twenty-seven feet in the great central ones, to twelve feet in those nearer the shore on both sides. In adjusting them, provision was made for expansion by heat, which it was estimated would, over the whole length of the bridge, amount to as much as seven feet. The external lightness and airiness of the structure, in spite of the immense weight of iron and brickwork employed in it, is remarkable, *and is one important element of its security*, inasmuch as the bridge will offer a far smaller resisting surface than a tubular one, for example, would have done to the furious blasts of wind which in boisterous weather sweep down on the valley of the Tay. . . . The width of the surface upon which the rails are laid is fifteen feet. The rails themselves rest on substantial sleepers of creosoted timber, and the rest of the roadway is covered with planking coated with asphalte. To diminish the possibilities of accident from trains getting off the rails, each rail is furnished with a guard.

"The work of constructing the bridge was first contracted for and taken in hand by Messrs. De Bergue & Co., of London, but on the death of the senior partner of that firm in May, 1874, the contract was transferred to Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes & Co., of Middlesborough, by whom it was completed. On the whole the progress of the operations was delayed by few accidents. The most serious mishap occurred in August, 1873, when the upper part of a cylinder which was being sunk, as al-

ready explained, through the river bottom to the rock by men working inside, burst, and the water rushing in, drowned six workmen. During a violent gale in February of 1877 two of the largest girders, which had been raised to the top of the piers prepared for them, but had not been put in their places, were blown down from the hanging gear; but this occurrence, whilst it involved some loss of time and money, furnished satisfactory evidence of the stability of those parts of the bridge which were already finished. The exact length of the bridge is 3,450 yards" (almost exactly two miles).

Thus hopefully did people write at the time of the completion of the great undertaking, and Dundee was for the time full of enthusiasm. It seemed as if now at last its long-lived ambition for a distinct pre-eminence over Perth on the one side, and Aberdeen on the other, would be finally secured; and many who cared little for these things, were at least happy to think that they would be able to make their way to Edinburgh through Fife without the often intolerable inconvenience of the steamer-passage between Broughty Ferry and Tayport. But all these bright hopes were destined—for a time at least—to be speedily blasted. One tremendous storm wrought the dreadful havoc.

"The train from Edinburgh to Dundee," writes a journalist of the time, "consisted of four third-class carriages, one first-class carriage, one second-class carriage, guard's brake, and engine. It left Edinburgh on Sunday afternoon at 4.15, stopping, as is usual with many Sunday trains, at nearly all the wayside stations. On arrival at St. Fort, the last station before reaching the Tay Bridge, the train was found to be five minutes late. Here the tickets were collected, and at thirteen minutes past seven o'clock, according to the usual custom, the signalman, Thomas Barclay, stationed at the south end of

the bridge, handed the stoker the baton, without which no train was allowed to cross. At this time the gale was blowing with such violence that it was with great difficulty that Barclay regained his cabin. Along with him in the cabin was a surfaceman named Watt, who expressed great doubt as to the security of the bridge. Together, accordingly, the men watched the train as it passed along at the usual rate of three miles an hour. The moon was shining brightly, although the wind was blowing a fearful hurricane, the white-crested waves in the Forth and the damage caused on shore testifying to its violence. The lookers-on continued to watch the progress of the train, all the lights being distinctly visible until the locomotive entered between the high girders in the centre of the bridge. . . . It was just after the train had passed from the upper to the lower line of metals, between the high girders in the centre of the river, that a fearful blast, with a roar resembling a continuous roll of thunder, swept down the river. Some of the spectators state that at that moment an intensely brilliant sheet of flame and a shower of sparks were seen at the high girders, caused by the fractured iron as the massive structure broke and fell into the seething waters of the Tay. The signalman and his companion at the Fife end of the bridge did not see so much. From their position, on the level of the rails and looking along the line, the red lights at the rear of the train were clearly seen for a considerable time, until the men calculated the engine must have cleared the high girders forming the central part of the bridge. Then the lights suddenly disappeared. Barclay thought the train had rounded the curve, but Watt was apprehensive that the bridge had given way, and on Barclay proceeding to the telegraph instrument the dread suspicion was too fully confirmed."

We summarise the remainder of the account. The telegraph would not work: and the men, now greatly alarmed, first tried to walk across the bridge, but were effectually prevented by the force of the gale. They then walked along the shore, and there saw, under a sudden gleam of moonlight, the dreadful gap in the bridge. They hurried to the Tay Bridge station, and endeavoured now to signal, but the signal brought no response, and its silence seemed symbolic of the sad truth. Upon the Dundee side people had by this time gathered in great alarm, and shortly before eleven a steamer was sent out to see what could be discovered, but what with strong current and strong wind it was only when it got close under the bridge that anything could be seen. "Then it became painfully evident that the whole centre of the bridge had disappeared, the line of foam between the piers marking where the wreckage lay, and where, probably, many of the unfortunate passengers were lying in death. The steamer returned to shore, and soon, the melancholy news being made fully known, the wildest excitement prevailed. At seven o'clock next morning the Tay Ferries steamer, with several

gentlemen on board, visited the scene of the disaster. The harbour diver was also on board, and his apparatus was fixed to a barge, which was towed behind the steamer. When the vessel reached the bridge, a boat which had been put off by Captain Scott from the *Mars*, came alongside with sounding lead and long poles, and the depth of the water around the scene and the gaps between was sounded, but no bodies were found, and no traces of the sunken train were visible." The diver, who went down at two places, found the girders lying, but saw no trace of the train; and the boat returned, having accomplished but little. In the course of some days pieces of broken carriages were at last found, and the bodies of the dead passengers drifted at length to the shore.

We cannot say much more concerning this frightful tale of sorrow. One thing we are glad to add—that, whilst at first amid the wild calculations of panic some hundreds of lives were supposed to have been lost, it was found that the train had been a comparatively light one; and, dire as the number of bereavements was, it was not so terrible as had been thought.



BROUGHTY FERRY AND BROUGHTY CASTLE.



BEFORE passing quite away from this part of the world, let us take a look at Broughty Ferry, which is now more a suburb of Dundee than either a distinct burgh or a notable fishing village. Broughty Ferry lies nominally about three-and-a-half miles to the east of Dundee on the coast, but the houses in reality almost join; and it is only, perhaps, at such times as a Parliamentary election, when its householders find themselves outside the bustle of a keen local contest, that the separation of the two places is quite realised. A beautiful place is this Broughty Ferry, and we do not wonder that the merchants of the busy town should choose it as a place of residence. Lying just at the mouth of the Tay, it commands both a sea and a river view, and we know few prospects more fine than that to be seen from Fort Hill or Reres Hill, on a summer evening. Eastwards you look towards the old Panmure lands (now, alas, beginning to look somewhat smoky as they are catching more and more the infection of the town's bustle) and towards the German Ocean, and you descry, perhaps, in the distance a stream of smoke coming from some passing steamer, which carries your thoughts away into the busy world which lies beyond that "tight little island," which seems like all the world to us. Right across the Tay river is situated the not very picturesque village of Tayport; but so soon as you turn your eyes to the south-west you have the Tay with its majestic sweep before you, and if the day be very clear, you can trace it as far as the pretty little

town of Newburgh, and see the hills which rise above it. We can remember some sunset hours in full view of that scene as among the most delightful hours we have spent in the study of Nature's beauty. More to the westward you see Dundee, somewhat grim and very smoky, its smoke losing itself in the blue heaven which smiles even through these clouds upon the dull routine life of commerce, and covers even it in true hearts with a heavenly beauty. And "back of" Dundee is the "Law," the "Primrose Hill" of London on a larger scale, while further away, girding the horizon, are the Sidlaws, whispering that the vast range of the Grampians is not far off, and sometimes tempting the merchant, weary of his ledger and his counting-house, away to that delightful land which seems as he thus looks upon it, or at least dreams of it, to be so very near.

For those who love the sea-shore Broughty Ferry presents much attraction; for it possesses a splendid beach, and now, moreover, has something of a marine promenade, not very ambitious in its style indeed, but enough to give the place somewhat more of that gay air which—dare we say it?—it is apparently anxious to possess.

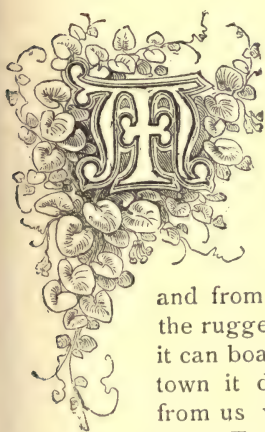
For the antiquarian the place has also some interest, though it must be owned not very much, through its being in possession of a castle. Broughty Castle has never been very important in history. Built by Lord Gray about 1490, it was taken in the following century by that ravager of Scotland, the Protector Somerset, who garrisoned it. First the Earl of Arran, and then the Earl of Argyle laid siege to it, but neither of them succeeded. At length, however, help came from over the

water. France and Germany sent auxiliaries to the number of six thousand, and these again were reinforced by 1,000 foot and 3,000 horse. The siege was raised, February 20, 1550; the fortress was bereft of its strength; and the castle of Broughty relapsed into obscurity. Within our own time it has been "restored," with the not uncommon result that its olden, rugged, ruinous beauty has been taken away, and now it stands a somewhat heavy-looking, and rather meaningless tower upon the sands of Broughty, as it were lifting up a sombre and prosaic testimony against its restoration.

Wandering from Broughty Ferry, with its merchants on the hill, its shopkeepers in the middle, and its fishermen on the seaboard—a kind of typical arrangement, by the way—we find ourselves on the "Links" or downs which stretch by way of Monifieth and Barry pretty well onwards toward Arbroath. On these delightful downs by the sea the ancient and pleasant game of golf is played, and on a fine Saturday afternoon you may see them—not indeed crowded, but studded

with human figures. Men whose days are mostly spent in the work of the office, and who sit most of their other days, may be here seen running to and fro after their balls, and sometimes in their excitement perhaps flourishing their golf-clubs as if they were shillelaghs.

And speaking of such a warlike weapon as the latter, we are reminded that as we proceed along the Links, we find ourselves at a spot which marks an ancient battle. For the old Danish soldier, Camus, in the ninth century, found his way to Carnoustie, and there met Malcolm the Second in battle array. After a bloody conflict, the Scottish army won the day, and Camus was himself killed, as were many of his people. At the village of *Camustown* stands an obelisk, bearing the name of Camus Cross, and supposed to mark the spot to which Camus fled from the battlefield, and at which he was overtaken and slain. The battle is named variously the "Battle of Barry," and the "Battle of Panbride," and perhaps, if we may make a compromise and say that it was fought at Carnoustie, we shall not be far from the mark.



ARBROATH AND ITS ABBEY.

MOVING along the coast, Arbroath is the next place which claims our attention, alike from its ancient Abbey and from the grandeur of the rugged seaboard which it can boast. As a modern town it does not demand from us very much attention. Enough to say that it has a number of good shops, that it

carries on considerable manufactures, and that it has a harbour. Anciently, however, and under its name of Aberbrothock, it can claim a considerable place in history, ecclesiastical and civil.

Its Abbey was founded by William the Lion about the year 1178, and dedicated to the memory of Thomas à Becket, who had been his friend during his residence in England, and whose memory he greatly revered. It is remarked as a rare thing, this dedication of an abbey to one so recently dead (Thomas had been killed in 1170), and

of course still more recently canonised. And it may be taken as an interesting evidence of the remarkable influence of this remarkable man, that a stranger should have been so attracted by him as to dedicate this great house to his name, whilst his contemporaries were seeking amongst catalogues of saints of remote antiquity for patrons to their churches and their abbeys. The Scottish court was often held in this place, we learn, both in the time of William and in succeeding reigns, and the body of the founder was buried under the high altar of the Abbey. "All the prelates and nobles of the kingdom," we are told, "attended his corpse from Stirling to Arbroath; spent there fourteen days in mourning for him, and in devotional exercises appropriate to the occasion; and ordained, ere they parted, that for a year to come no feasts should be made, and no plays performed in any part of the kingdom." In 1320 a memorable event took place in this building, for here King Robert the Bruce held that great Parliament in which Scotland's independence was asserted, and amidst much trembling the Pope himself was remonstrated with. It would seem that Edward II., not very fortunate in his military attempts against the Scottish people, as Bannockburn field can testify, had had recourse to the Church, and, bestowing his money freely, gained over Pope John XXII. to his side. The result was a Papal order that there should be a truce of two years between the countries, the sovereignty of Bruce being conspicuously ignored. Angry communications followed, and Bruce standing firm by his claim, he and his adherents were excommunicated: whereupon followed this great Parliament and its remonstrance. Said they, "Our most holy fathers, your predecessors, did with many great and singular favours and privileges fence and secure this kingdom, as being the peculiar charge and care of the brother

of St. Peter." Then they proceeded to tell how Edward I. had deceived them with fair offers of friendship, and had brought upon them "injuries, blood, and violence," and "a vast multitude of barbarities." Then came their unflinching expression of loyalty to the ignored Bruce. "But at length it pleased God, who only can heal after wounds, to restore us to liberty from these innumerable calamities, by *Our Most Serene Prince, King, and Lord, Robert*, who for the delivering of his people, and his own rightful inheritance from the enemies' hand, did, like another Joshua or Maccabæus, most cheerfully undergo all manner of toil, fatigue, hardship, and hazard. The Divine Providence, the right of succession by the laws and customs of the kingdom (which we will defend till death), and the due and lawful consent and assent of all the people, made him our king and prince. To him we are obliged and resolved to adhere in all things." Having thus plainly put their view of things, without much evidence of pliability, they proceeded then, "with bended knees and hearts," to beseech the Pope that he would order the English king to let them live in peace. Surely they must have got off their knees again, these sturdy old nobles, when they proceeded to tell the Holy Father that it was his own "concernment" to look to this matter, and told him besides that if he listened any more to English misrepresentations, all their calamities would be laid to his charge. The document wound up, as in duty bound, with a prayer that this holy man might long be spared to the Church. A very interesting document this, making it well worth our while to stand by the remains of this old Abbey from which it issued; a fine, and truly Scottish blending of dutiful phrase with stiff, inflexible determination, typical of the Scotchman who is very good at acknowledging authority with perfect sincerity, and with equal sincerity "sticking" to his point. There was but little sign here,

however, of any excessive tendency to swallow dogmas of Papal infallibility!

The remonstrance did its work, and Edward was bidden to be quiet.

Of this Abbey, which marks so interesting a scene, we may here give some little description of a more detailed character.

The building was very large, and is supposed to have contained a great part of the area in later times covered by the town; one account gives the area as 1,150 feet in length from north to south, by 706 feet in breadth at the north end, and 484 at the south. The church of the Abbey was 269 feet long, the nave and side-aisles being 65 feet broad, and about 67 feet in height. A tower stands at the north-west corner, about 70 feet in height, which used formerly to be the "Regality prison." Of the building itself little remains now save portions of the nave and choir, the east and west ends, and the south transept. In style the Abbey belonged for the most part to the Early English or First-pointed style of Gothic architecture; and the remains are such as to show that the original edifice was alike picturesque and magnificent. The hand of Time, and the rougher hand of man, have not sufficed to efface its beauty. It is one of the shameful stories of modern Vandalism—a Vandalism, we fear, in which Scotland has had quite its share—that the corporation of Arbroath used actually to sell portions of it for building materials! The eastern window must be specially mentioned. Still remaining to cast its light upon what was once the high altar, one cannot refrain from dreaming of early masses said under that light long ago, while the sound of the great ocean heaving away yonder outside sent its voice into the ear of the officiating priest; and of prayers poured out of sincere hearts, when "the sea roared and the fulness thereof," for brave sailors breasting the billows, or for widows left lone and desolate till the

sea should give up her dead. Above this window is another, a mere circular hole, which, standing at so great a height as to be seen far out at sea, has always been well known by sailors, and has received the name of the "round O of Arbroath."

A word or two about the "chapter-house," as it is called, which still remains attached to the south wall of the nave. It is chiefly interesting now as containing some valuable relics of a by-gone time, which were brought out of the rubbish turned up in the restoration of 1815-16. Of one of these Mr. Jervise, in his "Memorials of Angus and Mearns," speaks as follows:—"The most interesting [of the relics] is, perhaps, the fragment of a recumbent effigy in a dark spotted kind of marble, called *madrepore*. Although the head is gone, and the figure otherwise mutilated, there is a grace and elegance in the disposition and folds of the drapery, and a truthfulness in the remaining details of the lion at the feet, that indicates the chisel of no mean sculptor. All history agrees that William the Lion, the founder of the Abbey, was buried before its high altar (*ante majus altare*, says Fordun), on the 4th of December, 1214; and from the fact of this effigy having been found in the chancel of the church, immediately in front of the supposed site of the high altar, and covering a stone coffin in which were the bones of a person of goodly stature, the grave and statue were presumed to be those of King William. Apart from the figure of the animal at the feet . . . a pouch or purse is suspended from a belt on the left side which begirds the waist, and fragments of four armed Liliputian knights, with spurs on their boots, are on various parts of the figure, as if in the act of arranging or adjusting the dress."

Another of the statues has been thought by some to be that of Thomas à Becket; it represents some one in an

attitude of prayer—an ecclesiastic probably, from the nature of the robes in which he is decked. That it is Thomas à Becket is a fancy of the antiquarian mind, we suspect.

We cannot, however, linger any longer about this old Abbey; and if our readers would desire more minute particulars regarding it, as our purpose is not after all that of a guide, he must betake himself to his "Murray" or his "Black." For ourselves the details are less than the grand old Abbey itself, which stands there a noble monument, even in ruin, of times that are long dead, and especially of the unbending independence which marked the Scottish people long centuries ago, and we think marks them now.

We have still to tell the reader of a Battle of Arbroath, which also marks it out from common towns. It took place in January, 1446, and the contending parties were two powerful families of the neighbourhood, the Lindsays and the Ogilvys. Alexander Ogilvy of Inverquhar had been chosen "chief Justiciar" by the Chapter of the Abbey, in succession to the Master of Crawford, better known afterwards as the "Tiger Earl," and "Earl Beardie," who was, of course, a Lindsay. The latter resented his being superseded, while Ogilvy stood by his appointment; and over this small matter the battle arose.

"There can be little doubt," says Tytler, "that the Ogilvys must have sunk under this threatened attack, but that accident gave them a powerful ally in Sir Alexander Seton of Gordon, afterwards Earl of Huntly, who, as he returned from Court, happened to lodge for the night at the Castle of Ogilvy, at the moment when this baron was mustering his forces against the meditated assault of Crawford. Seton, although in no way personally interested in the quarrel, found himself, it is said, compelled to assist the Ogilvys by a rude but ancient custom, which bound the

guest to take common part with his host in all dangers which might occur so long as the food eaten under his roof remained in his stomach. With the small train of attendants and friends who accompanied him, he rejoined the forces of Inverquhar, and, proceeding to the town of Arbroath, found the opposite party drawn up in great strength on the outside of the gates. The families thus opposed in mortal defiance to each other could number among their adherents many of the bravest and most opulent gentlemen in the country, and the two armies exhibited an imposing appearance of armed knights, barbed horses, and embroidered banners. As the combatants, however, approached each other, the Earl of Crawford, who had received information of the intended combat, being anxious to avert it, suddenly appeared on the field, and, galloping up between the two lines, was mortally wounded by a soldier, who was enraged at his interference, and ignorant of his rank. The event naturally increased the bitterness of hostility, and the Crawfords, who were assisted by a large party of the vassals of Douglas, infuriated at the loss of their chief, attacked the Ogilvys with a desperation which soon broke their ranks, and reduced them to irreclaimable disorder. Such, however, was the gallantry of their resistance, that they were almost entirely cut to pieces; and five hundred men, including many noble barons in Forfar and Angus, were left dead upon the field. Seton himself had nearly paid with his life the penalty of his adherence to the rude usages of the times; and John Forbes of Pitsligo, one of his followers, was slain; nor was the loss which the Ogilvys sustained in the field their worst misfortune; for Lindsay, with his characteristic ferocity, and protected by the authority of Douglas, let loose his army on their estates; and the flames of their castles, the slaughter of their vassals, the plunder of their property, and the captivity of their wives and

children," marked the thoroughness of his revenge.

The battle ended, and in a week Lord Crawford was dead; Ogilvy, his rival, was carried to Crawford's castle to die of his wounds, if not, as some say, of treachery at the hands of the Countess of Crawford.

Such are the chief ancient and historical interests of Arbroath. It may be not amiss to revert again to the Abbey, to

extent might, I suppose, easily be found by following the walls among the grass and weeds, and its height is known by some parts yet standing. The arch of one of the gates is entire, and of another only so far dilapidated as to diversify the appearance. A square apartment of great loftiness is yet standing; its use I could not conjecture, as its elevation was very disproportionate to its area. Two corner towers particularly attracted our atten-



VILLAGE SCENE.—WATER FROM THE SPRING.

quote what that remarkable man, Dr. Samuel Johnson, had to say of it after his visit to the North. Passing by Dundee with the simple note that here he "remembered nothing remarkable," he says that they "mounted their chaise again" and came to "Aberbrothick." "The monastery of Aberbrothick," he goes on to say, "is of great renown in the history of Scotland. Its ruins afford ample testimony of its ancient magnificence. Its

tion. Mr. Boswell, whose inquisitiveness is seconded by great activity, scrambled in at a high window, but found the stairs within broken, and could not reach the top. Of the other tower we were told that the inhabitants sometimes climbed it, but we did not immediately discern the entrance, and as the night was gathering upon us, thought proper to desist. Men skilled in architecture might do what we did not attempt; they

might probably form an exact ground-plot of this venerable edifice. They may, from some parts yet standing, conjecture its general form, and, perhaps, by comparing it with other buildings of the same kind and the same age, attain an idea very near to truth. *I should scarcely have regretted my journey, had it afforded nothing more than the sight of Aberbrothick."*

We must now close our article on Arbroath; but we cannot do so without reminding the reader that it has one more claim upon his interest. It is the "Fairport" of Scott's novel "The Anti-quary," and readers of that delightful book will at once recall the prominence which it there holds. The grandeur of the coast-line, too, seems to have been present to the mind of Scott; and no one

who has ever read it can forget the wonderful account of Sir Arthur's walk with his daughter under the cliffs, and the peril in which they stood from the rising tide. No wonder that the great novelist was fascinated by these rocky cliffs by the sea-shore; and we should not advise any one to go to Arbroath without spending a day in wandering about them. Get to Auchmithie, and visit the caves there,—the "Lady's Cave," into which the light falls as if it were a veiled figure; the "Mason's Cave," whose rocky walls look as if they had been reared by the builder's art; and the "Green Cave," rich in hart's-tongue and marine spleenwort; and if you can, walk all the way to Montrose; the scenery will amply repay you.

THE "BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY."



IN the district of Strathmore, on a rising ground overlooking the meeting of the streams of the Melgum and the Isla, stands Airlie Castle, on the same spot where stood its predecessor, the "bonnie house o' Airly." "Bonnie," as the old fortress may, in the old acceptance of the word, be said to have been in itself, it was no less so in its surroundings: for the windings of the stream at the base of the promontory on which it stood, the beautiful foliage of the trees which covered the rocks all about, and the "deep dens," make this one of the most romantic bits of scenery in this part of the country. The ancient castle was destroyed in 1640. Earlier it had resisted an attack of Montrose, but his onset was followed

up by Argyle's marching upon the place with 5,000 men, at a time when the Earl of Airlie was absent from home. His son, Lord Ogilvy, thought it useless to attempt to stand against such an enemy, and he accordingly fled. No family was likely to receive less consideration from the Covenanters than that of Airlie, for it had stood very steadfastly to the royal cause in all vicissitudes; and it may be, as Dr. Marshall says in his "Historic Scenes of Forfarshire," that there was also some private feud to account for the vengeance wrought upon the "house o' Airly." He says:—"Besides their antagonism on public measures, besides being at opposite sides of the compass—political and ecclesiastical—they had a long-standing family feud. When and how it began we do not know, but we know of its breaking out more than half a century before the date of which we now write. In 1591 the Campbells had invaded the Ogilvys

in Glenisla, ravaged their estates, massacred their people, and forced their chief and his lady to flee for their lives. And in the war between the Covenanters and the Royalists, the private feud between the Campbells and the Ogilvys added greatly to the bitterness and ferocity with which they prosecuted it."

Any how, what is certain is, that Argyle and his men hailed the opportunity of punishing the house of Ogilvy, for they rifled it of its contents, and burned it down. Hence the old ballad of the "Burnin' o' the Bonnie House o' Airly."

"It fell on a day, a bonnie summer day,
When the leaves were green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airly.

"Argyll has ta'en a hunder o' his men,
A hunder men and mairly,
And he's away by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"The lady looked o'er the hie castle wa',
And oh ! but she sighed sairly
When she saw Argyll and a' his men
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, said the proud Argyll,
Come down to me, Lady Airly,
Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand
I winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airly.

"I'll no come down, ye proud Argyll,
Until that ye speak me fairly,
Though ye swear by the sword ye haud in your hand
That ye winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airly.

"Had my ain lord been at his hame,
As he's awa' wi Charlie,
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle
Dare hae trod in the bonnie green o' Airly.

"But since we can haud oot nae mair,
My hand I offer fairly ;
Oh, lead me down to yonder glen
That I mayna see the burning o' Airly.

"He has ta'en her by the trembling hand,
But he's no ta'en her fairly.
For he's led her up to a high hill tap,
Where she saw the burnin' o' Airly.

"Clouds o' smoke and flames sae hie
Soon left the walls but barely ;
And she laid her down on that hill to die
When she saw the burnin' o' Airly."

THE BELL ROCK.



ABOUT twelve miles from Arbroath, out to sea, is the Bell Rock—once called the "Scape," or "Inch-Cape"—with its lighthouse. The rock, even at low water, is only about four feet above the sea, while at high water it is twelve feet beneath the surface; a very dangerous reef, therefore, for all seafarers till a light was set upon it. It is said that, in early times, an abbot of Arbroath placed a bell on the rock, which the rising waves caused to ring, and so to give a signal of danger; and they tell how a Dutch pirate cut the bell from the

rock, and how—by a poetical justice—he who had so terribly risked the lives of his fellow-men by this theft, became the victim of his own wickedness, for he struck against the rock with his pirate ship, and he and all his crew were lost. It was upon this story of dastardly wickedness that Southey based his ballad, "The Inch-Cape Bell," which the reader will be pleased to read.

"No stir on the air—no swell on the sea,
The ship was as still as she might be ;
The sails from heaven received no motion ;
The keel was steady in the ocean ;
With neither sign nor sound of shock
The waves flowed o'er the Inch-Cape rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inch-Cape bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock,
Had placed that bell on the Inch-Cape rock ;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung,
When the rock was hid by the tempest swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

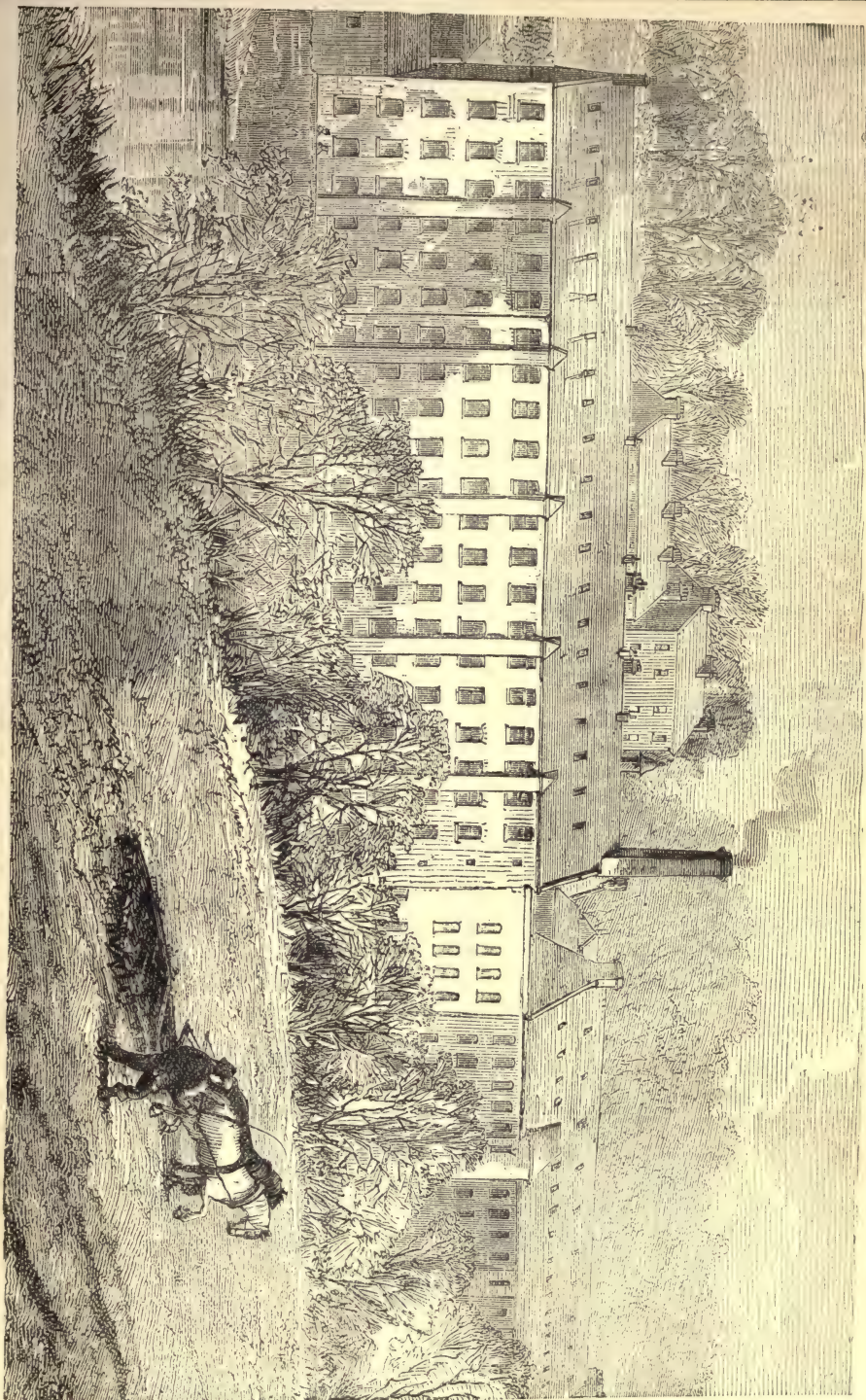
“ The sun in heaven shone bright and gay,
All things looked joyful on that day ;
The sea birds screamed as they skimmed
around,
And there was pleasure in the sound ;
The float of the Inch-Cape bell was seen,
A darker spot on the ocean green.
Sir Ralph the Rover walked the deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck,
He felt the cheering power of spring,—
It made him whistle—it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover’s mirth was wickedness ;
His eye was on the bell and float,—
Quoth he, ‘ My men, put down the boat,
And row me to the Inch-Cape rock,—
I’ll plague the priest of Aberbrothock ! ’
The boat was lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inch-Cape rock they go.
Sir Ralph leaned over from the boat,
And cut the bell from off the float,
Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth he, ‘ Who next comes to the rock
Won’t bless the priest of Aberbrothock ! ’

“ Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
He scoured the sea for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his way for Scotland’s shore.
So thick a haze o’erspread the sky,
They could not see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
At evening it hath died away.
On deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.

“ Quoth he, ‘ It will be brighter soon,
For there’s the dawn of the rising moon,
‘ Can’t hear,’ said one, ‘ the breakers roar ;
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,—
I wish we heard the Inch-Cape bell ! ’
They heard no sound—the swell is strong,
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,
‘ Oh, heavens ! it is the Inch-Cape rock ! ’

“ Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rushed in on every side ;
The ship sinks fast beneath the tide,—
Down, down they sink in watery graves,
The masts are hid beneath the waves !
Sir Ralph, while waters rush around,
Hears still an awful, dismal sound :
For even in his dying fear
That dreadful sound assails his ear,
As if below, with the Inch-Cape bell,
The devil rang his funeral knell.”





PLANITYRE MILL, GLASGOW, WHERE DAVID LIVINGSTONE WAS EMPLOYED.

BRECHIN.



WE are reluctantly compelled to pass over many places of interest at this stage of our work; our space is limited, and we must move on. Thus we cannot say anything of Montrose; nor of the beautiful castle of Kinnaird; nor of Craig, with its reminiscences of the pious Andrew Melville. Brechin, however, is too important a spot to be passed over; indeed, it might perhaps be said that no town in the county ought to draw more upon our interest than Brechin. So old is it that it is mentioned as having been a "great city" as long ago as the year 990, and though it cannot now be called a "great city," being but a small place, it may be said that it is still a pushing and active town, having large linen factories which enjoy a great measure of prosperity. And, were not Brechin a town remarkable for activity, it would be more marked out than it is for the beauty of its situation, as it lies there on the banks of the Esk. Being off the main line of railway, it is rather out of the stream of modern life, and hence it may be that you find in it more of the characteristics of an ancient ecclesiastical town, despite its modern factories. As you saunter through it, and listen to the quaint old-world Scotch tongue of the workpeople, you dream yourself back into the old days when the Cathedral was a cathedral indeed.

The *Cathedral* and the *Castle* are the two chief objects of interest to the stranger, if the owners of the handsome mills which form an important part of the town will allow us to say so. To

understand what an importance must have attached to the Cathedral in early times, we must remember the fact that long before its foundation Brechin had been an ecclesiastical city. Some will have it that it was a chief seat of the Druidic worship in the North; and a high authority thinks he finds traces of the presence of the Druids in the name of three farms close to the town—Pittendreich—which he holds to be a corruption of *Pit-andonach*, the "Grave of the Druids." At a later day, the Culdees took possession of the town, and it may be necessary to explain in a sentence or so who these were. They were missionaries of the Cross, who came from Ireland to evangelise Britain in the sixth century along with Columba, and who, choosing Iona for their centre, spread throughout the country preaching the Gospel of Christ. In many places colleges were established, to be themselves local centres for missionary labour, and one of these centres was Brechin. The Culdees, be it understood, represented altogether a far more pure type of Christianity than the Roman Catholics; and when, by-and-by, the latter also spread in Scotland, not as allies, but antagonists, of the Culdees. "The Church of Rome," remarks Dr. Marshall, "hated the Culdees. They did not partake with it in many of its abominations, but witnessed against them. They held fast by the Word of God as the only infallible standard and rule in matters of religion. They rejected transubstantiation, the worship of saints and images, purgatory and prayers for the dead, the infallibility of the Pope, the doctrine of the merit of good works, and other Romish tenets. The consequence was, that as Romanism grew strong, it persecuted Culdeeism, setting itself to extirpate it;

and it so succeeded that by the end of the thirteenth century, or the beginning of the fourteenth, the Culdees had dropped out of view. By 1248 they had entirely disappeared in Brechin.

But there are yet unmistakable traces of them about the city. The gardens on the west side of the present Parish Church, and belonging to the Kirk Session, are called the College Yards, and who can doubt that they were in days of yore the Yards of the Culdee College hard by? The well in these gardens, yielding remarkably pure and sweet water, is called the College Well, and who can doubt that it was the well of the Culdee College? There is a wynd called the College Wynd, and who can doubt the origin and the historic import of such a name?"

Thus, then, there was a succession of faiths represented in this ancient town in the early centuries, and we are not without some hints of continuity in the *locale* of the worship. We read of a monastery built in the time of Malcolm II., which is supposed to have been Culdee, and it is thought that the cathedral was built upon its site; upon this same spot Presbyterians now worship; and if we can stretch our imaginations so far as to conceive of the Druids having worshipped on the site, we shall have a marvellous local history of a people's worship. Mr. Black, author of a history of the city, has dwelt upon this thought with natural delight. He says:—"Without much stretch of the imagination we can conceive that the site of the present Presbyterian Church of Brechin was the place of worship successively of Druids, Culdees, Romanists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians. Nor is there anything in the situation of the church of Brechin opposed to the idea that it was originally a Druidical temple. The church stands on a sandstone rock, the sides of which are precipitous on the south and east; and while the western side slopes more gently, the northern side appears to

have been a deep ravine; for every excavation made on that side proves that the earth, to a very great depth, is forced or artificial. Such an isolated rock presented a fit site for the worship of the Druids; and the dells around may then have been clad, as some of them still are clothed, with umbrageous trees, the castle and town of Brechin being, in the time of the Druids, both alike unknown. Whether such a succession of religious orders did or did not occur on the little mount which for ages has been the burying-place of the inhabitants of Brechin, it is impossible positively to say; but there is nothing in the supposition inconsistent with what has occurred amongst other nations which have undergone changes in their religious dynasties—the newly established order having generally selected the places of worship of the expelled party for the site of the new churches or altars."

Symbolically at least this is true, that Brechin has marked in miniature by its history the religious history of Scotland. Of this the old cathedral is itself the expression: and of it we must now come to speak more especially. Dedicated to St. Ninian, it stands upon a picturesque spot, just overlooking from the north side a very steep ravine, beyond which lies the demesne of Brechin Castle. With its eye thus alike upon town and castle, its very position may be said to indicate the fact that it was designed to be a meeting-place for rich and poor, where high-born lord and lowly retainer might alike bow before the Majesty on high. Its style was Gothic, but long ago these excellent people of modern times, the "restorers," to whom we have often had to make particular reference, did their best to mar its beauty. Much has been said and written against the iconoclastic tendencies of the Reformers; but better a thousand times pull down a roof here and there, and leave a grand ruin be-

hind, than improve upon the immortal genius of the ancient builder by your modern patchwork of "restoration." The north and south transepts were removed; there was one roof spread over nave and aisle; no matter if grand windows were spoiled, or cornices which might have delighted the eye for centuries, practically cleared away. We do not wonder that a writer, dwelling upon the change, says in anger:—"Instead, therefore, of an elegant Gothic fabric, it wears all the appearance of a huge ugly barn, loaded with a quarry of slates!" One fine window, however, still remains over the west door, which is regarded as peculiarly artistic in mullions and tracery. One of the main features of interest about the edifice is the "Round Tower," concerning which much has been said and written, and about which, we suppose, every man has his theory. There is only one other such in Scotland—the Round Tower of Abernethy: whilst in Ireland there are many; and it has been supposed, therefore, that the style is Irish. The tower is built of freestone, and is nearly 100 feet high, if we include the small modern spire at the top. At the base it measures—outside—sixteen feet in diameter, while inside it measures only eight feet. Over the doorway is a rough representation of the Crucifixion, and this, with the fact that the architectural ornaments are Christian, has seemed to point to the conclusion that the tower was built in Christian times. Others trace its history farther back, and consider that it was a watch-tower of the Picts, and that the Christian symbols which are carved upon it were added afterwards.

Of the interior of the Cathedral some parts still remain, amongst these the side-walls of the choir and the chancel.

It is worthy of remark that in this cathedral a Liturgy continued in use (we suppose *Laud's* Liturgy) even after Jenny Geddes had lifted up her stool and her testimony in St. Giles's. It is

said that the bishop, a man of courage and firmness, took a pair of pistols into the church with him, and so was prepared to defend himself against any interference with the order of service. Truly a militant priest!

A word here about another ancient religious house in Brechin, the *Maison Dieu*, now gone, but leaving its record in the name, "Maisondieu Lane." This house seems to have been founded about the middle of the thirteenth century by William de Brechin, who had been made by Royal favour "Lord of Brechin;" and in more modern times it was devoted, in connection with the church, to the cause of education. The chaplain was charged with the training of the youth of the district in grammar, and was appointed "to exercise the place and charge of a master of the grammar school within the samyne." Thus in recent times the old "house of God" came to be not unfitly a school, and—let us add—a school of no mean fame. The building, however, ceased by-and-by to be used for this purpose, though its revenues still continued to be used in the same way; the "*Maison Dieu*" became a *slaughter-house* or a stable—we know not which, nor are we careful to inquire. A fire happily put an end to this humiliating, if not disgraceful, change.

Brechin Castle, though in its present form not to be called ancient, is yet the representative of the old castle which was standing in the days of Henry de Brechin, nephew of William the Lion. In that fortress a scene very humbling to Scottish pride was enacted in the year 1296; for there Baliol acknowledged "the justice of the English invasion and conquest," and resigned "his kingdom, its people, and their homage, into the hands of his liege lord," Edward I. Edward left it garrisoned, but in the following year Wallace regained it, and it remained in Scottish hands till 1303. In that year Edward was once more in

Scotland; and he seems to have had nothing but unhindered prosperity wherever he went, until he came to Brechin. The memory of the humiliation through which he had brought the country in that fortress seven years before, doubtless confirmed the determination of its garrison to maintain it to the death against him. The hero of the defence was Sir Thomas Maule, an ancestor of that house—noble still, not in name only, but in character—the house of Dalhousie. Edward's force was large, Maule's insignificantly small; but the latter held out for twenty days, and history tells how they used to go on the ramparts with handkerchiefs to wipe off the dust raised by the enemy's firing. At last an ill-fated shot from the "War Wolf"—a powerful engine which the English army possessed—struck down Sir Thomas, as he stood—it is supposed—upon the bastion on the south-east corner of the Castle. As he was dying, his men came about him to ask if they should surrender; but his dying words bade them maintain their defence. With the death of their leader, however, their enthusiasm died, and on the following day they surrendered.

"Maule," says Matthew of Westminster, "was a soldier of undaunted boldness and resolution of mind; the vigour and strength of his body was very great, and he did not fear to hold out the small fortress committed to his charge against a royal enemy."

The change which has passed over the appearance and position of Brechin Castle since those old days have been thus succinctly sketched by Mr. Jervise, a well-known antiquarian historian of "Angus and the Mearns":—"The most ancient fortress of Brechin had occupied much the same romantic spot as the present castle, which stands upon a rock, about eighty feet in height, overhanging the South Esk. It was surrounded by water in old times, and on the north and east was a natural fosse,

which separated the castle from the town, through which the Skinner's burn still runs. The Esk formed the southern defence; and, as represented in Captain Sleser's view, there was a ditch on the west, whether natural or artificial cannot now be said. The river has encroached considerably upon the rock on which the castle stands (as at one time there was a cart-road along the base of it, which extended in the form of a foot-path down to within these eighty years). Probably the western fosse had been filled up by the forfeited Earl, who, in 1711, made large additions to the house, and gave it a new front, upon which are fine carvings of the Vallognes and Maule arms. The latter are upon a separate shield, quartered with those of the ducal house of Hamilton, the forfeited Earl having married Margaret, third daughter of the fourth Duke of that title. The castle was still further enlarged by the late Lord Panmure near the close of last century; and, since his death, under the direction of his second son, the late Colonel Lauderdale Maule, both the interior and exterior were much improved."

In modern times Brechin has not figured largely in history, yet it has had its share in the march of events. A "Battle of Brechin" was fought in 1570, during the feuds between the party of Queen Mary and that of her infant son. In 1647-8, the town was visited by the plague, and, in four months, six hundred persons are said to have died from it. In 1672 it was burned down. Throughout the troublous years of the latter part of Charles I.'s reign and of the Commonwealth, it was kept in frequent turmoil, from the quartering of contending parties in the town, standing as it did just between the Highlands and the Lowlands, and being the key to the one bridge which at this time the South Esk boasted. It does not seem that the town was much pleased by these constantly-recurring visits. "The burgh,"

says Mr. Black, "was much annoyed by this distinction which rendered it an object to both parties. For several weeks in the end of August and during the months of September and October, 1651, there was no 'sermon, collection, or session, by reason both the ministers were absent, the English forces lying in garrison round about this town, and a garrison in the Castle of Brechin,' as the kirk records bear; and they further inform us, that on 2nd July, 1651, there was 'no session, neither sermon this Wednesday, by reason all within this burgh was called to go to Aberbrothock to assist them against the pursuing enemy by sea;' although in what manner the landsmen of Brechin were so to assist is not explained. Again, in November, we are told there was 'no sermon this Wednesday, be reason twelff hundreth English were in the town, Tuesday all night, and on Wednesday till time of Divine Service was past.'"

We congratulate Brechin to-day on the staying power she has mani-

fested, and which, if it manifested itself at other times in more militant ways, shows itself now in those arts which go to prove that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Brechin, we may remark in closing, has produced not a few notable men. Not to speak of the noble men who have owned the name of Maule, and held the ancient castle, there have been such men as Thomas Dempster, an eminent scholar of the seventeenth century who filled a professor's chair successively in Paris, in Nismes, in Pisa, and in Boulogne, in which last town he died in 1625. He wrote an Ecclesiastical History of Scotland in nineteen books. Maitland, author of the old histories of London and of Edinburgh; Guthrie, editor of the once very famous "Geographical Grammar;" Professor Nichol of Aberdeen, famous as an astronomer; and the genial, eloquent, and large-hearted Dr. Thomas Guthrie, whose name and memory are still fresh among us:—all these were notable sons of the ancient "City" of Brechin.



ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL RUIN.

FINHAVEN AND ITS TRADITION.



HE castle at Finhaven is an old ruin, leaving little trace of its original appearance and style; but there are some incidents connected with its history which seem to justify us in stepping aside to look at it. It is not known when or in what circumstances it was built; but the story of its sudden demolition is well known. "One fine summer's day," says the local historian, "when Carnegie was from home, his lady had the table spread with the choicest viands awaiting his arrival, and, accompanied by her lapdog, she went along the avenue to meet him; but just as the laird approached the gate, the walls of that part of the house where the table was spread burst in twain, and falling to the ground, threw everything into utter ruin. The event was long supposed to be unaccountable, and, as a matter of course, attributed to supernatural causes; but on the rubbish being cleared away, the catastrophe was found to have arisen from a ground-slip, caused by the inundation of the Lemno. Apart from the miraculous escape of the lady, it is said that no lives were lost save that of her favourite dog, who, being attracted to the spot by the noise, was buried among the ruins."

The ruins of the old castle stand upon a picturesque spot in the valley of Strathmore, just where the valley widens, and where meet together the waters of the Esk and the Lemno. Did superstition still live as of yore, much care would needs be taken of this fragment of ancient grandeur; for Thomas the Rhymer, it would seem, uttered a pro-

phesy regarding it, which still lingers among the traditions of the place:—

"When Finhaven Castle rins to sand,
The world's end is near at hand!"

Let us be thankful, however, to know that times of greater light are ours, and we have learned to be content to leave the grand consummation in the hand of Him who "knoweth the end from the beginning."

Upon the south-east wall there is—or was—an iron hook upon which "Earl Beardie," of whom we have already had occasion to speak, used to hang up delinquents. And a story is on record of a poor wandering minstrel who was hung upon it because he foretold the murder of Douglas, and Beardie's own defeat at Brechin. Lady Crawford had heard him, as he wandered about the grounds, "crooning" this prophecy in wild, wailing fashion; she called him within, and bade him repeat it to her husband. Beardie got into a towering passion, and roared—

"No more of thy tale I shall hear

But high on Finhaven thy grey head and lyre
Shall bleach on the point of the spear!"

The lady craved pity, but nane wad he gie—

The poor aged minstrel must die,
And Crawford's ain hand placed the grey head and lyre

On the spikes of the turret sae high.

Passing over several other reminiscences, we mention only one further incident, which Dr. Marshall mentions in "Historic Scenes in Forfarshire," and we shall associate with it, as he does, several verses from a pathetic old ballad in which the tale is told.

About the end of the sixteenth century, the then Earl of Crawford, an "Earl

David" and his lady, became the subjects of this tale. Earl David had been married to Liliass Drummond, a daughter of the Drummond of Stobhall, and an heiress to great riches. In an evil hour, this lady had made some joke—of a kind not wise—concerning the paternity of her child. Her husband misunderstood her, thought that she had been unfaithful to him, and dismissed her summarily to her early home. The touching record represents the ill-fated lady as riding back to Finhaven to beseech her husband to forgive the sad jest, to confide in her leal-heartedness once more, and to receive her again to his heart. But Earl David, with an impatience which can scarcely be said to have done credit either to head or heart, sent her away unforgiven. Scarce had she gone, however, when his heart misgave him; the echoes of that pleading voice—the voice, surely, of one who was true—lingered in his ears, and, taking horse, he rode in haste to Stobhall. He owned that he had wronged her, begged now that she would pardon him and return to her home at Finhaven. But it was too late; the pure affection, which had thought it no harm to jest over the idea of an unfaithfulness which was morally impossible to one who loved as she, was crushed; and Liliass, it is said, refused to forgive. The end of the story is evidently mere romance. Legend says that husband and wife died heart-broken in one night, and were buried in one tomb; but those who best know the family history deny the truth of this tragic ending, and give the best of all proofs by telling how, after the death of Liliass, Earl David married a second wife, one of the family of Athole.

We now give the verses of the old ballad which Dr. Marshall quotes:—

"Earl Crawford lay o'er castle wa',
And he beheld baith dale and down,
And he beheld her, Lady Crawford,
As she came riding to the town.

"He called aye of his livery-men,
To come to him right speedilie,
'Gae shut my yetts, gae steek my doors
Keep Lady Crawford out frae me.'

"When she came to Earl Crawford's yett,
She tirl'd gently at the pin—
'Oh sleep ye, wake ye, Earl Crawford,
Ye'll open, let Lady Crawford in?

"Come down, come down, oh, Earl Crawford,
And speak some comfort unto me,
And if ye winna come yoursel'
You'll send your gentleman to me.'—

"Indeed I winna come mysel',
Nor send my gentleman to thee,
For I tauld you, when we did part,
Nae mair my spouse ye'd ever be.'

"She laid her mouth then to the yetts,
And aye the tears drap't frae her e'e,
Says 'Fare ye weel, Earl Crawford's yetts!
You again I'll nae mair see."

.

"Earl Crawford call'd on his stable-groom,
To come to him right speedilie,
And sae did he his serving-man,
That did attend his fair bodie—

"Ye will gae saddle for me my steed,
And see and saddle him speedilie,
And I'll gang to the Lady Crawford,
And see if she will pity me.'

"Lady Crawford lay o'er castle wa',
And she beheld baith dale and down,
And she beheld him, Earl Crawford,
As he came riding to the town.

"Then she has call'd aye of her maids
To come to her right speedilie,
'Gae shut my yetts, gae steek my doors,
Keep Earl Crawford out frae me.'

"When he came to Lady Crawford's yetts,
He tirl'd gently at the pin,
'Sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Crawford,
Ye'll rise and let Earl Crawford in?

"Come down, come down, oh Lady Crawford!
Come down, come down, and speak wi' me!
'And gin ye winna come yoursel',
Ye'll send your waiting-maid to me?'

"Indeed I winna come mysel',
Nor send my waiting-maid to thee,
Sae take your ain words hame again,
At Crawford Castle ye tauld me."

"Oh, mother, dear ! gae make my bed,
And ye will make it saft and soun',
And turn my face unto the west,
That I nae mair may see the sun."

"Her mother she did make her bed,
And she did make it saft and soun',
True were the words fair Lillie spake,
Her lovely eyes ne'er saw the sun."

"The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,
Wi' sorrows great he did ride hame ;
But ere the morning sun appear'd,
This fine lord was dead and gane."

"Then on ae night this couple died,
And baith were buried in ae tomb ;
Let this a warning be to all,
Their pride may not bring them low down."

The greatness of Finhaven has long
gone away—"run to sand"—if the

fabric has not quite done so yet ; and
now the lone ruin stands upon its mound,
a lesson of the vanity of human glory.
Time was when a court was held here ;
when the Earls of Crawford had their
privy council, constables, chamberlains,
armour-bearers, and so on ; when the
gates opened to receive the highest and
proudest of the land ; when the halls
resounded with the mirth of lordly
guests, and the tables groaned under
the weighty magnificence of noble
hospitality. But it is all ended now,
and Finhaven stands there in its beauti-
ful desolation in the valley of Strathmore
to tell the few who visit it how that the
things which abide are not here, but else-
where.

FORFAR.

SOME OF ITS OLD-WORLD GOSSIP.



IN these days it is not easy to remember that Forfar is the county-town of Forfarshire, since it has been so very much out-distanced in the race of fortune by the sister town of Dundee. Yet so it is, and it would be a sad omission to move onward in our sketches without having something to say of a town which boasts itself the capital of an important county. Like most of the towns of which we have had to speak in this portion of our book, it lays claim to a hoary antiquity. There was in the neighbourhood a Roman camp, of which such distinct remains are left that students of antiquity have been able to form a pretty definite idea of its size and shape. We shall not trouble our readers with the theories which are made to revolve around this

Roman camp. It has been supposed, for instance, that Agricola encamped here with his whole army, and perhaps it was so : we shall not trust the antiquarians too far when they begin to speculate.

Forfar also had its Castle—or rather *castles*—in olden times, and was, like so many other towns in Scotland, the temporary abode of the Court, always more migratory than that of England. Eight centuries ago, it would seem that Malcolm Canmore often resided here with his beautiful queen, Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, the Saxon heir to the English throne. Its site is now matter of conjecture, and it is only probable that it may be traced in some remains which are to be seen on "Queen Margaret's Inch," an islet in the "Loch of Forfar." The place is worthy of special regard when we think how that here probably many a scheme for the improvement of the country, socially

and religiously, was conceived and discussed by the good queen, and that Forfar in this way became the centre of something like an early Reformation.

It is not easy to "redd out," as a Scotchman would say, between Boece's "two royal castles," but it is supposed that the second of them stood on the Castle-hill of Forfar, and that it was built during the reign of William the Lion, if not earlier. Here, in 1296, that great enemy of Scotland, Edward I. of England, found a lodging for himself and his attendants; and from that time, save for a slight interval, it remained in English hands till 1308, about which time it was taken by Robert Bruce, who slew most of the English garrison, and utterly destroyed the Castle. The real agent in the taking of the Castle was a person named "Philip the Forester," who scaled the Castle in the night, let down the bridge to make an entrance for the Scots, and put most of the inmates to death, those who escaped, we are told by Jervise, being drowned in the loch outside.

So ended Forfar Castle; but it would seem that even after this the tower did not cease to be a royal residence; for Bruce appears upon good evidence to have still had a house there.

Another ancient interest of the town lies in the priory at Restennet, which stood where the church of the neighbourhood had stood still earlier. Some curious privileges this old priory had, amongst them (we follow Dr. Marshall's quotation) the following:—"The uplifting on each coming of the King to Forfar, for each day he abides there, two loaves of the lord's bread, four loaves of the second bread, and six loaves called *hugmans*; two flagons of the better ale, two flagons of the second ale, and two pairs of messes of each of the three courses from the kitchen." Other special advantages are mentioned by Jervise, and altogether we should conclude that the ancient brethren here

were in very comfortable circumstances. In later times, Forfar has had associations of a very different kind, and it may be reckoned as somewhat unfortunate for the town that its name should recall so forcibly the story of witch-trying and witch-burning which is so painful a chapter in history. A relic of the time was preserved in the "Witches' Bridle," a hideous thing in bridle shape, which was put round the necks of the condemned, and which had a gag attached to it which was placed in the mouth of the victim, perhaps with the double intent of keeping her from crying out and of preventing her from uttering words to corrupt the people. Mention is made of one John Kinked, who was supposed to be specially expert in discovering witches, as having been brought to Forfar to help in bringing offenders there to judgment; and a Commission appointed by the Privy Council sat at Forfar to try those who were accused of the "abominable sin of witchcraft." The following extract gives an idea of the confessions made by some of these people:—

"Helen Guthrie confessed, first, that about the time when St. Johnstown's bridge was carried away (the Bridge of Tay at Perth, carried away in October, 1621), she murdered her mother's daughter, the said daughter being her half-sister, and about six or seven years of age; and that for the said murder her mother did always give her her malisone, yea, and upon her deathbed continued to give her malisone, notwithstanding the said Helen's earnest requests and beseechings to the contrarie.

"Then about three years, the last oate seed tyme, she was at a meeting in the Kirkyard of Forfar, and that yr (there) were prnt (present) there the devill himself in the shape of a black iron heived man, and a number of other persons, besides Helen herself—and that they all danced together, and that the ground under them was all fyre flaughter—

that Andrew Watson had his usual staff in his hand—although he was a blind man yet he danced as nimble as any of the company, and made as great merriement by singing his old songs, and that the said Isobel Guthrie did sing her song called *Pinkletum tinkletum*.

“Helen goes to confess at another meeting. ‘It was at midnight when they danced together a while, and then went to Mary Rind’s house, and sat down together about the table, the devil being present at the head of it. And that some of them went to Jon Beinny’s house, he being a brewer, and brought ale from hence; and ithers went to Alex. Heigh’s house, and brought aquavitæ from hence, and thus made themselves merrie; and that the devil *made much of them all*, and especially of Marion Rind. And at the said meeting they agreed to undoe the foresaid John Beinny in his means,’ etc.

“She also confessed—‘That at the first of these meetings Andrew Watson, Marion Rind, Elspat Alexander, Isobel Schyrie, and herself went up to the Kirk-wall, about the fartheast dore, and raised a young bairne unbaptized, and took several pieces thereof, and that they made a pye thereof, that they might eat of it, that by this means they might never (as they thought) make a confession of their witchcraft.’”

The records of this dark time are too painful to dwell further upon them; and we turn aside rapidly to relieve our reader by quoting an amusing story which has somehow got wrapped up with the history of Forfar, and which illustrates some of the early refinements of Scotch law. A “brewster-wife”—*i.e.*, a brewer of ale for the neighbourhood—had made a large supply, in view, probably, of some special gathering, and had set it out in a great tub or cauldron at the door that it might be cool before the evening. A cow which was passing at the time was arrested by the fascinating smell, and stopped to taste. The ale was

so good that she went on drinking, and the gude wife not being in the way, and nobody else chancing to observe her, the tippling cow finished the whole supply. By-and-by, out came the wife to see how her “home-brewed” was getting on, when, lo! nothing was to be seen but an empty tub and the cow. What was the ale-wife to do? Her loss was great, and it required some ingenuity to discover how best it could be repaired. The only chance seemed to be the law, and to law she went, and the business was taken from court to court, till it landed in the Court of Session. Here a contention was made by the counsel for the owner of the cow, that by common law no charge was ever made for a “standing-drink,” and the court, glad no doubt to get rid of the matter, professed that in these circumstances there were no precedents in law to guide them, and remitted the whole matter to the Provost of the burgh. He in his turn called a meeting of the inhabitants, and in their presence put the searching question, whether the cow took her drink standing. The brewster-wife had there-upon to own that it was so, and the Provost immediately dismissed the case.

So far for a few reminiscences of Forfar. The more commercial reader, who does not care much for either old castles or witches, or drinking cows, may be interested to know that Forfar has had, through many generations, a special fame as a shoemaking town, its specialty being the making of those heavy shoes which are designated by the name of *brogues*. Well-nigh two centuries and a-half ago a eulogist of Forfar thus wrote of it and its devotion to St. Crispin’s art:—

The ruins of a Palace thee decore,
A fruitfull Lake, and fruitfull Land much more,
Thy Precincts (it’s confest) much straightened be,
Yet Ancient Scotland did give Power to thee:
Angus and other places of the Land,
Yield to thy Jurisdiction and command.
Noblis unto the People Laws do give,
By Handy-Crafts the Vulgar sort do live.

They pull off Bullocks-hydes and make them meet
 When tanned, to cover handsome Virgins' feet :
 From thee are Sandals to light Umbrians sent,
 And soles with latches to Rope-Climbers lent :
 And Rullions wherewith the Bowrs do go
 To keep their feet unhurt with Yse and Snow.

The ancient Greeks their Boots from this Town
 brought,

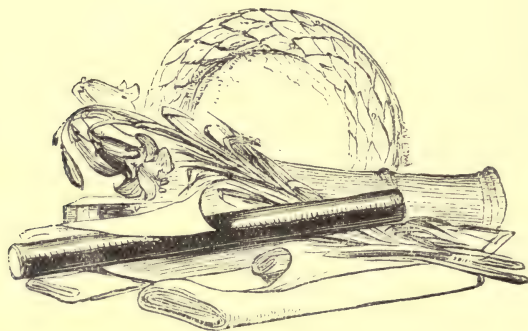
And also hence their Ladies' slippers sought.
 This the Tragedians did with Buskings fit,
 And the Comedian-shoes invented it.
 Let not Rome henceforth of its Puissance boast,
 Nor Spartans vaunt much of their warlick host ;
 They laid their Yoak on necks of other Lands,
 Forfar doth tie their feet and leggs with bands.

In this way there long existed a rivalry between the town of Forfar and the neighbouring town of Kirriemuir, which, by the way, we are sorry to have to pass over without devoting an article to it and its interesting history. "Kirrie" was famous for its weavers; and many a fight used to take place between the "sutors" of Forfar and the "weavers" of Kirriemuir, by way of championing the dignity of their respective callings.

In our time, if report proves correct,

whilst less is heard of its rivalry with neighbouring towns, Forfar has some reputation for bickerings within its own borders; and we have heard say that the "Toon Coouncil" of this royal burgh is looked upon with special favour by the local newspaper-folk, because the "scenes" in it so frequently relieve the monotony of their columns of news.

We have not spoken of the external aspect and situation of the town. Enough to speak of it as a pleasant town, with nothing specially remarkable in its natural surroundings, save the beautiful loch of which we have already spoken. It is now comparatively free from the reproach which once attached to it of having a confused and dirty appearance; thatched houses have long ago given way to others of more comely style; the tumble-down parish church has yielded to an edifice more "square to the winds," and altogether in its outward seeming we understand that the county town sees no reason to be ashamed of itself.





SUPPOSED SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION
OF MALCOLM.



STONE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
KING MALCOLM.

GLAMIS CASTLE AND KING MALCOLM.

FIVE miles to the west of the town of Forfar stands Glamis Castle, the seat now of the Earl of Strathmore, but less interesting on this account than on that of its ancient associations. Were it not that we are eager to pass northward, and therefore impatient of dwelling upon these Lowland places, we might be expected to say a great deal about this place; as it is, a few sentences must suffice.

Like so many other places in Scotland, Glamis Castle was on several occasions occupied by royalty, notably by Alexander III., in 1263-4; and in the Chamberlain Rolls, we are told, there are many curious details to be found, showing how royal persons in that ancient

castle fared six hundred years ago. In the time of Robert II. the castle and "thanedom" were bestowed on one John Lyon, who bore what we may call a left-handed relationship to the king, and in the Lyon family the former has remained ever since. It must be noted, however, that after the execution of Lady Glamis in 1537 for witchcraft, the estate was considered to be forfeited. The castle was "restored" in 1621, and we see it now substantially as it became at that date, save for alterations and adornments which have been executed from time to time.

The gardens are an object of admiration to all visitors, on account of their great extent, the taste with which they have been laid out, and the range of hothouses which they contain, said to be amongst the finest in Scotland.

But for us the most important thing

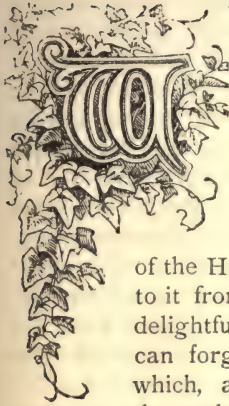
to be said about Glamis is that here, according to ancient story, Malcolm II. was murdered. We are not careful to inquire as to the truth of this story, but we note it as indicative at least of the kind of feeling—akin to reverence—which has been associated in the local mind with the place. A writer in Anderson's "Scottish Nation" writes thus sceptically regarding the matter of fact, and we are content to leave the more curious reader to search out the truth for himself:—"Both Boece and Fordun assert that Malcolm II. was murdered in the central tower of the castle of Glamis in Forfarshire, which seems to have been his usual place of residence. . . . Tradition still pretends to point out a passage in the castle, with blood-stains on the floor, where the fatal act was perpetrated. It avers also that the ground being covered with snow, the assassins, in their flight, mistook their way, and unconsciously entered on the loch of Forfar, when the ice broke, and they were drowned—a very convenient method of getting rid of imaginary murderers. The whole story is a fiction of that fertile inventor of Scottish history, Hector Boece, and is totally incredible, even although no less than three obelisks, with symbolic characters, representative of the conspiracy and the pursuit of the fancied regicides, have for centuries stood in different parts of the parish of Glamis, to commemorate it. Pinkerton contends that Malcolm died a natural death, which is more likely than the fabulous account of his assassination."

This Malcolm, with whom Glamis is rightly or wrongly associated, was the second Scottish king of that name, and ascended the throne in 1003. It was he who did such brave battle against the Danes, winning a famous victory over them at Mortlach, where a church was reared to commemorate the event. Once more he gained a victory over them, as we have elsewhere chronicled, near Carnoustie; and in a third great contest at Slains, the Danes, on this occasion led by Canute, were finally defeated, and forced to relinquish their invasion in despair. Later, in 1031, the same nation made another attack on the kingdom of Scotland, it seems with somewhat better success.

This Scottish king was indeed a man of war from his youth, and, not content with his brave contests with foes from foreign shores, we find him in 1018 at war with the Northumbrians, giving battle to Uchtred of Northumberland at Carham. What the direct issue of the battle was we do not know; but we do know that it was an important link in a chain of events which led to the cession to Scotland of the rich land of the Lothians. Just at the time when this cession was being made, the sturdy warrior—*vir victoriosissimus*, they came to call him—is said to have breathed his last at the hand of assassins, or quietly in his bed. And they laid his body, now restful, though whilom so full of activity, in the still, lone isle of Iona, where already so many soldier-kings had been laid to sleep.



"THE PROUD HOUSE OF EDZELL."



Turn away now from the lower part of this "countryside," and make the best of our way to Edzell, which stands upon the very edge of the Highlands. You drive to it from Brechin through a delightful country, and no one can forget the feelings with which, after getting out of the rather close and factory-smelling little city, with its abominable steam-whistles, exceptionally torturing to weak nerves, you breathe at last the breeze from the Highland hills, and see their glorious outline. You know that you are getting into the "God-made" country once more, and the soul seems cleaner, and the heart purer, than down yonder in the hollow among the mills. The hard toilers down below have, indeed, a rich gift in having near to them this glorious tract of country, and one might hope that they would thus be saved from that worship of money which has got so fast a hold of men to-day.

The village of Edzell is not much more than a hamlet with two churches, a few shops, and an inn. The chief human interest which stirs it now out of its routine is to be found in its little circle of summer visitors, and in the numerous parties of travellers passing through it on their way to Fasque or to Fettercairn, or perhaps to the more remote scenes of Lochlee and Balmoral. But Edzell has interests stretching far back, and those who are acquainted with Mr. Jervise's "Lands of the Lind-says" will remember how large a part it plays in his story. In what we have

to say about it we shall be content to follow his lead.

Wandering across the "muir," fair with the bloom of the heather and the "whin-buss," and fresh with the air of the mountains, we make our way to Edzell Castle, which stands just at the foot of the Grampians, and on the left bank of the Westwater. It is supposed that an older castle once stood here, and that that which we now see in ruin is relatively new. Be it so; such as it is, its ruins have been described as "the most magnificent of any in the shires of Angus and Mearns, except those of Dunottar." The donjon, which gets the name of the "Stirling Tower," and is believed to have been reared by the family bearing that name, is in a fairly entire condition, the outer wall and the ground-floor still remaining. It rises to the height of sixty feet, and is reckoned to be a very fine piece of workmanship. Until about a generation ago it was possible to get to the top of this tower, and the view from thence must have been particularly fine; but it is not now accessible save to more adventurous spirits.

The grim old keep has walls from four to six feet thick, and the base floor of the tower is divided into two dark cells, popularly believed to have been places of imprisonment for offenders, but really known, says Mr. Jervise, to have been "cellars for the preservation of choice liquors and viands," prisoners of a kind so different from the other, that they were, no doubt, made very welcome to the table of the Lord of Edzell. There was, fitly enough, a communicating stair between these vaults and the dining-room, and we have little doubt that in ancient convivial times the stair was often used. This dining-room was evi-

dently of great size, and must have been in its day a really splendid apartment, stretching, as it did, over almost the whole space covered by the tower, with high roof and windows, apparently unusually large for the time.

Stretching from the keep northwards are the buildings which formed the "new" portion of the fortress, and which were built by David of Edzell, afterwards ninth earl of Crawford. These are now themselves so old that it is only possible to guess at the style of architecture employed, and the only remaining evidence of the refined taste displayed is a small part of the entrance to the Great Hall, beautiful alike in style and in proportion.

We shall not take time, however, to dwell longer upon architectural details; nor have we space to speak of the beautiful flower-garden, beautiful even now, but interesting mainly as throwing out a hint of the high art to which, in early days, our forefathers had risen in the gentle work of gardening. We must, however, stay here to note the picture of the old-fashioned baronial hospitality which Mr. Jervise associates with this Castle of Edzell. He says:—"From the magnificent style in which cookery was conducted at Edzell, and the liberality of its owners to the poor, it was familiarly known by the enviable title of 'The Kitchen of Angus.' Oxen were roasted whole, and everything conducted in a correspondingly sumptuous style; and daily, after the family had dined, the poor of the parish congregated in the court-yard, and, taking their seats on the stone benches (which still remain) on both sides of the outer entrance passage, they received their quota of beef and beer from the fair hands of the lady or daughters of 'the proud house of Edzell.'"

Times of distress came, however, upon Edzell Castle, and removed its ancient grandeur, diminishing at the same time the greatness of that branch of the

family of Lindsay which was identified with it. During the reign of Charles I., John of Edzell took part with the Covenanters, and suffered accordingly. Montrose, with his men, fleeing before the Parliamentary power, found his way to this neighbourhood, and proceeded to do irrecoverable damage to the ancient stronghold and estate, and its owner is found petitioning Parliament that he might be freed from having to contribute to the levies which were being raised, having contributed—unwillingly indeed—so much already. "The rebel army," says he, "having been for a long time encamped and quartered upon the lands of Edzell and Glenesk, to the utter destruction of my lands and tenants, the whole corn being burnt in the barnyards, and the whole store of cattle and goods killed or driven away, whereby the haill lands of Glenesk, worthy of yearly revenue nine thousand merks, have ever since been lying waste by reason the tenants have not been able to labour the same, insomuch that the particular amount of my losses which was clearly instructit to the Committee of Common Burdens, did amount to the sum of four-score thousand merks or thereby; besides great charges and expenses which I have hitherto been forced to sustain for maintaining these several garrisons for a long time to defend my tenants, whereof many, in their own defence, were most cruelly and barbarously killed, as likewise, ever since, a constant guard of forty men for defending my lands and tenants from the daily incursions of enemies and robbers."

It is satisfactory to know that this plain speaking had, at least, the effect of exempting him from levy.

Calamities of another kind than those indicated also began to fall upon the house. John of Edzell died in 1671, and was succeeded by his son David, who, after wasting the already only too moderate possessions of his family by extravagance, died in 1698, leaving a

son, David, who was to be "the last of the Lindsays of Edzell," and two daughters, Margaret and Janet, around the latter of whom a tragic history has woven itself. Indeed, something of a tragic history hangs around all the three last survivors of the house. The "last Laird" had the misfortune to be thwarted in love, and from that time he seems to have been in a state of what might be called desperate carelessness regarding himself and his house. In political and ecclesiastical matters he seems to have wandered far from the traditions of Edzell, and his ruin was finally wrought by his espousal of the cause of the Stuarts. He actually sold his patrimony to Lord Panmure in order to raise some followers for the Jacobite cause, and left the venerable house of his father, to go he knew not whither. A short time was spent on a small property in Fife, but probably here, also, resources soon became exhausted, and he actually ended his days while serving as ostler at an inn in Kirkwall! The story of his leaving the castle is touchingly told in the "*Lives of the Lindsays*," being apparently taken from oral tradition:—

"The Laird, like his father, had been a wild and wasteful man, and had been long awa'; he was deeply engaged with the unsuccessful party of the Stuarts, and the rumour of their defeat was still occupying the minds of all the countryside. One afternoon the poor Baron, with a sad and sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and followed by only one of a' his company, both on horseback, came to the Castle, almost unnoticed by any. Everything was silent—he gaed into his great big house, a solitary man—there was no wife and child to gie him welcome, for he had never been married. The Castle was almost deserted; a few old servants had been the only inhabitants for many months. Neither the Laird nor his faithful follower took any rest that night. Lindsay, the broken-hearted, ruined man, sat all night

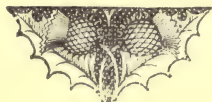
in the large hall, sadly occupied—destroying papers sometimes, reading papers sometimes, sometimes writing, sometimes sitting mournfully silent—unable to fix his thoughts on the present or to contemplate the future. In the course of the following day he left the Castle in the same manner in which he had come; he saw none of his people or tenants, his one attendant only accompanying him; they rode away, taking with them as much as was valuable or useful as they could conveniently carry. And, turning round to take a last look of the old towers, he drew a last long sigh, and wept. He was never seen here again."

Poor Janet Lindsay's story was the "old, old story" of love and beauty abused and ruined, her virtue's destroyer having been a man claiming technically the title of "nobleman," who met his death on the battlefield of Almanza, in Spain, in 1707. Janet died in England, and was laid in a dishonoured grave. The elder sister, Margaret, was married to the Laird of Aitherny, in Fife, and brought with her a large dowry; but ruin tracked her also, though not in the sad way of her sister. She grew melancholy over the decay of her house—a decay which may have been hastened, but cannot be said to have been caused, by the heavy burden which her dowry laid upon its scanty revenue, and she lived, moreover, to see the ruin of her adopted Aitherny. Here again, like everybody who writes upon this Edzell history, we betake ourselves to the "*Lives of the Lindsays*" for a sketch, singularly beautiful, of this lady's last visit to Edzell. It has about it a measure of rhythm and cadence which makes it seem more like an ancient ballad almost than a narrative:—

"Year after year passed away, and the Castle fell to ruin—the banner rotted on the keep—the roofs fell in—the pleasnance became a wilderness—the summer-house fell to decay—the woods

grew wild and tangled—the dogs died about the place, and the name of the old proprietors was seldom mentioned, when a lady one day arrived at Edzell, as is still related, in her own coach, and drove to the castle. She was tall and beautiful, and dressed in deep mourning. ‘When she came near the ancient burying-place,’ says the faint voice of the past, ‘she alighted and went into the chapel, for it was then open; the doors had been driven down, the stone figures and carved work was all broken, and bones lay scattered about. The poor lady went in, and sat down among it a’, and wept sore at the ruin of her house and the fate of her family, for no one doubted of her being one of them, though no one knew who she was, or where she came from. After a while she came out, and was driven in the coach up to the Castle; she went through as much of it as she could, for stairs had fallen down, and roofs had fallen in,—and in one room in particular she staid a long while, weeping sadly. She said the place was dear to her, though she had now no right to it, and she carried some of the earth away with her.’ It was Margaret of Edzell, the Lady of Aitherny, as ascertained by an independent tradition, derived from a venerable lady of the House of Aitherny, who lived to a great age, and always spoke of her with bitterness as the proud bird out of the eagle’s nest who had ruined her family. ‘She came once to my father’s house,’ said she to my informant, ‘with

two of her children. She was on her way to Edzell Castle. It was years since it had passed away from her family. My father did all that he could to persuade her from so waefu’ a journey, but go she would; and one morning she set off alone, leaving her children with us to await her return. She was a sair changed woman when she came back—her haughty manner was gone, and her proud look turned into sadness. She had found everything changed at Edzell since she left it, a gay lady, the bride of Aitherny. For the noise and merriment of those days, she found silence and sadness—for the many going to and fro, solitude and mouldering walls—for the plentiful board of her father, his house only, roofless and deserted. When she looked out from the windows, it was the same gay and smiling landscape, but all within was ruin and desolation. She found her way to what had been in former days her own room, and there, overcome with the weight of sorrow, she sat down and wept for a long time—she felt herself the last of all her race, for her only brother was gone, no one could tell where. She came back to Gardrum the next day, and she just lived to see the ruin of Aitherny, which her extravagance and folly had brought on, for the laird was a good-natured man, and could deny her nothing. They both died, leaving their family in penury.’ And such was the end of ‘the proud house of Edzell.’”



THE FORTS OF CATERTHUN.



VISITORS to the neighbourhood of Brechin and Edzell have usually a great deal to say about Caterthun. The name has a somewhat ludicrous sound to the ear of a Southerner, and does not seem naturally to associate itself with any very romantic thoughts; but Forfarshire people speak with deep respect and even awe of the hill which bears this curious name. Caterthun is situated about five miles from Brechin in the direction of Menmuir, and forms a pleasant excursion from Edzell; and those who love a gentle climb will be rewarded by a beautiful and extensive view from its summit. But the chief thing which has marked out this hill—or rather ridge of hills—for notice, is the line of forts upon them, about which all manner of surmises have been formed. One portion of the ridge—called *White Caterthun*—is surrounded by a circle of white stone; while another—called *Black* or *Brown Caterthun*—is encircled by rings of dark turf. The two forts are about a mile from each other. *White Caterthun* is about 300 feet high, and commands a view of the strath in which it stands, west, south, and north. It enclosed an area of about 500 feet by 200, and the wall which surrounded this consisted of loose stones, and was about 100 feet thick at the base, and 25 feet at the top. A deep ditch had been cut outside this wall, on the other side of which was an earthen breastwork; indeed, it appears that there was a succession of outworks, ditches and ramparts, stretching to the foot of the hill. The fort of *Brown*

Caterthun was formed upon a similar plan.

Two theories have been formed regarding the origin of these forts—one historical, the other romantic. The former, the only view which has much support, is that they were reared as places of refuge and defence for the families of the men in those parts, to which they might repair in times of invasion, which were so frequently recurring. The latter theory has to do with *Fairyland*, a domain to which in difficulty common people have as regularly betaken themselves for a solution of the mystery as astronomers do to comets, or German philosophers to their “inner consciousness.” “The place,” says popular tradition, “was the home of the fairies, and a brawny witch carried the whole of the works one fine morning from the bed of the Westwater to the top of this hill; and while she was carrying it in her apron, the apron-string broke, and the biggest and heaviest of the stones fell out on the north side of the hill; so there it lies, still to be seen by any one, and recognised as witness of the story.”

Strange how these odd stories have got about; and the wilder the scenery the more likely you will find some odd tale to account for certain odd appearances in Nature and in Art. Now some scripture character will be introduced, and if there be a big boulder at the top of a hill, you will be told that Samson carried it thither; now perhaps a scrap of classical lore will come in to solve the question of how such a thing got into such a quarter. Causeways which are found where no causeways were likely to be, have been paved by genii, and so on, and so on. As for the amount of things

which popular tradition has attributed to Satan and to demons, they are simply innumerable. For ourselves, we may laugh at these stories, but we are apt to be forgetful of the amount of fear which often was mixed up with the tradition in the minds of the people. Would that in hill and valley there were more willingness to see the sunshine of the Father's face! This is what we oftenest miss as we mingle amongst the Scottish people of the highlands and the hill-country of the Western Isles. They do not seem—not even to-day

—to listen to the voice of peace which mountains and hills can so eloquently speak; even good people do not seem to us there, as a rule, to be so happy as in southern parts; and you seem sometimes to have to get out of human companionship there, and to commune among the lone hills with God and with your own heart in order to recall thoughts of Him as One “who ever lives and loves,” and to remember that “The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.”

GLOOMY GLENESK.



LEAVING Edzell, and making our way up Glenesk, by Lochlee and Invermark, we arrive at Balmoral and Aberdeen. Far better make your way to the northern University city along this route, than by the commonplace railway-line by which we may suppose you have come so far as Brechin. Before you move on—if you have more time than we have now—a visit to Fettercairn and Fasque would well repay you. The way leads over the North Esk by the Bridge of Gannochy, which marks one of the most romantic spots in the district; and many an artist finds his way here to study the old bridge and the rocks which mark its span, as well as the awful ravine over which it is thrown. And Fasque—or *Fasky*, as it used to be called—with its beautiful mansion-house and chapel, will please the visitor. The mansion-house is the home of the genial—but by no means politically congenial—brother of Mr. Gladstone,—Sir Thomas Gladstone.

When you have wandered about fourteen miles through country now wild and romantic—as at Gannochy Bridge, and for some way above it—now more soft and pastoral, you come to the point in the glen where the Lee and the Esk meet—Lochlee. The loch is after all only what Highlanders would call a “lochan” or little loch, but the scenery about it, surrounded as it is by mountains, is wild and—if we may so say—grimly beautiful. It was here that that very natural and nature-loving divine, Dr. Guthrie, used to come and spend his summer holiday, resting awhile amid these solitudes from his abundant labours on behalf of his fellow-men, and sometimes delighting the sparse inhabitants of the glen by occupying the pulpit of the little Free Church, and preaching one of his eloquent, yet simple, sermons.

Lochlee has a church which possesses more than a local interest; for it bears the name of St. Drostan (popularly corrupted into “Droustie”), who was a saint of royal blood, and was for a time Abbot of Donegal. He came back to Scotland, and settling down in this secluded locality, preached the Gospel to

the simple denizens of the glen, and died at Lochlee in the year 809. There used to be seen a wooden cell in which he was believed to have passed his days, and a portion of a simple cross which he had set up; but now these have disappeared, and, if the place which once knew him knows him still, it is because his saintly memory has passed into the history of the place. The "kirk" is sometimes called the "Kirk of Droustie," and a pool in the neighbourhood is called the "Monk's Pool," pointing back to days when he and other monks who doubtless gathered around him used to get their Lenten feast from out of the river. It does not appear that the Church here ever attained to any great importance as an ecclesiastical centre; and about the time of the Reformation it was served by a "reader" or exhorter, whose stipend was twenty-six shillings and ninepence! Until a century ago, the old edifice, the ruins of which are now standing, we believe, was thatched with heather; it was then slated, but it never claimed any sort of grandeur in appearance. It stands by the very side of the loch, and the waters sometimes rise up into the churchyard in tempestuous weather, and wash about the ruins of the house of God. Many a visitor stays a moment or two in passing to look into the "auld kirkyard," to read some of the curious epitaphs which it contains, and especially to stand by the grave of the gifted Scottish poet, Alexander Ross, who wrote, amongst other fine things, the favourite Scottish song, "Woo'd an' married an' a'." This man was schoolmaster in the place throughout his life at the modest salary of £20 a year, and while one regrets that his gifts did not find larger scope, it is pleasing to think how rich our country has been in these hidden men of power, and also to dream that his muse and heart were kept more pure amid these solitudes than had he been, like Burns, brought out into the tempting gaieties of

a society which was more likely to drag him down than to lift him up. Musing over these things, and imagining ourselves in this country churchyard, we think naturally of the immortal lines of one of the finest of our English poets:—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre."

We come now to another object of interest on the way up into the Highlands—Invermark Castle, standing fitly in the midst of bold mountain scenery, and known now to tourists as the Highland resort of the Earl of Dalhousie, who, however, cannot find any shelter in the ancient ruin, and sojourns close by at Invermark Lodge. The Castle occupies a notable position as commanding the pass over Mount Keen from the land of the Tay to that of the Dee. In old times it must have received many a visit from contending clans, as well as from the numerous freebooters, cattle-lifters, etc., who transacted their business in that neighbourhood. To-day it marks more peaceful raids; for, since our beloved Sovereign has made her Northern home at Balmoral, this road has naturally become a favourite means of access to that beautiful spot.

The district of Glenmark, as this part of the country is called, is full of interesting incident. Here, for example, is a spot called "Eagil's Loup," a wild spot on the little river Mark, which has its legend: It is told how the young laird of Edzell, of former days, having been in hiding hereabout, was surprised by Lord Crawford and some of his retainers. Edzell was defenceless, but he had a good pair of legs and no want of daring either; and rushing from his pursuers, he made a tremendous leap over a yawning chasm in the Mark, and gaining the opposite rock safely, was soon under the shelter of his own castle. Hence the name "Eagil's Loup."

This glen seems to have been a natural resort for fugitives, and Mr. Jervise tells how in the Jacobite rising of '45, it was much sought after on this account both by rebels and by their pursuers.

A word must be said concerning the Druidical remains in this neighbourhood. First of all there are the "Rocking Stones;" these are boulders which are so delicately balanced upon a pile of other stones that, as it is said, a breath of wind would be enough to set them shaking. Many a surmise has been formed regarding the purpose of these remarkable boulders, but nobody really knows anything of their meaning. Were they test or touch stones by which—according as they moved or not at the moment of the ordeal—prisoners were adjudged innocent or guilty? It may be so, but this is only a guess of the antiquarians, and must not be taken for anything more. The poet Mason is quoted by Jervise as giving a somewhat kindred suggestion regarding one of them:—

"It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose breast is pure; but to a traitor,
Tho' e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowdon."

Then again there are the "Stan'in' Stanes," or Druidical circles, at Colmeallie, forming a lesser Stonehenge. Antiquarians have been greatly exercised to know what these may have been used for in ancient times, and it seems not unlikely that they were in a manner shrines of the ancient worship, acting both as temples for prayer and sacrifice, and as burial-places for the dead.

Mr. Jervise gives the following description of the "Stan'in' Stanes":—

"The circles of Colmeallie are of the common concentric kind, and the outer encloses an area of forty-five by thirty-six feet, and consists in all of from fourteen to twenty stones, including three large slabs in the centre, which are supposed to have formed the altar. Some of the boulders are of great size and weight, and with

the exception of three, are all prostrated or mutilated. Those standing are each pretty nearly five feet five inches above ground, one of them is three feet nine broad, and another two feet three, and the third about one foot eight inches. At thickest they are respectively thirteen, fourteen, and twenty inches. The largest lies on the ground, and is nine feet five inches long, by seven feet five broad. Others of nearly equal dimensions with the erect stones are built into the adjoining dyke, and another is so high and strong as to form the centre support or pillar of a cart shed. Although these circles are erroneously described in the New Statistical Account (where they are stated as being almost complete), many old people remember of their being more entire than they are now; but the late tenant was one of too many who saw no use in going a little distance for building materials when he could get them at his door, however revered or valuable; and as his 'Gothicism' was either unknown to, or unheeded by his landlord, one stone after another disappeared in whole, or was blown to pieces, as circumstances required."

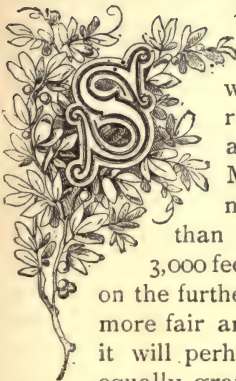
Of the natural appearance of this neighbourhood a word or two may be said. Majesty and grandeur are the words which alone describe it; there is no softness, nor would you call the scene a "fair" landscape; it is wild, "rugged, and bare." Wilder, perhaps, it was a few years ago, before Invermark Lodge was built, and trees began to be planted about; but yet there is little to soften and soothe in this higher Glenesk scenery. In the midst of it are two converging rivers—the Lee and the Mark—which combine with a few small streams to form the head of the North Esk,—the Lee, indeed, a somewhat quiet stream (to speak *very* relatively); the Mark, a genuine mountain torrent, making its determined way through a wild and *erie* valley, only made to seem more wild from the grassy meads which occur

here and there. No place this for a lonely, moody spirit to wander; for such it is too terrible, and the *sough* of superstition seems to whisper all around. Better for such a one to take himself away to the softer scenes of Tweedside, or to the dear and lovely landscapes of our English lake-country, or at least to get across the pass to Deeside, and glad himself with its generally kinder aspect. Thither we also must now be going, glad ourselves in some measure to escape

out of this glen, and to leave stronger and more buoyant spirits to linger amid these scenes of wild majesty. Perhaps the influence on these will be somewhat of a corrective kind if they linger awhile; the bare hills and the mountain torrents will overcome them also, and send them back to their lowland homes thankful for quieter and more cheerful surroundings, and softer and humbler than erewhile they were in nature and in heart.

ON TO BALLATER.

BYRON AND HIGHLAND SCENERY.



SO we make our way from those wild regions over wild and strangely-shaped Mount Keen, which is neither more nor less than a great cone, over 3,000 feet high. Descending on the further side, a new scene, more fair and enticing, while—it will perhaps be admitted—equally grand, opens upon our view. We first cross the head of the beautiful Glen Tanar, which runs on to Aboyne, and then crossing Corrievruach, we come down upon the Ballater road, and run along Glen Muick until we reach the little town of Ballater itself. We are now in the “Braemar Highlands;” and here, amidst the glorious landscapes which are everywhere around, we shall, as it were, rest awhile. From Ballater we shall make our little excursions to Balmoral, to Braemar properly so called, to Crathie, to Loch-nagar, having some little interesting talk concerning the different places visited, and then, returning from these scenes, we shall make our way back into the world of human life and interest, by

getting to Aberdeen—keen-witted, hard-headed Aberdeen.

Ballater itself is beautifully situated upon the left bank of the river Dee, and just close by where the little “burn” of the Muick joins the larger stream. Lying in the midst of hills richly-wooded, whose spreading foliage makes the walks about it a delight all through the summer days, and with an outlook beyond these toward the great mountains—there is no place which could form a more delightful summer residence than this. No wonder that in summer it is perfectly crowded with visitors, making hotel accommodation difficult to be had, and then only at somewhat excessive charges. As if the grandeur and beauty of the scenery were not enough, there are also mineral waters in the neighbourhood—at Pannaninch—which are much sought after by dyspeptic patients, while the large supply of *ozone* in the atmosphere renders it peculiarly attractive to the invalid. When you are worn out, done with brain-fag or with worry, weary of writing books or casting up accounts, your medical man will very likely tell you, “Go to Switzerland if you can—to Pon-

tresina or to Davos ;" but if you cannot go so far, go to Ballater. There day by day you can have your early mountain walks, walks which an Alpine Club man would smile at, but which for you are perfectly delightful. You can go up to the height of *Craig-an-Darroch*, for example, just a mile to the north of the village; and there on its summit, 1,400 feet above the sea, you will have a view of mountain and of glen, of wooded hill and of river, of mountain-streams and quiet burns, which will lift you out of yourself, and hold you passive in sweet communion with nature. And if the sun be beating upon your head, you may get down behind it to that fair ravine, called the *Pass of Ballater*, and in its cool shade rest awhile. "The Pass of Ballater," says one, "presents scenery in some respects unsurpassed by any in Scotland. The road seems to go right through the heart of the mountain, which looks as if it had been split asunder. The cloven sides, rising up almost perpendicularly, form a gorge of surpassing magnificence, leaving little more than space for a road, and a small stream which runs along its side." And while you are lingering awhile in this defile, it may not be amiss to tell you of a famous scene which once took place here.

The "Black Colonel," Colonel Farquharson, a redoubtable soldier of two hundred years ago, was resting in the castle of Braichley, after a night's carousing and revelry, when he was surprised by a company of soldiers under Colonel Cunningham, who came to arrest him as a rebel against the throne of William and Mary. The Colonel being a famous rider, one of the swiftest horses Braichley could afford was given to him, and ere Cunningham could get at him, he had fled. Striking through Glen Tanar and Birse, and across the Dee, then over the Moor of Dinnet, and through Tullich, he came to the Pass of Ballater. Here everything seemed to

be black enough for the Black Colonel; for while Cunningham's troop was fast coming up behind him, another company was by this time hastening to the other end of the pass to block his advance. But horse and horseman had the swiftness and daring of the roe, and just when the two companies were hemming him in, he rushed up the steep, rocky walls of the pass. It was a terrible moment, and the two companies of soldiers no doubt watched to see their foe and his steed hurled down lifeless to the bottom of the precipice. But what was their surprise to see the noble animal rushing onward without any fear, save the fear of what was behind, until at last it had brought its rider to the top of the hill, to look down in triumphant amusement upon his baffled enemies below. "Ah!" said one of the latter, "if they had told us that he could fly as well as ride, we might have spared ourselves the roughest ride I ever had." That discretion was the better part of valour, Cunningham now began to think; and so he left the Black Colonel to go his way.

A little way from this pass is the old village of *Tullich*, with the ruins of the "Auld Kirk of Tullich" on the south side of the way. This place has had its name for ever associated with a certain "reel," or dance, which, it is said, took its origin in a very curious fashion. Early last century, upon a very stormy Sunday, the people gathered together at the church, as their manner was, in good time; but the minister in his somewhat distant manse, thinking that nobody would come out on such a day, had resolved to stay at home. The waiting people began to be very cold, and proceeded to clap their hands and stamp their feet to get up some heat. By-and-by, they thought they would be the better for some refreshment, and ale was procured. Soon the ale began to do its work, and what with its influence and the associations of the foot-stamp-

ing and hand-clapping, they bethought themselves that they might have a dance; and ere the day was done the church was one wild scene of revelry and unholy mirth. The story goes on to tell how that in twelve months every one who took part in it was dead; but, however this may be, such is the report as to the institution of the "Reel of Tullich."

One of the delights of Ballater is that you are constantly as it were under the influence of the greater mountains, although you do not climb them. For yonder are to be seen Cairngorm, which rises to the height of 4,250 feet, and Ben Muich-(or Muick)-dhui, second only to Ben Nevis, standing 4,296 feet above the sea. In your daily wanderings and saunterings you look at them and dream about them until they become part of your being, and you scarce envy those hardier spirits who have been content only when they have scaled their heights, and undone the sweet, yet awful, mystery which seems to you to lie about them.

Of lesser height, and therefore within the powers of an ordinary climber, is the grand summit of Morven, 2,880 feet high. It was this lofty "ben" of which Byron sang, in memory of his old days in the Highlands, and it may not be amiss to quote a few stanzas of the poem in which the reference occurs. They show the impression which the Braemar Highlands—and Braemar beauty, too, in the person of Mary Duff—made upon his early years:—

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy sweet summit, O Morven, of snow!

To gaze on the torrents that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below,
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 't was center'd in you?

.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song;
At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.
I left my bleak home and my visions are gone;
The mountains are vanished, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed before;
Ah! splendour has raised, but embittered my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart still it lingers with you,
When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky.
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene.

.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow;
But while these soar above me unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me?—ah, no!
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred,
Thou sweet-flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—
Ah, Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

Moore, in his "Life of Byron," has tried with much ingenuity to show how little direct influence landscapes seen in tender youth can have upon the mind, and endeavours to show how that the most that can be looked for is the reception of impressions to be stored up in memory and beautified with the light of imagination in after years. "Such impressions," he says, "as Lord Byron received in his childhood must be classed with the various other remembrances which that period leaves behind—of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes and affections—all of them reminiscences which the poet afterwards converts to his use, but which no more *make* the poet

than—to apply an illustration of Byron's own—the honey can be said to make the bee that treasures it.”

Be this as it may, nothing is clearer than that Byron himself looked back to this Highland phase of his child-life as having much to do with the poetic character of his after life. It seemed to himself that all his dreams of the scenery amid which he wandered in later days were intermingled with those earlier dreams of boyhood among the hills and valleys of Deeside. Does he not say—

He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roamed through lands which are not
mine,

Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep.
But 'twas not all long ages' love, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's fair fount?

We shall by-and-by visit Loch-na-Gar, and once more we shall have Byron with us; but meanwhile it will be enough for us as we linger amongst these scenes to remember that they influenced the genius of one to whom English poetic literature owes so much, and to whom she had owed more, had his life not been early poisoned with the love of lower things.

A scene well worthy of a visit is the Loch Kinnord, or Ceannor, which you see as you go from Ballater to Aboyne. If you make a little excursion to it from the former place, you will pass the Pannannich Wells, already spoken of, and also the hamlet of Ballatrich, where is shown the cottage in which Byron and his mother used to live. Morven and Culbleen will cast their shadow upon you as you go, and remind you once more of the poet. Loch Kinnord is about two

miles in length, and its banks are beautifully wooded—for the most part with birch. The lake contains two islands, one of which is called Malcolm Canmore's Island, from the fact that there once stood on it a castle which the great Malcolm is said to have used as a prison. The loch, however, has a special interest to the botanist and the florist. “There is,” says Crombie, in his little book on Braemar, “a much more abundant and varied vegetation to be found on its surface and by its sides than in any of the other lochs. The white and yellow water-lilies, seen nowhere else in the district, float upon its bosom amongst the reeds at its western extremity; the water lobelia, with its clusters of light-blue drooping flowers, is scattered here and there in the same direction; the quillwort is not uncommon in the shallow water; while carices and horsetails are very abundant in some parts along its margin. Nor is it less [*? more*] deficient in reference to its fauna, frequented as it is in winter by large flocks of geese, and at all seasons by the wild duck and teal, supplying victims for the gun of the sportsman; while numerous pike, and trout of large size, afford first-rate play for the rod of the angler.” There runs into it on the north-west a little “burn” called the Burn of Vat. This runs through a small defile or gully, on either side of which the rocks rise to a considerable height; and it gets the name of the “Vat,” we suppose, from the fact that the restrained waters in the time of flood have scooped out the granite rocks on either side into a concave shape, “like half the top of a dome.”

Let us suppose that a quiet and pleasant day has been spent at this half-Highland, half-Lowland spot: and now let us off to where quiet is scarce to be found on a summer's day, but where everybody must go, and will be thankful to have been—the home of our beloved Sovereign, Balmoral.



BALMORAL CASTLE.

IN THE BRAEMAR HIGHLANDS.

THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME.

SHOULD you, in visiting Balmoral, start from Ballater, your way will lie first up the left bank of the fair Dee river; then you will make your way round Craig-an-Darroch, on to a place not pronounceable by Englishmen, by which you cross the stream called the Gairn. You then pass through a tract of country in which the wilder glories of the hills are softened by the woodland scenery in your immediate neighbourhood; and just as you pass on the left Craig-Youzie, the beautiful "Hill of Firs," you come in sight of a "Cairn" dear to every loyal heart.

It is the Albert Cairn, and stands upon Craig-Lourachin Hill. It is in shape conical, and might almost be described as a pyramid, and it bears upon it the following inscription:—

TO
THE BELOVED MEMORY
OF
ALBERT,
THE GREAT AND GOOD
PRINCE CONSORT.
ERECTED BY HIS
BROKEN-HEARTED WIDOW,
VICTORIA R.,
21ST AUGUST,
1862.

"He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased the Lord, therefore hastened He to take him away from among the wicked."—WISDOM OF SOLOMON, Chap. iv. verses 13 and 14.

On the left bank at this point you see Abergeldie Castle, also a home of royalty, and as we shall not pay it a special visit, we may here say a word or two concerning it. Abergeldie consists of an old square tower with turrets, to which some additions have been made in recent times; and, after being for some time the residence of the Duchess of Kent, mother of our Queen, it passed at her death into the hands of the Prince of Wales. It forms a comparatively simple dwelling, as one would fancy, for royalty, and is probably from that cause all the more acceptable; whilst its position makes it peculiarly suitable as a centre for shooting excursions.

A little way further on is the simple parish church of Crathie, where the Queen and the lamented Prince Consort used in former times so often to worship together, and where the Queen still frequently attends. Here some of the greatest Scotch divines have preached during the Queen's visits; and amongst these probably the one whose dear memory lingers most about the place is Dr. Norman McLeod—alas! a memory only, now. Our readers will remember, perhaps, a passage in Her Majesty's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," in which she refers to his ministrations upon one particular occasion. "The service was performed by the Rev. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. McLeod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. . . . The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.'"

At last we come to Balmoral itself, standing just at the foot of Craig-an-Gowan, upon a lawn bounded by a

bend in the river Dee. Prince Albert acquired the reversion of the lease in 1848 from the trustees of Sir Robert Gordon, and the estate was finally bought for £31,500. "The castle," says Miss Taylor, "is surrounded by all the varieties of Highland scenery, so that the eye can turn to any of its elements, from the rude to the beautiful, the sternly grand, or where they all unitedly rise into the sublime, while its pure air is invigorating almost to exhilaration. The estate of Balmoral extends from the Dee southwards to the summit of Lochnagar, where it joins the Birkhall and Abergeldie properties. The three estates contain upwards of 35,000 imperial acres, and extend along the south bank of the Dee for eleven miles."

These sentences will give a very good general idea of the situation. The castle is a building of considerable grandeur, and is built of white granite. Seen from a distance in the clear mountain air, it is peculiarly white and beautiful. One chief feature in the pile of buildings is the large tower, one hundred feet in height, which can be seen a long way off, and which, moreover, it may be added, has in it a clock, which gives time to the whole neighbourhood. As to the arrangement of the interior, the public rooms, dining, drawing, and billiard rooms, and the library, are on what we call in England the ground floor, while the private or royal apartments are over these. In the entrance-hall stand two fine statues, one of "Fair Ellen," the other of "Highland Mary;" and it may interest some of our lady readers to learn from a lady, whose words we quote, that "the windows of the dining-room are hung with crimson bordered with Stuart tartan, and the walls with paper of green and gold." "In the drawing-room," she adds, "the hangings are of Victoria tartan: chairs, couches, etc., etc., are all covered with the same. The carpet is of Stuart tartan, and on the walls a paper of blue and gold.

"The Queen's private apartments are more richly furnished than those below, yet still with chastened elegance. In

"The grounds are tastefully laid out, and have now two new points of interest, though sad ones. These are the statue of



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN THE COSTUME SHE WORE ON HER FIRST VISIT TO BALMORAL

the different rooms, the paintings, prints, cartes, etc., are exceedingly numerous and interesting.

the lamented Prince Consort, and the obelisk erected by the inhabitants to give expression to the deep affection and

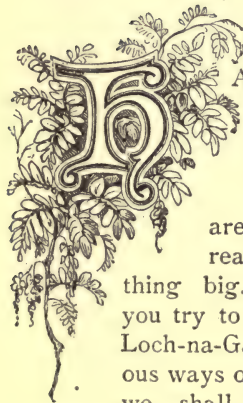
respect in which they hold his memory, and their profound sorrow for his loss."*

Such is the appearance of the interior of Balmoral Castle. But for us Balmoral is less interesting in this respect than many another castle might be; nor is even its natural position amid such magnificent scenery of so much interest to us all as its association with our Queen. Here she has spent many of the brightest days of her life, and here, too, many of the saddest; and when the story of her life is written it cannot but be that Balmoral will occupy in it an impor-

tant place. From the time of that first visit in 1848, when her Majesty was so charmed with its surroundings, with the sight of the hills around Loch-na-Gar, and the valley of the Dee, calling forth memories of the richly-wooded forest of Thuringia; when, fresh from the bustling world, she enjoyed its calmness and solitariness, and felt that "all seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils;" from that time till to-day it has been part of her life, and, as such, also part of the life of her people.

* *The Braemar Highlands*, by Miss Taylor, p. 54.

"PARK LOCH-NA-GAR."



HAVING now spent a delightful day at Balmoral, and perhaps rested a day after it, you are ambitious, dear reader, to do "something big." Well, suppose you try to get to the top of Loch-na-Gar. There are various ways of getting there, but we shall suppose you go straight from Ballater; if you should choose to go by the easier route from Castleton of Braemar, we must remind you once more of the excellent guide-books which will put you on the way. Starting, then, from Ballater, you make your way across the bridge and southwards out of the Dee valley, then ascend by the right side of the Muick. You pass the gloomy, weird Loch Muick, gloomy and weird—we say—yet with a beauty all its own; and as you wander by its side, the spell of Loch-na-Gar seems to burst upon you, as its awful heights look down upon you.

You may now diverge towards the "savage Dhu Loch," with its angry, rushing waterfalls, the awe of the whole scene growing upon you as you go; and in a short while, but after a very hard pull admittedly, you will find yourself on the summit of Loch-na-Gar.

From the top a glorious view is to be obtained, for the most part of mountains; and as you look it might almost seem as if at the mountain-top you were on something like the true level, while the villages below were embedded in the very heart of the earth. Yonder, in the far south, are the Lomonds; then, moving your eye to the westward, you see Ben Ledi; next, the bold and awful heights of Schehallion and Ben Cruachan meet your view, while right away to the west of you are Ben More and Ben-y-Gloe. Nearer to you are Ben-Muich-dhui, Cairngorm, and Morven, and far away toward the lowlands of Aberdeenshire you see range upon range of hills, themselves high enough to be of some account, for instance, in England, but here forgotten by comparison with

those gigantic peaks of which we have spoken.

But let us pause. We have been talking as if this view were always open to those who are hardy and brave enough to climb this noble height; but let us not mistake. As likely as not, you will leave a beautifully clear day behind you at the mountain's base, and ere you have ascended more than a thousand feet, you may be wrapped in mist which the eye cannot penetrate; happy are you if, when you reach the top, you are at least out of the mist, and able to look down on the great white sea of cloud beneath, with the tops of the hills rising out of it like so many rocks in the midst of the waters. Happiest of all are you if the mist "lifts" when you are on the top, and unveils to you one portion of the landscape after another, until there lies before you one vast panorama, all the more charming to you that the vision, coming to you thus, has in it all the sweet grace of surprise.

And now, standing upon the top of Loch-na-Gar, what can we do better, before returning, than revert to Byron and his immortal poem, "Lachin-y-Gair"? We have already spoken of the influence which his early residence in the Highlands exerted upon him; this will be still more evident as we read the following lines:—

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing
fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perished my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland
vale.
Round Loch-na-Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers:
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-Garr.

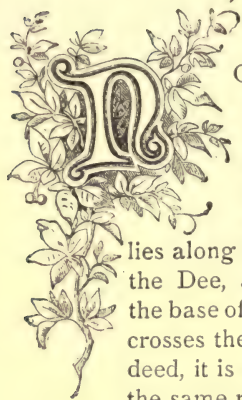
"Ill-starr'd, tho' brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch-na-Garr, since I left
you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again!
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roamed o'er the mountains afar;
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Garr!



BALLATER TO BRAEMAR.

STORIES BY THE WAY.



OW leaving our centre at Ballater, we propose to make our way to Braemar, properly so-called. Our road lies along the north bank of the Dee, and passing round the base of Craig-en-Darroch, crosses the Gairn water; indeed, it is so far as Balmoral the same road which we have already traversed, and we need not therefore up to that point further refer to it. Passing Balmoral, you soon come to the remains of Monaltrie House, which was burned down after the rising in 1745, and rebuilt as a farm-house. It was here that the redoubtable Donald Oig used to reside. Donald was one of the mighties of his time, and one story is told of him which it may be worth our while to pause in order to relate.

A certain Italian champion had come to London boasting great things; he was a fighter, a wizard, a magician, a necromancer. Defying every brave man in the country to face him, he was challenged by one and another to fight, and in every case was victorious. He thereupon took—if possible—still greater airs upon him, and lived in London *en prince*; indeed, so mighty was his air that even the king was kept in perpetual fear. The city offered a measure of gold to any one who should join successfully with him in combat, but no one could be found. At last the king heard of Donald Oig, who was then staying in London, as one who was strong enough and brave enough to enter the lists with the Italian, and a message was immediately despatched to him. Now it so happened that on the way as Donald was going to see the king and learn what his desire

was, he met the Italian, who was stalking along in great pomp with his drummer preceding him. As usual, the Italian, or some one in his company, was shouting out a challenge to all comers; but, before it was well spoken, Donald had drawn his sword and pierced the drum through and through, saying at the same time, "Hae deen [have done] wi' yer din." The Italian came forward and asked his name. "Donald Farquharson of Monaltrie," said he; "and I am ready to meet thee when and how thou desirest."

In the course of the evening Donald came across the servant of the Italian, and drew a great deal of information from him which proved of value. He told him that his master was in the service of Satan, and therefore had special protection; that no man with any iron about him, or standing in leather shoes, could hurt him; that no sword touched by iron or leather could do him any harm; and that in fight he was accompanied by a shadow on either side, to make his adversary believe that he was fighting with three people. Long-headed Donald did not fail to see that if he could accoutre himself in a style which would suggest to the Italian that he was not weakened by either the influence of iron or leather, he would have a signal advantage; and the night was spent in preparing his peculiar dress. Morning came, and the two valiants met: Donald with his strange costume, the Italian full of vaunting as usual, and seemingly accompanied by two associates. The two men rushed at each other; and Monaltrie, knowing that the other two were mere shadows, devoted his attention undividedly to the champion. After a long and terrible fight, Donald's sword was thrust into the champion's side. It was in

vain that the latter shouted, "Withdraw thy sword," for Donald had been warned by the servant that if the sword was once withdrawn, the champion's wound would instantly heal. The only reply that he would vouchsafe was, "Let the spit go with the roast," and in another moment the Italian fell dead at his feet, saying as he fell, "The Devil has kept ill faith with me."

The gold was now brought forward and presented to Donald, who did not hesitate to take it: and why should he? Had he not earned it well, and had he not achieved what no Englishman had been able to do? No matter, there must be some insolent Cockney in the crowd to shout, "See how the Scots beggar pockets our English gold." Just enough to take what he believed to be his due reward, Monaltrie was also proud enough to throw the money to the winds rather than brook the insult to his country. He flung the gold amongst the crowd, whereupon there was a general scramble, and Monaltrie shouted, "See how the English dogs gather up the gold which they could not win themselves, but a Scot won for them!"

So far for Monaltrie and its laird of the earlier half of the sixteenth century. We must now, having, as it were, halted to tell our story, move on once more. A little way further on we come to Cairn-a-Quheen, "the Cairn of Remembrance," the formation of which appears to have been on this wise. In all times of danger, the Clan Farquharson used to meet at a particular spot close by where the cairn stands, each man bringing a stone with him. The stones were laid down in a heap while the clansmen went to battle with the foe; and, at the end of the fray, those who survived came back to the heap and took up each a stone. The remaining stones represented those who had fallen in the strife, and were, as such, reverently placed on the central cairn, which thus came to be a memorial to all the brave hearts that had fallen in de-

fence of their clan. Such is the origin of the name Cairn-a-Quheen, as told by Miss Taylor.

We now pass Inver, and cross the Bridge of Invercauld—the *New Bridge*, for the old one leads into a road through the forest of Ballochbuie, which is now to a considerable extent private. It would be, however, worth your while to pursue your journey as far as you can along this latter path to get some idea of the forest itself, which has been described as "a grand amphitheatre of woods," and as "probably the finest example of a forest in Great Britain." Moreover, you will get a sight of the beautiful *Falls of Garrawalt*, and in these, as they make their little leaps there, sparkling and glancing the while under the rays of the sun which reach them through the branches of the fir and the birch which overhang them, you will own that you have had a picture well repaying you for going a little bit out of your way to see it.

Returning to the road again, you have just passed the bridge a little way when you come to the "Big Stone of Cluny," which used to be regarded as a regular resort of the fairies; and at the same point you have on your left the granite peak of Craig-Cluny, which rises up sheer from the road, and in its grey majesty seems to frown upon you as you pass. Some way up this hill are the remains of a tower, which is called the "Laird of Cluny's Charter Chest," from the tradition that in old times Cluny used for safety to hide his "deeds" here. In the same range of hills is that called "Lion's Face," a great pillar of quartz which takes its name from its supposed likeness to the face of the "king of the beasts." And just opposite to it is Invercauld House, the older part of which was built four hundred years ago, and which claims a place in history as being the house from which the Earl of Mar dated his address to the clans in the rebellion of 1715. Itself a striking

building, it is more distinguished for its splendid situation, with the Lion's Face over against it, with the Forest of Ballochbuie stretching away from it into the distance, and with lines of hills behind it covered with plantations of pine. Hills and woods are everywhere about you as you stand on the terrace upon which it is built; the lawn stretches away down to the very bank of the river; and you do not wonder as you recall the fact that the simple folk hereabouts fancied they were in one of the provinces of Fairyland. The road here is all along indeed simply charming beyond all description, for here you have not only the hard grey glory of Highland hills, but the softness also of the dark green woods and the gently-winding river.

We soon reach Braemar Castle, which one guide-book describes as a "tall, plain, white-washed building," having "neither antiquity nor history to recommend it;" while another speaks of it as "a high, bare-walled tower of recent erection." In its present form, indeed, it is of recent erection, but it is the representative of a much more venerable mansion. The accomplished authoress of "*The Braemar Highlands*"—to whom we have had in this portion of the book so frequently to own our obligations—quotes a description of the castle written by a "Braemarian," which is worth quoting here:—

"One of the most interesting objects in the wide domain which once pertained to the proud and powerful Earl of Mar, is the *Old Castle*. Its situation is beautiful almost beyond description, and curious, too, from being built on the top of an isolated knoll in the centre of the great park at the foot of *Kenneth's Craig*. It was originally one of the hunting-seats of these Earls, and was built at a time when thick and substantial walls had greater charms than airy rooms and large windows. Previous to 1715 it had in a great measure fallen to ruins (it

was burnt down towards the end of the sixteenth century). At that date it was rebuilt, at the expense of Government, for the purpose of overawing the Farguharson race, as at that time they were the most powerful chiefs in this part of the Highlands—peculiarly 'their country.'

When it was rebuilt, a rampart enclosing a considerable portion of ground was added. But neither the rampart nor the modern portion of the building make any pretensions to the massive proportions of the early part, though it is supposed that, so far as outline is concerned, the original plan was pretty closely followed."

It is in front of this castle that the famous Highland games are held every year—games of which most of the English world have by this time heard, and which very many have at some time or another seen.

Everybody will remember the pleasant sketch which her Majesty gives in her "*Journal*" of this Braemar gathering, as she saw it in the year 1850. There are contests of various kinds—"putting the stone," a game in which the players take a heavy stone, and holding it up on their hands, *deliver* rather than *throw* it; "throwing the hammer;" "throwing the caber;" and running a race up the hill called *Craig-Cheunnich*. The last, as here described, must indeed be rather a pretty sight, from the various-coloured kilts (differing according to clan) worn by those engaged in the contest. Probably it may be thought that now this gathering is not what it used to be—not so simple and so natural, and therefore not so like the country whose native pastime it is. But in this it has but shared the fate of all artless amusement that has become popular, nay, even of its own home of Braemar, which, not long ago so quiet and unpretending in style, is now, as we have hinted, during its brief season, amongst the gayest of summer resorts.

We are now at Castleton of Braemar,

a "straggling collection of houses and huts," not much of a "ton," or "town," then, though there be many more regular "collections of houses" which see less of royalty in a generation than does this clachan at the junction of the Clunie torrent with the Dee in the course of a brief summer. Very "straggling" indeed it is, but very fair in its setting, nearly hemmed in as it is with mountains and forests, and rich in the nearness of the aforesaid Clunie torrent, which "rushes down to join the Dee, through a rocky ravine, fringed with copse, and crossed by a bridge, forming a picturesque piece of torrent scenery." It stands 1,180 feet above the level of the sea, and here indeed you breathe probably the purest air in Scotland, perhaps in Britain; and, if it were only somewhat farther away from home, and therefore more inaccessible to the worries of one's daily toil, it might more successfully compete than it does with many Continental places of resort. But we fear it has another drawback besides this proximity; it is, we fancy, a very expensive place of residence; the shrewd residents "lay it on," and many prefer to take to places less haunted by the courtier and the tourist, or, on the other hand, to spend their money in going further afield. Even as it is, however, Braemar finds itself probably as popular as it cares to be.

We commend to you one or two excursions to be taken from this Castleton of Braemar. Go to the top of Morrone, the hill behind the village, in whose nooks and corners the snow lies till Midsummer's day; on its height you will feel yourself under the spell of the everlasting hills. Southward you will see *gloomin'* Loch-na-Gar; northward look, and yonder is Ben Muich-dhui, "King of the Mountains," as Miss Taylor calls him; and eastward, there are the

lesser and more genial hills of Glengairn, with Balmoral away beyond. On lower slopes of the hill other views await you, chiefly the valley of the Dee. And here we cannot refrain from quoting from the writer to whom we have already referred, a description of this view of Deeside:—"If it is August, the hills are draped in rich crimson, contrasting beautifully with the dark green of the stately pine, or the lighter shades of the graceful birch. And then, in the depths of the valley, amid the deep, rich, almost transparent green which fills up the centre, the Dee winds gracefully, flashing back the light like a long wavy line of burnished silver. If it is autumn, the drapery of the hills is a rich colouring of brown, in all its variety of tints, which, with the green and sparkle beneath, produces a singular effect. If it is winter, they are grand beyond description, as they assume such a defiant appearance. Theirs is then *stern grandeur*; but it is grandeur, and the magnificence of it!"

Go to the Linn of Dee, and come home by way of the Linn of Quoich, getting, during your walk or drive, a view of the Aberdeenshire Grampians in succession. And if you are a specially good climber, you must not be content till you have stood on the summit of Ben Muich-dhui, which stands nearly 4,300 feet above sea-level, and which presents a view of mountains which is singular in its magnificence. These, however, are but a few out of the many excursions to be made from Castleton through the Braemar country. Happy are you if you have a long holiday and good weather, and withal a good pair of legs, or failing this last, enough of money in your pockets; given these, a whole summer may be profitably, pleasantly, and delightfully spent amid the glories of Braemar.

ON THE WAY BY ABOYNE TO ABERDEEN.

THE DEATH OF MACBETH.



WE have now left these glories behind us, and are turning our face toward Aberdeen, having promised to do so some time ago. Coming from Castleton, we return again over what is now familiar ground, namely, Balmoral and Ballater, and by Byron's village of Ballatrach. Beyond

this we soon find ourselves steaming through the wild and bare *Moor of Dinnet*, and in a few minutes more we are at Aboyne, near to which is the ancient Castle of Aboyne, described as a "heavy and not very picturesque building." The surroundings of the village are very pretty, set as it is in the midst of trees, and contrasting pleasantly with the moor across which the traveller has just passed. It is supposed from its situation that the castle may have been built about the tenth or eleventh century, but no record of its earliest history is to be found. It need scarcely be said that in its present form it is almost entirely a new edifice, having been repaired in 1671 by the first Earl of Aboyne, and greatly enlarged in 1801 by the Marquis of Huntly, his great-grandson. Aboyne is not without its legendary lore, and we may, by way of example, quote the following story regarding a well in its neighbourhood:—"It is said that, at some very remote period, an irruption had been made through the Grampians by an overwhelming host of invaders; that these were assailed by the natives from the woods, rocks, and hills, and finally routed at Knockice; that a line of tumuli and cairns marks the graves

of fallen Danes and northern marauders; that Macbeth fled from Dunsinane, and maintained himself for three years among the fastnesses of Mar; and that, in one of his flights for life, and unattended, through Aboyne—himself exhausted and his mare jaded—he dismounted to drink from a well situated at the point from which he could first see his castle of Peel Bog, distant about two miles, and obtaining a bit of bread from a herd-boy, asked him the name of the well, and being told that it was Brien, he ejaculated, 'Woe is me! the spell is gone, and my doom is sealed.'

In the neighbourhood of Aboyne is a hill called the Red-cap of Mortlock, with which the curious tradition is associated that a wild spirit used to wander about the top of it, howling out unknown words in an unknown tongue, and wearing a red night-cap on its head!

Taking train again from Aboyne, we reach, five miles further on, the station of Lumphanan, near to which are two objects of interest. The one is the Peel Bog already referred to, an earthwork about eighteen feet high and a hundred and twenty round, which is supposed to have been made about the tenth century; the other is "Macbeth's Cairn." Both places are associated with this ancient hero, for tradition says that at the former he made his last stand, while at the latter he was slain by Macduff in the year 1056. Macbeth's history is supposed by many to have in it much that is mythical; but even the historian Burton, who was not wont to be led away by mere legendary fancies, considers that the popular belief in Lumphanan as the scene of Macbeth's death has "unusual claims on our toleration." Who does not remember the terrible scene that

was thus probably enacted here, as it has been portrayed for us by our immortal dramatist? Macduff and Macbeth meet, and the latter—referring to the strange story of his birth—says:—

“Thou lovest labour;

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.”

Macduff hears all, and then tells him that his charm is of no avail, since he was taken from his mother, and therefore Macbeth is not exempt from destruction at his hands. Upon this Macbeth begins to falter, and even declines to fight; but, upon Macduff's baiting him for a coward, he rallies, and replies:—

“I will not yield

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last; before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff.”

The scuffle ends—how, we know; and we next see Macduff approaching Malcolm Canmore with Macbeth's head on a pole, while he hails the former as king, and bids him

“Behold, where stands

Th' usurper's curs'd head.”

Such a scene was it of which mayhap the spot on which stands the Cairn of Macbeth was witness—a spot thenceforward, therefore, worthy of mark as that at which, according to our great dramatist, Tyranny struggled in deathly throes with Liberty and Power, and was ignominiously overcome.

Beyond Lumphanan you pass through scenery which becomes more picturesque than it has been on earlier parts of the journey, and not far from the railway-line is Potarch Bridge, at which the river is so narrow that a gipsy, named John Young, rather notorious for his exploits

in several ways, is said to have leaped across it in trying to evade his pursuers. But there is not very much to arrest your attention further till you come to Banchory Ternan, about seventeen miles from Aberdeen. Here you might well spend a week, and we are sure that—given fine weather, that rather doubtful commodity in the North—it would be a pleasant one. There is no end of walks in the vicinity, now by the river-side, now up the hill-slopes, now in the shady woods. The fairest spot in the neighbourhood is held to be the Bridge of Feugh, where “the water falls over the rocks in miniature cascades, and the salmon may be seen leaping with praiseworthy industry to gain the upper portion of the stream.” Leaving Banchory, a journey of two miles and a-half brings us to Crathes, with its Castle, of which the square tower, with its turrets, is of considerable antiquity; and five miles further on is Drum, which also boasts of a noble castle, parts of which are not less, probably, than 600 years old. This place has been for generations the home of the Irvines, a family still of high standing, but not so conspicuous in the annals of the country as it was four or five hundred years ago. In 1411 Sir Alexander Irvine fell in the Battle of Harlaw, a place so close to Drum that Burton speaks of his domains as “almost touching the field of battle,” fitly adding that his “square tower would have been among the first to endure a siege.” Perhaps the William Irvine, the non-juring minister, who preached before the army of Mar and Derwentwater in the rising of 1715, and was evidently a man of some note in his time, was also of this family.

Beyond Drum the railway runs through pleasant country, but there is little to call for special notice, and the traveller is probably now wearied, and glad to find himself hurrying into the station of the Granite City, having now traced the beautiful Dee river all through its course, from its fountain-head among the moun-

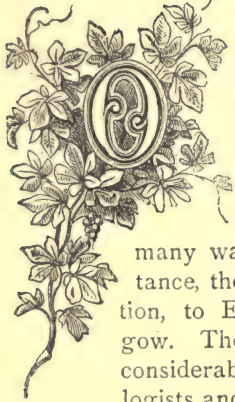
tains to its mouth here by the "auld-fashioned," yet striking, town of Aberdeen.

We have now, therefore, as it were, ended our little tour, which may be said to have begun at Brechin. We have not tried to make ourselves into mere guides, but have taken for granted that you had your "Murray" or your "Black" with you; ours it has been rather to

have what the Scotch people call a "crack" or talk with you about the places which we have seen upon the way. Now we lay our tourist *garb* aside, and set ourselves to the somewhat less interesting and more prosaic task of telling the reader in detail something about the important city to which we have at length come.

ABERDEEN.

"A GRAY METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH."



NCE more we have fairly come out of the wild but glorious mountain lands, and made our way to the "Granite City," a city in

many ways next in importance, though not in population, to Edinburgh and Glasgow. The name has been a considerable puzzle to etymologists and antiquarians, but it

seems not unlikely that it may mean "a space between two rivers." Aberdeen is of ancient origin, having been in existence, as is believed, so far back as A.D. 84, during the wars of the Roman General Agricola. Ptolemy makes mention of it under the name of Devana, and Richard of Cirencester also refers to it under this name. Boece speaks of it as having attained to the rank of a burgh in the 9th century, but the evidence for this is rather indistinct; of its burghal status what we do know is that it attained to the dignity of a royal burgh in the reign of William the Lion, about 1179. From this date we cannot follow its varied fortunes here; suffice it to say that it seems to have taken a fair share—though not a remarkable share—in the events which marked the changing for-

tunes of Scotland during its earlier history. The fact that it did not come into greater political and national prominence may be partly accounted for by the fact that it was so far north, and partly from the curiously cosmopolitan character which it seems in early times to have borne. From the position of the town, its port formed a natural haven for vessels from England and France, from Denmark and Scandinavia, and we are told that "in the fourteenth century the dialect spoken in the town was a singular mixture of Gaelic, Saxon, Danish, British, and French," and that "it was not till a subsequent epoch that the English language assumed a complete superiority." Perhaps to this circumstance we may also trace the well-known fact that, at the time of the Reformation, Aberdeen did not fall in so readily with the revolt from Romanism as did the southern towns. Romanism, indeed, seems to have had a great hold upon the city; and the fashion of religious dramas was, in its time, greatly in vogue here. Two so-called priests were appointed, called the Prior and Abbot respectively of Bon Accord (the city motto), and these were set to preside over the plays, which were, as we know, often of the most unhallowed description. It is of these plays that Scott says: "Few

readers can be ignorant, that at an early period, and during the plenitude of her power, the Church of Rome not only connived at, but even encouraged such saturnalian licenses . . . and that the vulgar, on such occasions, were not only permitted, but encouraged, by a number of gambols, sometimes puerile and ludicrous, sometimes immoral and profane, to indemnify themselves for the privations and penances imposed on them at other seasons. But, of all other topics for burlesque and ridicule, the rites and ceremonial of the Church itself were most frequently resorted to; and, strange to say, with the approbation of the clergy themselves."

Such, then, was the kind of recreation which the Church had taught the early Aberdonians to approve and practice, and we need scarcely wonder if, when the time of the Reformation came, they were so deteriorated, morally and spiritually, as to see no particular need of, and have no particular desire for it. And it is worthy of note that even long after the Protestant faith had begun to have a hold here as elsewhere, the loose habits which had been earlier formed remained. Aberdeen became conspicuous for conviviality, and such occasions as that of a baptism were seized upon as special opportunities for drunkenness and revelry.

Having slowly received the Protestant faith, and having retained its lively character, the sober views of the Covenanters seem to have found little favour in the city; and in 1638 the inhabitants positively refused to have anything to do with the Solemn League and Covenant.

But while thus keeping aloof of old from the higher movements of the national mind and soul, Aberdeen seems to have borne, from very early times, that character for commercial strength which it still possesses. In the time of Charles I. it was spoken of as a "little London" on this account. And there are some curious evidences of its general

activity, such as that, though printing was very late in being established in the city, it was no sooner established almost than it was made a means of unique gain; for Aberdeen became the producer of the first almanacs that were printed in Scotland, and the demand for these became simply immense. It may also be added in the same connection that it produced the first northern Scottish newspaper, the *Aberdeen Journal*, and again vindicated its constitutional shrewdness by issuing its first number just after the battle of Culloden in 1746. Marked as it was so exceptionally for business capacity, it may seem to the superficial mind curious that it should have early shown an interest in music; but in this it only resembled the once busy town of Nuremberg, in Germany, which found time in the days of Hans Sachs to devote much attention to this noble art. A school for music existed in Aberdeen so early as 1475.

This fact shows well enough that, though Aberdeen had not specially identified itself with some of the greater movements of the Scottish people, it was not because the people were entirely immersed in commerce; and this becomes still more evident when we remember that it has for centuries been a great centre for learning, and has boasted two noble colleges—Marischal College and King's College.

Before proceeding to speak of Aberdeen's chief buildings, let us say a word or two generally about its chief street. In Union-street Aberdeen possesses a noble avenue—one which, we are free to say, our own metropolis would be glad to have. Stretching, as it does, for nearly a mile east and west, with its banks, shops, hotels, and dwelling-houses, all built of solid granite, it presents an appearance of wealth, strength, and beauty, which we have not seen anywhere surpassed, or indeed even equalled. The statue of Queen Victoria, by William Brodie, and the handsome

building in which the East and West Churches meet, are worthy of special notice. Toward its western end the street crosses the low portion named the Denburn, by a fine bridge, of course of granite, the single span of which it consists being 131 feet in width; and further on is Marochetti's fine statue of Prince Albert, which the Queen came in person to unveil. The author of "The Land We Live In" gives a lively description of this street, which we are fain to quote. He says:—"It possesses all the stability, cleanliness, and architectural beauties of our own London West-end streets, with the gaiety and brilliancy of the Parisian atmosphere. We could have imagined ourselves transported to a continental capital upon a bright May day. The lofty, elegant houses, the beautifully-white, flowing muslin curtains in the first and second-floor windows, the expanded shop fronts, set out with such a profusion of rich and costly wares, made all Union-street seem one continuous bazaar or fancy fair. Almost every other shop appeared to be either a confectioner's or a jeweller's; and it was difficult to say which of these wore the most brilliant appearance. . . . The same strange mixture of dress and dialect, which had first struck us on landing as so foreign, still met our eye and ear in this mid-day ramble through the city. Ladies in gayest, most fashionable attire, jostled against stockingless, shoeless girls of sixteen, and women in tall Flemish caps and foreign-looking ear-rings. Dashing young advocates and M.D.'s walked behind raw Scotch porters, with strange caps on their heads, and queer burthens slung on their backs, or made way for an occasional stalwart Highlander, in his picturesque costume."

Aberdeen, as we have said, is famous as the seat of a university of ancient dignity, consisting of two colleges, Marischal College and King's College, the latter being in "Old Aberdeen," to which we shall refer by-and-by. We

must, by the order of our arrangement, speak of the former first, although it is considerably more recent in date than its sister college. It was founded by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, and was built upon the site of a convent belonging to the Franciscan order, which was founded about 1471. It appears that about the beginning of the sixteenth century, the monks, fearing the ravages of the party which was engaged in the dissolution of the religious houses, thought it wise rather to dispossess themselves than to be dispossessed, and handed over the place to the magistrates; and it was by this party that, in 1593, it was "votit, thoct guid and expedient, that the Greyfriars place thereof sal be resignit in favouris of ane nobill and potent Lord George Erll Merchell, Lord Keith and Altri, to be giffen to the said Erll, to be ane College, according to his institution and erectioun thair of." The charter was drawn up April 2, 1593. For nearly a hundred years after this time the old building was used for collegiate purposes, but toward the close of the seventeenth century a new building was reared, and this again gave place, in the year 1837, to the present handsome edifice. It is interesting to know that amongst the distinguished *alumni* of the college in its earliest dwelling was the famous Bishop Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, whose "History of His Own Time," and "History of the Reformation" may almost be characterised as classical English works. Bishop Burnet was not unmindful of the benefits which he had received from his *alma mater*, and he left a sum of 20,000 merks for the foundation of bursaries in philosophy and divinity. It is not necessary for us to give a long description of the modern building, but we may note the motto on an old stone, taken from the earlier one, placed over the entrance—

THEY HAVE SAID.
WHAT DO THEY SAY?
LET THEM SAY.

This is believed by a recent writer to have been meant as a defiant utterance of the Keith family against those who condemned them for alienating church lands. Whether this be so or no, it may be taken as briefly expressive of a firmness and almost stolid independence which is very thoroughly characteristic of the people of Aberdeen. In the hall is a good collection of pictures, chiefly portraits of patrons, early *alumni*, and the like; while one writer describes the library—somewhat partially, perhaps—as “a compact apartment, with a pleasing undisturbed air of tranquillity about it, which would woo the most careless to become a

Haunter of old tomes
Sitting the silent term of stars to watch
His own thoughts passing into beauty.”

The college has also a fairly good museum; and from the tower, which is about 100 feet high, but nowise remarkable in appearance or architecture, a fine view of the city and neighbourhood is to be obtained.

We shall speak of King's College more particularly when we make our way to “Old Aberdeen”; but this is the most convenient point at which to indicate the relations in which these two stand to each other. Up to the year 1641, they were quite distinct; but in that year King Charles incorporated the two, by charter, as one, by the name of the Caroline University, and granted the revenues of the see of Aberdeen to the new foundation. This arrangement was approved by Parliament, and was also, in 1654, confirmed by Cromwell; but the rescissory act of Charles II., the main purpose of which was the re-establishment of Episcopacy, had the subordinate result of abolishing this union, and renewing a distinction which now appears to have been alike meaningless and inconvenient. Yet for well-nigh two centuries the division remained; once and again attempts were made at

a re-union without effect; the local authorities could not agree as to whether Old Aberdeen or New Aberdeen should have the pre-eminence, and the year 1860 had come before this knotty point was got over, and the incorporation of the two was secured, the Faculties of Arts and Divinity being assigned to King's College, while those of Law and Medicine were to have their home in Marischal College.

In the same street (Broad-street) in which stands this college, Lord Byron lived when a boy, and the house (No. 64) in which he dwelt is now a printing-office. We can picture to ourselves the little boy, not yet five years old, setting out from this quiet home to Mr. Bowers's school, where he got his “schooling” for five shillings a quarter, and to which Moore supposes he was sent less for the sake of learning than to keep him quiet. His own account of his progress there amusingly confirms the supposition. “I was sent,” he says, “at five years old, or earlier, to a school kept by a Mr. Bowers, who was called ‘Bodsy Bowers,’ by reason of his dapperness. It was a school for both sexes. I learned little except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables (‘God made man’—‘Let us love Him’) by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but, on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters), and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor.”

Marischal College and Byron's house having now been visited, let us return into Union-street, and moving a little way toward the bridge, find our way into Market-street, to visit the scene of the famous “Markets,” only recently

burned down. Of these we take the following account from Mr. Cadenhead's excellent little manual, the "New Book of Bon Accord":—"The building, consisting of the great hall, basement-floor, and galleries," he asserts, "is, for vastness, with elegance and compactness, allowed on all hands to outrival every other market in the kingdom. The great hall is 315 feet long, and 106 feet broad, with a height of 45 feet, and besides the numerous stalls and benches it contains, is ornamented with a beautiful fountain, consisting of three basins of polished Peterhead granite. You are fortunate in coming to see it on a Friday, which is our market-day; for I am sure you will be delighted to observe the good-looking country girls who occupy the stalls in the centre of the great hall, each with her baskets covered with snow-white napery, from which the rich butter, or fresh translucent eggs peep out in tempting plenty. Aberdeen has been as much celebrated for its butter as Cheshire for its cheese. Sir Walter Scott, who speaks so flatteringly of Finnan haddocks, also alludes to the Laird of Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter, and who, although worsted in the encounter, after thanking his adversary for his life, added, 'But I'll say yet, that better butter than Aberdeen butter ne'er gaed down a southern thrapple.' The plentiful supply of vegetables, too, with flowers in all their summer beauty, and strawberries in unmatched abundance and excellence, which are piled upon the gardeners' benches, and the great sirloins and huge highly-fed carcasses that hang in the butchers' stalls; down in the basement floor the stores of fish, both fresh from the sea and cured in all the different styles of golden Finnan or silver spelding—lucken, piper, or pin-the-widdie—with the noise of axe, saw, or cleaver, the fresh sparkle of the fountain as it plays up, purifying and cooling the air, and the hum of bargaining rising up in

a pleasant murmur—all contribute to compose a scene of business and plenty which it is delightful to contemplate and pleasant to recall."

It was, indeed, nothing short of being a terrible calamity when this fine building was practically reduced to ashes.

Coming into Union-street, and returning upon our steps a little way—for, be it remembered, we are rather *sauntering* than making a steady progress through the city—toward the east, we come into Castle-street, where stand the handsome *Town and County Buildings*, while in front of them is a still more interesting object, the *Town Cross*. This originally stood in front of the Tolbooth, and was erected in 1686; in former times its arches were filled up, and the economical citizens used it variously as a post-office and a coach-office. Now, however, these are left open, the change having been made when the cross was placed in its present position in 1842. Over the arches are twelve panels, ten of which contain portraits of the kings of the Stuart line, and of Mary Queen of Scots, while the other two bear representations of the royal arms and those of the burgh. Rising from the centre of the cross is a fine column about which thistles are woven, on the top of which is a unicorn in white marble, bearing a shield "charged" with the "Lion of Scotland."

Around this cross, and we may say generally within the neighbourhood of Castle-square, many of the interesting incidents in the not very remarkable history of Aberdeen have taken place. Before this cross existed, and when there were two such ensigns in this central part of the town, the "high" or "flesh" cross, and the "laigh" or "fish" cross, proclamations used to be made at the former, and there also, on high and holy days, the people kept solemn festival—aye, and sometimes festival that was by no means solemn, for we read how that, in 1593, when a son had been born to King James, the magistrates ordered

that after the second service on Sunday, February 24th, a table should be set 'for the magistratis and bayth the Consallis, with twa bunnis of Inglis ber, to be placed and run' at the Market Cross. Several other occasions are mentioned upon which something like a carnival was kept here, but these we need not stay to mention. Enough to say that the sturdy citizens seem to have made it their business to omit no opportunity for convivial enjoyment. The following strange scene, of quite another kind, is said to have taken place here in 1640, when Covenanters held the town:—"A quarrel having occurred among some gentlemen who were escorting the Earl Marischal, governor of the city, towards Dunnottar, the young laird of Tolquhon was wounded in the head by George Lesly. His lordship instantly disarmed the culprit, and on the next day sent him in irons to Aberdeen, commanding the Provost to strike off his right hand for his breach of military discipline. The chief magistrate," so runs the story, "seems to have declined the execution of this order, and the Marischal proceeded to enforce it on his own authority. A small scaffold was erected at the Cross, the axe and block were made ready, and a fire was kindled to heat the instrument for searing the maimed stump. Lesly was then conducted from the Tolbooth, and, descending the stair, amidst the lamentations of the crowd, laid his arm upon the block. The executioner prepared to give the stroke, when the Master of Forbes stepped forward, and, taking Lesly by the hand, freely pardoned him, to the great joy of the people."

Here, in the days of the trials for witchcraft, some of the accused are said to have practised their arts; one of them having been accused of joining in a devils' dance, and of having, in displeasure, shown her familiarity with Satan by taking the instrument on which he was playing out of his mouth, upon which

she "tuik him on the chaptis [cheeks] therewith, and plaid herself thereon to the haill companie."

So much for a few of the incidents which are recorded as having happened in this part of the town; but we must not linger further over these reminiscences, weird and gay.

As our interest in the town—and probably that of most of our readers—is not commercial, we are not inclined to say much about its harbour, its imports and exports; and we shall therefore only ask that we may be allowed a few minutes to step aside from the historic neighbourhood of Castle-street and look at the extensive docks which Aberdeen boasts. The harbour, which may be said to extend from the Deeside railway station to the *Links*, is a monument of the engineering skill of—amongst others—Smeaton and Telford, and was constructed at great cost; but the trade of the town seems always to have outrun the supply of accommodation thus afforded, and large additions have had to be made to it from time to time. Five years ago Aberdeen possessed somewhere about 220 vessels of 108,067 tons, and within these last years the number must have largely increased. But we cannot linger here to witness the loading and unloading of ships, or to watch the cautious-looking, shrewd merchants as they linger about the quay, or to note the mixed nationalities of the sailor-folk who are about; other places would offer us far more interesting studies of this kind, and we return once more to the town.

Walking again up Market-street, we cross Union-street, and walk up St. Nicholas-street, passing the East and West Churches, to which we have already referred. There being nothing more of which to take notice in connection with these churches themselves, we may pass them without further remark, save that they are built upon the site of the ancient Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, the

patron saint of the city. The latter is supposed to have been commenced as early as 1060, and the choir was built in the latter half of the fifteenth century. Any one who is inclined to study curiosities of epitaphic literature, might do well to linger awhile in the graveyard here; he will find amongst other graves to be noted that of Dr. Beattie, author of "The Minstrel," and, if he chances to come across the following inscription over the grave of an unknown sailor, he will feel that his visit has not been made in vain:—

Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below;
Where at an anchor I do lie
With many of our fleet,
Till once again we do set sail,
Our admiral, Christ, to meet.

Turning now somewhat to the westwards, we make our way up the "School Hill" to the famous *Grammar School*—one of the glories of Aberdeen. The present building only dates from 1757, but the school goes back to a much earlier date, mention of it being made so early as the year 1418, when the Vicar of Bervie, Andrew de Syves, who had been master for some time, died. We learn that in 1479 the master's salary was £5 Scots; but in 1670 things were certainly two centuries better, for the rector's salary had risen to 600 merks, while he had under him three ushers, each receiving 200 merks and fees. Nowadays we trust the learned men who preside over this valuable institution have fallen upon even better times. The school has been famous as the intellectual nursery of great scholars; but it is curious to find that in olden times it had quite another kind of celebrity, and that of a kind by no means so creditable. It seems that at the time of the Reformation certain privileges were withdrawn from the boys, which they were determined to retain—privileges,

the withdrawal of which doubtless meant a restraint upon boyish boisterousness. They took the law into their own hands, and we hear of the "bairnis and scholaris" taking "the schuill" from the master, and demanding, as of ancient time, to have a holiday at "the tyme of yeir afoir Yuill, called Nativite of our Lord." In this struggle, which lasted fitfully for some time, the boys appear to have had some success, and instead of their Christmas holiday they were allowed a few days each quarter. Mr. Cadenhead tells us of a "grand rumpus" which took place in 1604, when the scholars not only took possession of the school, but defended their possession with swords, guns, and pistols; and so obstinate did this mutiny become, that recourse had to be taken to imprisonment before it could be put down. But, though the Grammar School lost caste to some extent through these perpetual squabbles, it has earned an undying fame upon other and better grounds.

Many famous men have had part of their early education in this school, and it must especially be said that many of those who afterwards earned distinction in the University, and later in the great world of letters, owed the first motions of their enthusiasm for classical and other learning to the training which they received in this grammar school. So much is this the case, that one has grown familiar with its name simply through the testimonies one has seen again and again in the biographies of eminent Northerners of the benefits which it conferred upon them in early youth. Amongst these we do not know that Lord Byron could be very fitly reckoned; but we cannot refer to the school without referring also to the fact that he studied here, "threading through all the classes," as he says, "to the fourth." It does not seem that he showed much ambition to excel in classical lore, and Moore remarks that he was much more eager for distinction "by prowess in all

sports and exercises, than by advancement in learning." He adds:—"Though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was, in general, very low in the class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted any higher. It is the custom, it seems, in this seminary, to invert, now and then, the order of the class, so as to make the highest and lowest boys change places, with a view, no doubt, of piquing

other departments than those which we principally associate with school. Here, also, it is said that Dr. Beattie, the poet, gained part of his earlier education, and for about two years he acted in the capacity of usher, passing from this to the honourable position of Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College in the year 1760. His connection with the grammar school, we may remark, had an important bearing upon



the ambition of both. On these occasions, and only these, Byron was sometimes at the head, and the master, to banter him, would say, 'Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again.'" In the same connection we learn that he was a good hand at marbles, and that he was distinguished by his proficiency at a game called "Bases"; just as in our own time boys who go to Eton win honours in quite

his after life, for Mary Dun, the daughter of the rector, became his wife in the year 1767.

Close by this institution, and almost dwarfing it into at least external insignificance, is *Gordon's Hospital*, an institution founded by one Robert Gordon, who had made his fortune in Danzig, and, returning to his native land, spent his closing years in the most miserly fashion. He left all his property for the endow-

ment of this hospital, whose benefits were to be conferred primarily upon members of the Gordon family, and after that upon children of burgesses and other inhabitants of Aberdeen.

But though there is much to see in this city of New Aberdeen to which we have not at all referred, and some things which Aberdonians will not easily forgive us for omitting, we must "gang our ways" now to Old Aberdeen, which, in some respects, almost outrivals in interest its more prosperous and brilliant sister. It is a small place, about a mile or little more from New Aberdeen,—so small that we find one writer—probably from somewhere about Bow Bells—calling it a village, perhaps from lofty ignorance of the fact that we do not usually designate as villages places which possess a cathedral and a college. It must be admitted, however, that it has not been for many a day much more than a village in size, with a few houses of some pretension.

The Cathedral is dedicated to St. Machar, an obscure saint about whom we know nothing save that he was a companion of St. Columba. It was founded about 1378 by Bishop Alexander Kyninmundie, and was completed about 1552 under Bishop Gavin Dunbar. It consists now only of the noble nave, which is used as the parish church, it being understood that the choir was destroyed at the time of the Reformation, and that the transepts were destroyed by the falling of the central tower, which was undermined by Cromwell's men. Of the work done by the fierce iconoclasts of Reformation times, an old-fashioned writer gives an interesting account:—"They came all," he says, "riding up to the gate of St. Machar's Kirk, ordained our blessed Lord Jesus Christ his arms to be cut out of the forefront of the pulpit thereof, and to take down the portraiture of the blessed Virgin Mary and our Saviour in her arms, that had stood since the up-putting

thereof, in curious work, under the ceiling at the west end of the pend whereon the great steeple stands unmoved till now; and, besides, where there were any crucifixes set in glass windows, those they pull out in honest men's houses. They caused a mason strike out Christ's arms in hewn work on each end of Bishop Gavin Dunbar's tomb, and sicklike chisel out the name of Jesus, drawn cypher ways, out of the timber wall on the foreshore of Machar's aisle, anent the consistory door."

Even yet, however, notwithstanding all these calamities, the cathedral church has great grandeur about it. Its western entrance, with its fine window, is specially notable; the work is all of granite, and represents masonry executed at various times from 1357 to 1518. Equally noteworthy is the ceiling of panelled oak, with forty-eight shields, bearing on them the arms of the Pope, the emperor, St. Margaret, and many kings, princes, bishops, and earls. Even our friend who talks of the "village," and compares the scenery around it unfavourably with that of Surrey and Kent, is moved to unbounded admiration at the sight of the old cathedral, whose "fine old windows, ponderous doors, with the massive character of the edifice, all give it a charm that more costly decorations would have failed to bestow."

Let us not forget to add that John Barbour, the early poet of "The Bruce," lies buried here. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen in the year 1357, and he probably remained in this office till the time of his death. His poem of "The Bruce" is known but to the few, and many Scotchmen there are who know nothing either about it or him. We may be pardoned for quoting here (for the sake of those who do not know aught of him) his noble apostrophe to Freedom (in a modernised form) as showing how rich a gift Scotland had and has in him:—

Ah, freedom is a noble thing,
And can to life a relish bring.

Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have no ease,
Nor aught beside that may it please,
If freedom fail—for 'tis the choice,
More than the chosen, man enjoys.
Ah, he that ne'er yet lived in thrall,
Knows not the weary pains which gall
The limbs, the soul, of him who 'plains
In slavery's foul and festering chains;
If these he knew, I ween right soon
He would seek back the precious boon
Of freedom, which he then would prize
More than all wealth beneath the skies.

In the near neighbourhood of the Cathedral, a little to the south, is King's College, of which we have already spoken in connection with Marischal College. It was founded in the year 1494 at the suggestion of Bishop Elphinstone, and in accordance with a Bull issued by Pope Alexander VI. It gives us a strange picture of things as they were in those old times to study the reasons assigned for the foundation of this new seat of learning—"that the inhabitants were ignorant of letters, and almost uncivilised; that there were no persons to be found fit to preach the Word of God to the people, or to administer the Sacraments of the Church, and, besides, that the country was so intersected with mountains and arms of the sea, or distant from the universities already erected, and the roads so dangerous, that the youth had not access to the benefit of education in these seminaries." The buildings were begun in 1506, and the college was framed as to its constitution upon the model of the University of Paris. The oldest parts now in existence are the chapel and the adjoining tower, on the top of which is a crown similar to that upon the towers of the cathedral churches of St. Giles, Edinburgh, and St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne. No doubt, in early days, it was a very noble building, and even now all accounts agree in testifying to its beauty. The chapel has a "Flamboyant" western window, and it possesses some finely-carved woodwork in

the canopied stalls, the misereere seats, and the screen. Bishop Stuart's pulpit is also here, with its representation of the heads of the Scottish sovereigns of the Stuart dynasty; and on the floor are monuments to Bishop Elphinstone and to Boece. The College possesses a large and valuable library, containing some fine missals and interesting manuscripts.

Boece, the famous historian, was its first principal, having come hither from Paris at the invitation of Bishop Elphinstone, in the year 1500; and it is from the pen of Boece that we have one of the most interesting and minute descriptions of the chapel extant. His salary does not appear to us to have been munificent, but forty merks—or £2 3s. 4d. sterling—a-year; and even though times have changed, and ways of living, too, very wondrously since then, we suspect that even for that time it did not mean very much, especially for a man who was destined, by his great ability and marvellous diligence in literary labour, to live down through the centuries as an annalist and a biographer.

In early days King's College (first called "St. Mary's," by the way) seems to have had a prosperous career. But with the Reformation reverses came. Probably the reason for this was that its leading men did not move with the times toward a purer faith. In the seventeenth century, however, its fortunes somewhat revived, and something of its ancient glory was restored to it, chiefly through the exertions of Bishop Forbes; and in 1620 a professorship of divinity was added to its foundation, the first occupant of the new chair being Dr. Forbes, a son of the bishop, and a man who seems to have borne a lofty character. Again dark days came, for once more in a crisis of the nation's religious history, some of the chief men, and amongst them this same Dr. Forbes, were out of sympathy with the people holding aloof from

the noble movement symbolised by the Solemn League and Covenant; and Principal Leslie, Forbes, and others were expelled from their chairs. The successors of these men were again expelled by Cromwell and his party, who, though against Episcopacy, were not of the same school with many of the Scotch

eighteenth century witnessed another expulsion of professors, and this time the reason was that they were suspected of sympathy with the dethroned house of Stuart. After passing thus through a chequered course, King's College has now, as we have seen, settled down into a calm and honourable existence as one



"THE FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE."

Covenanters; but once more, at the Restoration, things were placed upon the old basis, and the College was again prosperous. These changes point to the curious fact that King's College seems only to have been firm in its position when the prelatial system, with which the rest of Scotland had so little sympathy, was in the ascendant. The

of the twin colleges of Aberdeen University; and it possesses the happy distinction of having trained some of the finest classical scholars whom Scotland has produced. To know, indeed, that a man has got his classical training here, is almost enough of itself to stamp him as efficient.

In visiting Old Aberdeen, after seeing

the Cathedral and the College, the chief object of interest to be noted is the old Bridge of Don, better known in literature as the "Brig o' Balgownie." It consists of a wide Gothic arch, stretching between the rocks on either side of the river. At the top it is pointed as a Gothic window would be, and it dates from the time of Robert the Bruce, having been reared either by the hero himself, or by Bishop Cheyne, during his reign. This bridge is described fitly as being of "uncommonly stout architecture," its span being sixty-seven feet, and its height above the river thirty-four feet and a-half. Lord Byron has celebrated it, and to him we owe an indication of an old saw regarding it:—

Brig o' Balgownie, though wight be your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a meare's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'.

But we have now rambled about Aberdeen, New and Old, nearly as long as our time and space will permit us to do. We shall close our references to it by quoting some lines regarding it. The first which we quote are from the poet Dunbar, "the darling of the Scottish Muses":—

Blythe Aberdene, thou beriall of all tounis,
The Lamp of Bewtie, Bountie and Blythnes;
Unto the heaven ascendit thy renown is
Off vertew, wisdom, and of worthines;
Hé nottit is thy name of nobilnes;
Be blyth and blissful, burgh of Aberdein!

Such was the lofty estimate—touched somewhat by poetic licence—formed by a poet of the 15th century. Two centuries later it seems that poesy found

no words in which to celebrate it, for William Douglas, as quoted by the writer of the "Book of Bon Accord," passes upon it the following eulogium:—

Apelles staring long, did look: upon
The Learning, Policy, and Generous mind
Of that Brave City, plac'd 'twixt Dee and Done;
But how to paint it, he could never find;
For still he stood, in judging which of three,
A Court, a Colledge, or a Burgh, it be.

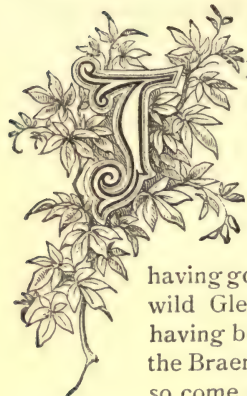
The last poetical quotation we give is from that wandering star of our modern sky, Lord Byron, who, for all that his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" might seem to prove to the contrary, clung with a strong tenacity of affection to the home of his boyhood:—

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and
all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and
clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgonnie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me
seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine;
I care not—'t is a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

It may somewhat help to soften some of the hard things said about the Northern city, the jokes passed upon its *canniness*, and the painful thoughts called up in the mind of an enthusiastic Aberdonian by the discovery, for example, that such a man as Dr. Johnson seems to have grown rapturous over little in the place but its famous "broth"—thus to see that the Muses have had many kind and loving things to say of the fine Granite City on the banks of Dee and Don.



"A SWAKE WITHIN THE SEA."



N making our way to Aberdeen we chose to go through the Highlands rather than to come along the coast; and now, having gone our way through wild Glenesk and Glenlee, having beheld the glories of the Braemar Highlands, and so come and viewed the old and somewhat stern University City of the North with the fresh life of the Highlands in every pulse, we are glad that we did take the course we did. Yet it was impossible that we should not thus forego a visit to certain places well worth seeing, and amongst these perhaps the most notable is the ancient castle of Dunnottar. Happily, however, this omission can be rectified by supposing that ere we move northwards from Aberdeen, we take train to Stonehaven, which is only fifteen miles away, and from it visit the castle which is in its vicinity. But time grows short as we think how much of Scotland has yet to be travelled over; and all that we can do is just, as it were, to stand by Dunnottar, and tell its story as briefly as we can. The castle stands about a mile and a-half to the south of Stonehaven, exactly upon the sea. The ruins "occupy an area of between four and five acres on the top of a precipitous rock, separated by a deep chasm from the mainland, and almost surrounded by the sea. The great tower, still nearly entire, and the ranges of buildings adapted to the various purposes of a garrisoned place, present in their majestic position and bold and varied outline, an object at once grand and picturesque." There seems some doubt as to the date at which this noble

building was reared; but from a reference to it in Buchanan's history as being "sufficiently manned and fortified," and as being reduced by Wallace, we are able to fix its existence with some probability at a date anterior to that of the hero. Tradition assigns to the tower a Pictish origin, but this is based upon mere conjecture. In the year 1651 it was attacked by Cromwell's men, and its little garrison held out bravely for six months, the governor, Ogilvy, only yielding when famine and mutiny made it impossible longer to keep possession. Shortly before this date the Scotch Regalia had been placed in safe keeping in Dunnottar Castle, but at length, when one fortress after another was being taken, fears began to arise as to the safety even of Dunnottar, and they were removed. The plan of their removal was formed by two clever women, one the wife of the commander, the other the wife of Mr. Granger, minister of the parish. The latter carried them through the opposing army—the crown in her lap, the sword and sceptre, says Burton, as "a sort of distaff for a mass of lint which, like a thrifty Scots matron, she was busy spinning into thread." The precious ensigns of royalty were laid for the time under the floor of the church, and there they remained till quieter and happier times.

A sad reminiscence of this ancient place is to be found in the fact that here men, women, and children, over a hundred in all, belonging to the Covenanting party, were imprisoned in 1685. They were shut up in a dungeon, called the "Whigs' Vault" from this fact, and here, it is said, they had to endure great torture at the hands of the governor, Keith of Whiterigs. It seems that they had been removed from other places of

duration lest they should be rescued in the event of the success of Argyle's insurrection; they had to trudge their weary way, old frail men and feeble women and tender children amongst them, on foot, and on arriving they were shut up, says the author of an old-fashioned book, "above eighty in a room—men and women—without air, without ease, and without place either to lie or walk, and without any comfort save what they had from heaven." Wodrow mentions a petition which was presented to the Council from the relations of some of these unhappy prisoners, in which they are represented as being "in a most lamentable condition, there being a hundred and ten of them in one vault where there is little or no daylight at all, and, contrary to all modesty, men and women promiscuously together, and forty-two more in another room." It is vain to attempt to deny the truth of these memorials of cruelty; the lone churchyard bears its melancholy witness in its tombstone to the memory of no less than nine "who all died prisoners in Dunnottar Castle, Anno 1685, for their adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's Covenanted work of reformation." Nine deaths within the time between the beginning of May and the end of July! The remonstrances against the cruelties practised upon these faithful people could not remain unheeded; those who survived were brought to Edinburgh, and finally many of them, it is believed, were sent into the plantations, only exchanging imprisonment for slavery. How does one recall, as one thinks of such terrible things as these, the words put into the mouth of Isabel by the great dramatist—

"———But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

No wonder if, in face of scenes like

these, Scotland has stuck with sometimes intolerant tenacity to the inheritance of a Covenant, which was thus, on the one hand, borne down by ruthless despotism, on the other, glorified by martyred devotion.

A word or two must be said concerning the ancient church and chapel. It is said the original church stood on the rock where the castle now stands, and that it was burned down by Sir William Wallace in 1297, the occasion being the occupation of the spot by the English when they were being driven before Wallace's conquering band. It is supposed that their reason for betaking themselves to this place was that being consecrated ground, they trusted to their enemies regarding it as a sanctuary; but Wallace was too eager to secure a conquest, and the right of sanctuary—if right it was—was not regarded.

The Englishmen, that durst them not abide,
Before the host full fear'dly forth they flee
To Dunnoter, a swake within the sea.
No further they might win out of the land,
They 'sembled there while they were four thousand,
Ran to the kirk, ween'd girth to have tane,
The lave remained upon the Rock of Stane.
The Bishop then began to treaty ma,
Their lives to get, out of the land to ga;
But they were rude, and durst not well affy:
Wallace in fire gart set all hastily,
Burnt up the kirk and all that was therein,
Attour the rock, the lave ran with great din,
Some hung on crags, right dolefully to dee,
Some lap, some fell, some fluttered in the sea,
No Southern in life was left in that hold,
And them within they burnt to powder cold.
When this was done, feil fell on their knees down,
At the Bishop asked absolution.
When Wallace leugh, said, I forgive you all;
Are ye war-men, repent ye for so small?
They rued not us into the town of Air,
Our true barons when they hanged there.

After this time the church was probably restored, but it seems to have disappeared altogether soon after, for Sir William Keith got into trouble by building a castle—probably some addition to, or expansion of, the ancient stronghold—upon sacred ground; and

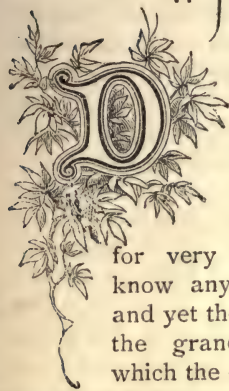
he was only relieved by a Papal Bull (of date 13th July, 1394), giving him absolution on condition of his building an additional church for the parish. The new edifice was formally dedicated to St. Bridget—not to St. Ninian, as the former one had been—and was built on the west bank of the river Carron.

The churchyard is interesting as containing the tomb of the Covenanters already referred to, all the more that the preservation of this memorial is due to David Paterson, the "Peter Pattieson" of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality." Sir Walter happened to be visiting in the house of the parish minister, and, going into the churchyard, he found this simple man anxiously clearing away the moss from the stone; the incident impressed the great novelist very deeply, and it was upon this foundation that he built up afterwards his remarkable tale of "Old Mortality." Mr. Jervise also mentions, by the way, that during this same visit to Dunnottar, Scott met with Kate Moncur, a Caterline

fishwife, the supposed original of *Meg Mucklebackit* in "The Antiquary."

If you have a little spare time before returning to Aberdeen it might be worth your while to pass by way of Ury, if only to recall to mind thoughts of the ancient house of Ury, and especially of Robert Barclay, the author of the "Apologie for the Quakers," who is—wrongly in all probability—said to have been born here, and who certainly had his home in the old house, in which he died, August 3, 1690. In the family burial-place, called the *Howff*, or *Hauf of Ury*, upon the highest part of the estate, lie his remains, and an inscription indicates the place of "the grave of Robert Barclay of Urie, author of the "Apologie for the Quakers." He was a man of one thought and one work, and his holy enthusiasm, combined with his remarkable gifts, constituted him for his own generation, and for all generations to come, one of the chief exponents of the tenets of a sect to which it may also be said that his character has been a tower of strength.

"THE BULLERS OF BUCHAN."



O not be ashamed, my friend, if you are forced to ask, "What in all the world are the Bullers of Buchan?" for very few Scotch people know anything about them; and yet they represent a bit of the grandest coast scenery which the east of Scotland can boast. "Buller" or "Bullers" is the name given to certain bold and immense rocks on the coast of Buchan, about twenty-eight miles north of Aberdeen, and six south of Peterhead. These rocks have been exposed to the constant beating and breaking of the wild waves upon them, and if you want to get an illustration of the Scriptural figure about the water "wearing the stones," you should go and see them. By this continual friction the great cliffs have gradually been worn through, and chasms and caverns have been formed, which are quite fearful to behold. The most tremendous of these is called the "Buller" or *Boiler* of Buchan, and is a great wide cavern, in which the waters, having once entered, have made their home; and your only means of entering it is by boat, through an opening arched with rock. "Within," says one writer fitly, "a wild amphitheatre of rock is seen, as sublime as it is terrific." In the roof is an aperture which has been compared to the shaft of a well, and which measures fifty feet in diameter, and one hundred and fifty feet in height; and the tourist who does not care for—or dare to take—any nearer view, is fain to get a glimpse of the awfulness of the place by looking down through this opening upon the seething waters below. It is a place for no soft thoughts, but is full of

suggestions of Nature's grandeur. Here the sea speaks to you, "even the strength of the sea," and you wonder, as you see how the hard rock yields, strong and frowning as it seems, to the mightier influence of the deep—making you learn how also in the great world of history the surging waves of human thought have washed away not only many a structure built upon the sand, but beating patiently against many a system which has stood up toward heaven like an impregnable cliff, have at last made their way within it, and changing it to but a skeleton of its former completeness, have found in it a dwelling and a home.

A hundred years ago this lonely and awful place was visited by the renowned Dr. Johnson and his constant companion, and it may not be uninteresting to give here the account of their visit as recorded in the chatty pages of Boswell. They went to it, we may explain, from Slains Castle, of which more anon, and proceeded by way of Dunbui. "We got immediately into the coach," says Boswell, "and drove to Dunbui, a rock near the shore, quite covered with sea-fowls; then to a circular basin of large extent, surrounded with tremendous rocks. On the quarter next the sea there is a high arch in the rock, which the force of the tempest has driven out. This place is called Buchan's Buller, or the Buller of Buchan, and the country-people call it the Pot. Mr. Boyd said it was called so from the French *bouloir*. It may be more simply traced from 'boiler' in our own language. We walked round this monstrous cauldron. In some places the rock is very narrow, and on each side there is a sea deep enough for a man-of-war to ride in, so that it is somewhat horrid to move along.

However, there is earth and grass upon the rock, and a kind of road marked out by the print of feet, so that one makes it out pretty safely; yet it alarmed me to see Dr. Johnson striding irregularly along. He insisted on taking a boat, and sailing into the Pot. We did so. He was stout, and wonderfully alert. The Buchan men all showing their teeth, and speaking with that sharp accent which distinguishes them, was to me a matter of curiosity. He was not sensible of the difference of pronunciation in the South and North of Scotland, which I wondered at.

As the entry into the Buller is so narrow that oars cannot be used as you go in, the method taken is to row very hard when you come near it, and give the boat such a rapidity of motion that it glides in. Dr. Johnson observed what an effect this scene would have had were we entering into an unknown place. There are caves of considerable depth, I think, on each side. The boatman had never entered either of them far enough to know the size. Mr. Boyd told us that it is customary for the company at Peterhead Well to make parties and come and dine in one of the caves here."

Such are the Bullers of Buchan, holding their station still much as in the days when Johnson and Boswell saw them; testifying once more to the enduring power of Nature's forces when compared with the brief span of human life

on this side of the grave. It is only when we look beyond into that other life which faith only can see, that the life of such great and greatly devout souls as that of Dr. Johnson towers in grandeur even above these forces before which we, awe-struck, are so ready at times to say, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

Leaving the Bullers, we may take a glance at Slains Castle, of which we have just spoken. It belongs to the Erroll family, and is a square building standing up on the top of a cliff which overhangs the sea. From the windows one looks out thus on the wild ocean, and, as Boswell put it, "The King of Denmark is Lord Erroll's nearest neighbour on the north-east." It was just about a mile from this spot that a great battle was fought between the Danes and the Scots early in the eleventh century. The Danes were driven back, and Canute, here beaten, turned his attention southwards, and fared better in his attacks upon the southern portion of the island. The Scotch reverently buried the slain of their fallen foe, and built a chapel upon the spot, which they dedicated to Olaus, Denmark's patron saint. The little village of *Cruden*, which is supposed to be a corruption of words signifying "kill the Dane," rose afterwards at this same place, and now gives its name to the parish in which Slains Castle is situated.



TO THE GARIOCH AND THE "SAIR FIELD OF HARLAW."



WE are not yet finally done with this part of Scotland, and we confess to having had some difficulty in quite settling which way to take the reader. It is evident that we must leave out some district; yet we can leave out none without missing something interesting. But really we have had to miss so much that was interesting all through, that we have got to be somewhat hardened by this time; and we are prepared to face the good folk of the various towns which we pass in silence—should we ever see any of them. We think, then, upon the whole, that we cannot do better than make our way by Kintore, and through the land of "the Garioch." Upon the earlier part of this journey there is not very much to attract attention. At a distance of about thirteen miles from Aberdeen we pass Kintore, which is said to have been a royal burgh from the ninth century, although it is more probable that the date at which it received this honour was some three centuries later. Near to it is an old ruin called Hallforest Castle, which is said to have been the hunting-lodge of the Mar family in very ancient times; and it gives the ground for the Kintore title to its present possessors. A little way beyond Kintore is Keith Hall or Caskieben, the seat of the Earl of Kintore, but more notable as the place where the once famous poet, Arthur Johnstone, was born in 1587.

About three miles beyond Kintore is

Inverurie, a little town of considerable attractiveness on the river Urie. Near to it is a curious mound called the "Bass," which is of conical shape, and altogether different from any other *tumulus* in Scotland. Antiquarians have taxed their brains in vain in trying to find out what it was used for, and how it originated. A favourite theory has been that it was a seat of judgment; while popular tradition regarded it as the burial-mound of the time of the plague. This latter idea led to the probable enough supposition that it had been an ordinary burial-place, and the conjecture has been hazarded that it is the grave of a Pictish king; but the scientists set all such theories aside, and say that it is simply a result of drift. Sir James Balfour, Lyon King-at-Arms in 1660, gives another popular saying regarding this curious place. He says:—"Ye inhabitants here have this foulish ald ryme always in their mouthe—

'When Dee and Don runs both in one,
And Tweed shall run in Tay,
The little river of Inverury,
Shall bear ye Basse away.'"

We now go across the "bonnie water of Urie," and in a little while we are in the country of "the Garioch," known as the "girnle" (meal-press) of Aberdeenshire. To us, one of the chief points of interest in this part of the country is the spot called Harlaw, at which an important battle was fought in the year 1411, between the Earl of Mar and Donald of the Isles, the issue being the decision of the long-vexed question of the supremacy of Highlander or Lowlander in Scotland. Tytler gives the following description of the battle:—

"Mar immediately advanced from Aberdeen, and, marching by Inverury, came in sight of the Highlanders at the village of Harlaw, on the water of Ury, not far from its junction with the Don. He found that his little army was immensely outnumbered—it is said, by nearly ten to one; but it consisted of the bravest barons in these parts, and his experience had taught him to consider a single knight in steel a fair match against a whole troop of ketherrans. Without delay, therefore, he intrusted the leading of the advance to the Constable of Dundee and Ogilvy, the Sheriff of Angus, who had with them a small but compact battalion of men-at-arms; whilst he himself followed with the rearward, composed of the main strength of his army, including the Irvings, the Maules, the Morays, the Straitons, the Lesleys, the Stirlings, the Lovels, headed by their chiefs, and with their banners and pennoncelles waving amid their grove of spears. Of the Islesmen and Highlanders, their principal leaders were the Lord of the Isles himself, with Macintosh and Maclean, the heads of their respective septs, and innumerable other chiefs and chieftains, animated by the old and deep-rooted hostility between the Celtic and Saxon race.

The shock between two such armies may be easily imagined to have been dreadful; the Highlanders, who were ten thousand strong, rushing on with the fierce shouts and yells which it was their custom to raise in coming into battle, and the knights meeting them with levelled spears, and ponderous maces and battle-axes. In his first onset, Scrymgeour, and the men-at-arms who fought under him, with little difficulty drove back the mass of Islesmen, and cutting his way through their thick columns, made a cruel slaughter. But, though hundreds fell around him, thousands poured in to supply their place, more fierce and fresh than their predecessors; whilst Mar, who had penetrated

with his main army into the very heart of the enemy, found himself in the same difficulties, becoming every moment more tired with slaughter, more encumbered with the numbers of the slain, and less able to resist the increasing and reckless ferocity of the masses that still yelled and fought around him. It was impossible that this should continue much longer without making a fatal impression on the Scots; and the effects of fatigue were soon seen. The Constable of Dundee was slain; and the Highlanders, encouraged by his fall, wielded their broadswords and Lochaber axes with murderous effect, seizing and stabbing the horses, and pulling down their riders, whom they despatched with their short daggers. In this way were slain some of the best soldiers of these northern districts. Sir Robert Davidson, with the greater part of the burgesses who fought around him, were amongst the number; and many of the families lost not only their chief, but every male in the house. Lesley of Balquhain, a baron of ancient lineage, is said to have fallen with six of his sons slain beside him. The Sheriff of Angus with his eldest son, George Ogilvy, Sir Alexander Irvine of Drum, Sir Robert Maule, Sir Thomas Moray, William Abernethy, Alexander Straiton of Lauriston, James Lovel, Alexander Stirling, and above five hundred men-at-arms, including the principal gentry of Buchan, shared their fate, whilst Mar himself, and a small number of the survivors, still continued the battle till nightfall. The slaughter then ceased; and it was found in the morning that the island lord had retreated to Inverury and the hill of Benochie, checked and broken certainly by the desperate contest, but neither conquered nor very effectually repulsed. Mar, on the contrary, although he passed the night on the field, did so, not in the triumphant assertion of victory, but from the effects of wounds and exhaustion; the best and bravest of his friends were

stretched around him ; and he found himself totally unable to pursue the retreat of the Islesmen. Among those of the Highlanders who fell, were the chiefs of Maclean and Macintosh, with upwards of nine hundred men ; a small loss compared with that sustained by the Lowlanders. The battle was fought on St. James's Eve, the 24th of July, and from the ferocity with which it was contested, and the dismal spectacle of civil war and bloodshed exhibited to the country, it appears to have made a deep impression on the national mind."

Such is the comparatively one-sided account of Tytler ; but the battle of Harlaw seems to have been regarded and felt throughout the Lowlands a much greater moral victory than the historian appears to think. It rolled back the tide of Celtic influence once for all ; it was one of those cases in which defeat would have been final, while success, however slender and unsatisfactory, was a pledge of permanent deliverance. And it seems fit that, in a book like this, in which, as we wander through the country in the spirit of the time, treating Highland and Lowland as practically one, we should step aside a little to tell this story of fierce contest at Harlaw, as showing through what feelings of alienation, what testings of national strength, what Celtic and anti-Celtic outbursts of passion, Scotland has come to be the peaceful home alike of Saxon and of Gael.

It has been noted how the story of this battle passed into the minstrelsy of Scotland—and as a fine picture of that feeling, we close our article with Lady Jane Scott's version of an old ballad of the battle :—

As I cam in by Garioch land,
And down by Netherha',
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
A' marching to Harlaw.

As I cam on, and further on,
And down, and by Balquhain,
O there I met Sir James the Ross,
Wi' him Sir John the Græme.

" O cam ye frae the Highlands, man ?
O cam ye a' the way ?
Saw ye MacDonnell and his men,
As they cam frae the Skye ? "

" Yes, we cam frae the Highlands, man,
And we cam a' the way ;
And we saw MacDonnell and his men,
As they cam in frae Skye. "

" O was ye near MacDonnell's men ?
Did ye their numbers see ?
Come, tell to me, John Hielandman,
What might their numbers be ? "

" Yes, we was near, and near eneugh,
And we their numbers saw ;
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
A' marching to Harlaw. "

" Gin that be true, " said James the Ross,
" We'll no come meikle speed ;
We'll cry upon our merry men,
And turn our horses' head. "

" O na, O na ! " says John the Græme,
" That thing maun never be ;
The gallant Græmes were never beat,
We'll try what we can dee. "

As I cam on, and further on,
And down and by Harlaw,
They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straits ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straits ye never saw ;
For ilka sword gaed clash for clash,
At the battle o' Harlaw !

The Hielandmen wi' their lang swords,
They laid on us fu' sair ;
And they drave back our merry men,
Three acres breadth and mair.

Brave Forbes to his brother did say,
" O brother, dinna ye see ;
They beat us back on ilka side,
And we'll be forced to flee ! "

" O na, O na ! my brother dear,
O na, that maunna be !
You'll tak your gude sword in your hand,
And ye'll gang in wi' me. "

Then back to back the brothers brave,
Gaed in amang the thrang,
And they swept down the Hielandmen,
Wi' swords both sharp and lang.

The first ae straik that Forbes strack,
He gar'd MacDonnell reel ;
And the neist ae straik that Forbes strack,
The brave MacDonnell fell.

And siccan a Pitlarichie,
I'm sure ye never saw;
As was among the Hielandmen,
When they saw MacDonnell fa'.

And when they saw that he was dead,
They turn'd and ran awa';
And they buried him in Legate's Den,
A large mile frae Harlaw.

Some rade, some ran, and some did gang,
They were o' sma' record;
But Forbes and his merry men,
They slew them a' the road.

On Mononday at morning,
The battle it began;
On Saturday at gloamin',
Ye'd scarce ken'd wha had wan.

And sic a weary buryin',
I'm sure ye never saw,
As was the Sunday after that,
On the muirs aneath Harlaw.

Gin onybody speer at ye,
For them we took awa',
Ye may tell them plain, and very plain,
They're sleeping at Harlaw!

A NORTHERN CATHEDRAL CITY.



FROM the wild scene of battle we now turn away, and suppose ourselves transported to the quietude and grace of the old-fashioned town of Elgin.

It cannot be said that, so far as its own situation is concerned, it possesses any special claims to be called beautiful; but in its immediate neighbourhood there are very fine landscapes, and the country around, alike for its rich productiveness and its beauty, has been called the "Garden of Scotland." The temperature is high, and the air is balmy and genial—a town, therefore, the more welcome to those of us who feel the cold winds of the North in some parts a little too strong for us. It seems to have commended itself in old times to Pennant, the well-known tourist, and that in a very practical way, for he says, "*Dine at Elgin, a good town, with many of the houses built over piazzas.*" Possibly even yet a good dinner may be had at Elgin, and certainly it still deserves to be called at the very least "a good town." A town indeed it is of

singular refinement, and somewhat aristocratic in its air and mien, as is the manner of cathedral cities.

We must tarry awhile to look at its noble church as we pass, for Scotland probably possesses nothing like it, save the Cathedral at Glasgow, which we shall see by-and-by. The edifice was founded about the year 1224 by Bishop Andreas de Moravia, otherwise Andrew Murray, and stands at the north-east end of the town; but its first lease of life was comparatively short. The notorious Wolf of Badenoch, being enraged at a sentence of excommunication which had been passed against him for one of his many offences, with childish revenge burnt down the Cathedral and great part of the town in 1390. It was rebuilt in the form of a Jerusalem cross, with five towers, two at either end, and one in the centre. Again, in 1506, the building sustained damage, but of a slighter sort, the great steeple having fallen in the year 1506. At the time of the Reformation it does not appear that any particular injury was done to it; but a few years afterwards, in 1568, Regent Morton, at his wits' end to know how to raise money enough to pay the demands

of the army, actually had the meanness, by his council, to allow the Cathedrals of Aberdeen and Elgin to be deprived of the lead on their roofs. The metal was to be bartered for gold, but it is said—whether truly, we do not know—that it was lost while being conveyed to Holland. 1640 was another painful year in the history of the grand old place, for in that year the interior was destroyed, and with it, some pictures and a rood-screen of rare adornment. The tower, which had been restored after the catastrophe of 1506, fell in 1711 through the decay of the woodwork in it, and the insufficiency of its foundation. From that time the humiliation of this ancient house of worship proceeded, and, as has too often happened elsewhere in Scotland, the people were allowed to come and carry off stones from it wherewith to build their houses. To-day we live in times more reverent, in some respects at least; and though we adhere loyally to the great Reformation, we are more careful of structures such as these, which are not only reminders of a past worship, but monuments of our fathers also. In 1820 the Commissioners of Woods and Forests took possession of it for the crown, and it is now kept from further ruin.

The whole length of the building has been variously estimated at 264 and 289 feet in length, while the nave and side-aisles were 87 feet broad, and the choir and cloisters 79 feet. The chief entrance—from the west side—stretches between the great western towers, which, rising to the height of 84 feet, are to be seen from a long distance. The arched portion of the great entrance is notable for the singular delicacy of its ornamentation, which points back to a very remote age. The portion of the building which is in the best state of preservation is the Chapter-house to the north-east, which is called the “Prentice Aisle,” from having in the centre “a beautiful flowered and clustered pillar,”

which “sends forth, tree-like, as it approaches the roof, its branches to the different angles, each with its peculiar incrustation of rich decorations, and its grotesque corbel.” This pillar has a tradition associated with it which is in the main identical with that related concerning the “Prentice Pillar” at Roslin. Here—upon this same pillar—is the stone reading-desk to which the Bible used to be chained. This portion contains some old monuments which are well worthy of being noted; one has for its design a grotesque representation of a witch riding upon a broomstick.

Fergusson, one of our greatest authorities upon architecture, says of this building:—“Perhaps the most beautiful building in Scotland is, or was, the Cathedral of Elgin. . . . As compared with English cathedrals, that at Elgin must be considered a small church. . . . It is very beautifully arranged, and on the whole is perhaps more elegant in plan than any of the Southern examples.” The choir he speaks of as “virtually a great east window, but with piers between the compartments instead of mullions,” and he characterises it as exquisite in its details, and, as to its whole design, “very rich and beautiful.”

Near to Elgin is a place well known to all ecclesiologists—the religious house of Pluscarden, concerning which a luxurious and beautiful book has been written by the Rev. S. R. Macphail, of Liverpool. To this we must refer the reader who desires to know the details of its history. The ruins lie in a fair valley, encircled by thickly-wooded hills; and in the old ruin, with its ivy-mantled towers, set there in its shady valley with its woods of varied hue around, the painter may find a welcome study for a picture, the poet a fine theme for a song. The priory dates from the year 1230, and was dedicated to the patron saint of Scotland.

Thus in and about Elgin there is not a little to see, especially for those of

artistic and antiquarian likings. Probably most of those who desire merely to "do" the Scotch round will not deign to pay Elgin a visit: they will go home to the banks of the Thames to talk eloquently among their compeers about the *Trossash* and *Balmorall*, but Elgin, with its cathedral rivalling even York itself, will be to them a name unknown. Yet let not Scotchmen grumble—even Northern Scotchmen; how many of themselves have stopped as they passed in the express to linger amid the glorious aisles of Durham Cathedral, or have made their way on express errand to see the noble piles of Winchester and Salisbury? We lose much by keeping

always to beaten tracks, and aiming mainly at having been where everybody else has been; and so we miss sublime scenes and fine buildings full of noble memory, simply because they have been but little profaned hitherto by the feet of the tourist. Here we must—so far as talk goes—end the little journey which we have been making in a sort of irregular fashion from Dundee; for time does not allow of our referring to many interesting towns and villages in this neighbourhood; and if we were, passing them over, to refer to Inverness—why, it would be only to repeat the tale we have told already of that metropolis of the Northern Highlands.

THE WORTHIES OF BANFF.

MACPHERSON AND HIS FIDDLE—A WORD ON TWO SCOTTISH MEN OF SCIENCE.



WE are now in the old-fashioned town of Banff, which is a quiet, retired, well-doing place, like many of its neighbours on the coast.

As a royal borough it dates from 1372. A charter was then granted to it by Robert II., and this "was confirmed by the later princes of the house of Stewart." Some of the old houses had, or lately had, curious inscriptions carved on their walls, and the "tourist tribe" who chance to wander there may profitably employ themselves in reading them—at least if they can find them. We think it necessary to add this proviso, for we have often found that guide-books are rather given to repeating inscriptions long after

these have vanished—a bad habit to which inscriptions are much addicted. Members of the said tribe will have a less dubious source of satisfaction in contemplating the country through which the Deveron runs, and in the fine sea-view.

Some notables, not all of the very best repute, are connected with Banff. James Shairp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, was born in Banff Castle; and an individual of almost equally wide fame, though of much less exalted position, here made his exit—we regret to say it was a violent one—from this world. Here the harsh laws of the Saxons compelled the Macpherson to undergo the fate of a common criminal. We have not to hand the particulars of his offence, but it was probably nothing more than lifting a few bullocks from the herds of the Sassenach. He was taken by an "intrepid ancestor of the (then) present

Lord Fife," says the narrator. It was no small matter, indeed, to capture the redoubtable Highlander, for while you went out bent on capturing *him*, it was "quite on the cards" that he might turn the tables by capturing *you*. Criminal

conviction followed almost as a matter of course. In fact, in the account of this special business that we have consulted, we do not find any mention of the trial and conviction of the Macpherson —*that* would seem to be taken for granted.



THOMAS EDWARD, THE SCOTTISH NATURALIST.

trials, as the reader may have observed, were not so complicated then as now. To convict an accused party is now the great difficulty. Then the difficulty was earlier, you had to catch him—that was the rub; but when you *had* caught him,

Even to the Macpherson, condemned criminal as he was, a last request was granted, and this request was, of all things, that he might be allowed to play a tune! Immediately a superb collection of bagpipes was offered to

him from which to choose, but these he declined with a somewhat disparaging air, and produced from a green bag (which might to modern eyes have seemed suitable for holding the documents in the case, but then such complications were dispensed with) a carefully-preserved fiddle. Then the procession was formed, and to the strains of the instrument, which discoursed, tradition tells us, most excellent music, and not at all in slow time, it moved off to the place of execution. The decorum of the whole proceeding may be questioned; all the gravity of the clergyman could not prevent his giving an occasional shuffle; the jailor jangled his keys in a sort of rhythmical manner; the hangman moved forward with a kind of bounding motion; whilst the meaner attendants actually capered. And when they came to the fatal spot the Macpherson fairly led off the dance.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Beneath the gallows-tree.

At the same time giving utterance (if we are to credit Burns) to the following sentiments:—

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not aveng'd be.

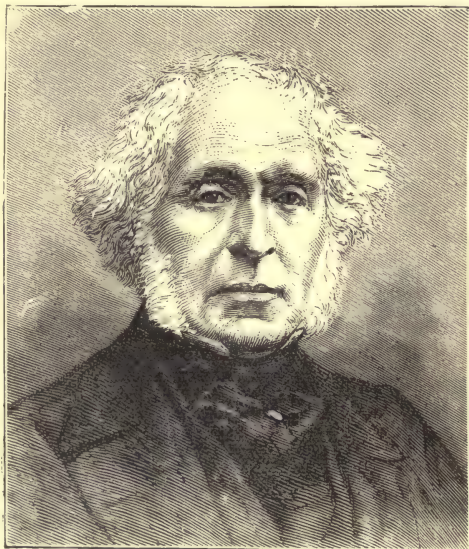
Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

When the last moment came he seemed to part with the world easily enough,

but not so easily with his fiddle. He looked at it longingly, and then offered it to the crowd. But they shrank back with horror. There was evidently something “uncanny” about the instrument. “Whereupon he broke it upon his knee, and with an indignant countenance submitted to his fate.”

Such was the end of Macpherson and his fiddle. In our own day Banff is probably best known

as the residence of the Scottish naturalist, Thomas Edward. All the world has read his story in Dr. Smiles's interesting volume—the most interesting volume in the Self-Help series. In truth, we were getting rather tired of that penny-wise philosophy which it has been Dr. Smiles's chosen and congenial mission in life to preach. This age has already heard enough of the gospel of getting on with its smug selfishness and veiled assertion of the beneficence of “Nature's poor law” of



SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

destruction to the weak. It is something better that Dr. Smiles has here given us—a life of “one of those men who lived *for* science, not *by* science”—one who, in his own words, had been a fool to Nature all his life.

Dr. Smiles has also acted very judiciously in giving us a great deal of Edward's own words in the book, for those are always graphic and pointed. The well-earned reward of a small pension from the Crown, brought to him by the widespread interest which Dr. Smiles's book caused, was something that he neither could nor did expect. All that he did was from pure unselfish love of science, and on this account, whilst obliged to work for his daily bread, he spent whole nights out in the fields and woods, and gained a more intimate acquaintance with the birds and beasts of those northern coasts than perhaps any other man had ever done before him. “A prophet is not without honour save in his own country and among his own people,” and naturally the narrow shrewdness of Banff considered him mad for neglecting the tangible results of the cash-box for a thing so unsubstantial as an acquaintance with the ways of wild

life. But there would be no science at all if it were not for such men as Thomas Edward.

It would be an interesting task to contrast the life of Edward with the life of a man like Sir David Brewster, and to point out the points of difference and resemblance. Brewster was born in comfortable circumstances, and his whole life was one long series of successes and honours. His life shows us that he too was obliged to work hard, though under very much more agreeable conditions. Perhaps the difference in their lots in life has not been so great as we might imagine, looking merely at externals. They were both devoted to science, and in their scientific researches they at once found their life-work and their life-works' reward. A case like Brewster's seems to have occurred to Edward, as we find an expression chronicled to the effect that with help he might have made his way in the world; we have no doubt that he would, and then the world would have lost a most attractive picture and example—the picture and example of one who, whilst remaining a humble workman, became at the same time an eminent man of science.



HOUSE IN WHICH SIR DAVID BREWSTER LIVED.

GLASGOW:

SCOTLAND'S COMMERCIAL CAPITAL.

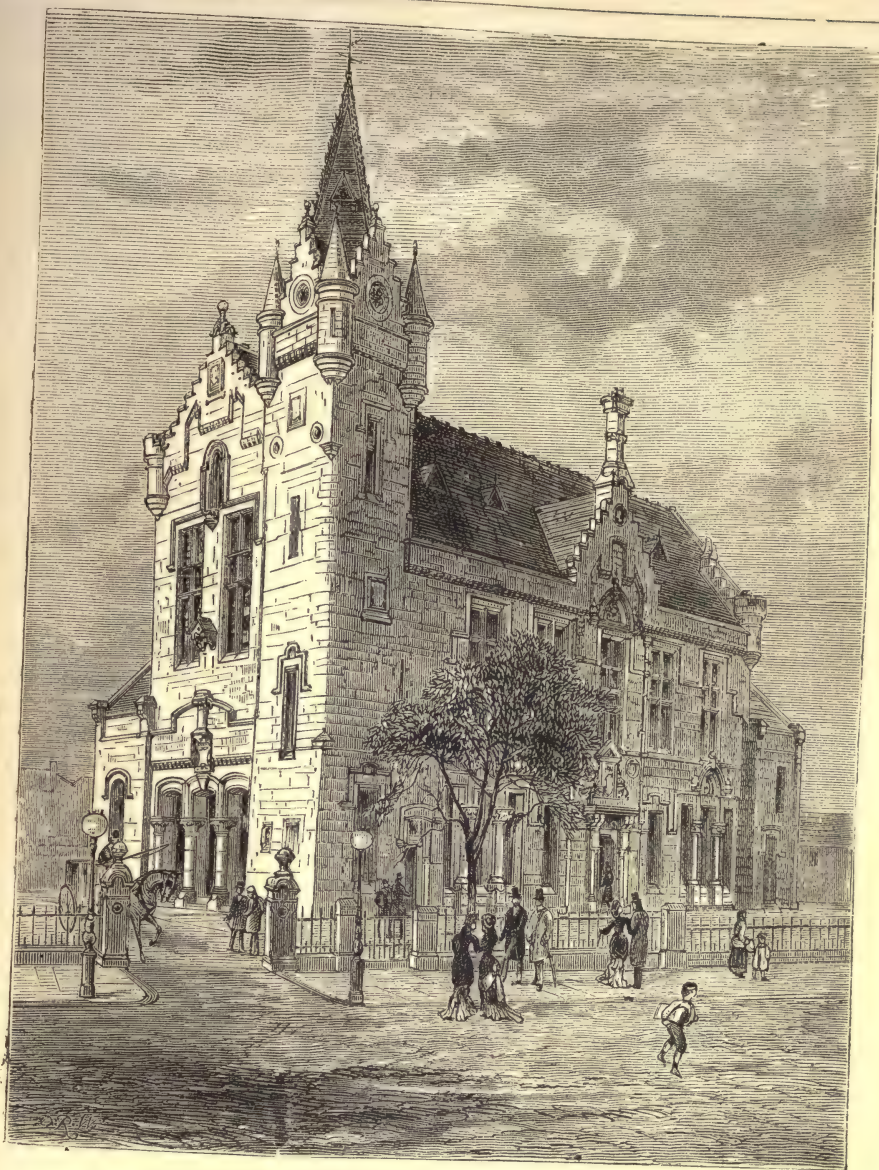


COMPARISONS are odious;" and perhaps no comparison could be more odious — especially to Glasgow people — than that which might be instituted between Scotland's two chief cities. Edinburgh is possessed of greater natural advantages than almost any capital in the world; Glasgow is in this respect below the average of cities. We never heard any one deny that Edinburgh was picturesque; we never heard any one assert that Glasgow was so. And yet the latter lies on the banks of a noble river, which, in some parts of its course above and below the city, would challenge comparison with the Rhine itself. Not only so, but the Highland hills come within a few miles of the town; whilst it has an intimate association with one of the most beautiful of Highland Lochs, for does it not draw its water supply from Loch Katrine? Much of its poverty in this regard is due, no doubt, to its heavy and moist atmosphere, which seems to keep the smoke lingering about it, and gives it a dulness which it would not otherwise have. With increase of commerce this dulness has also increased; and we dream sometimes that if the veil were lifted from the city, our adverse criticisms of it would be silent. Pennant, in his famous "Tour of Scotland," speaks of the view of it from the Cross in his day, when mills were fewer, and the smoke was neither so abundant nor so dirty, as having "an air of vast magnificence." A still older testimony is that

of Cromwell's soldiers in 1650, a testimony which must be very welcome to all Glaswegians:—"The town of Glasgow, though not so big and rich, yet to all seems a much sweeter and more delightful place than Edinburgh." In 1658 the "Perfect Politician" wrote of it as "a city of a pleasant site, upon a river navigable for small boats, which usually bring up provisions from Patrick's-town, ten miles thence, where ships of good burthen may ride. In Glasgow," he says, "the streets and houses are more neat and clean than those of Edinburgh; it being also one of the chiefest universities in Scotland." And writing at the same date, a writer named Frank characterises it as "the nonsuch of Scotland, where an English florist may pick up a posie." Such are some of the testimonies of former generations to this city, which may well give pause to those who allow to her no special beauty, actual or possible. And as we are quoting eulogies, let us also help the reader to "pick up a posie" or two of verse regarding it.

McUre, who wrote about two centuries ago thus dwells upon its grandeur:—

Glasgow, to thee thy neighbouring towns give place,
'Bove them thou lifts thine head with comely grace.
Scarce in the spacious earth can any see
A city that's more beautiful than thee.
Towards the setting sun thou'rt built, and finds
The temperate breathings of the western winds.
To thee, the winter colds not hurtful are,
Nor scorching heats of the canicular.
More pure than amber is the river Clyde,
Whose gentle streams do through thy borders glide,
And here a thousand sail receives commands,
To traffic for thee into foreign lands.
A bridge of polished stone doth here vouchsafe,
To travellers o'er Clyde a passage safe.
Thine orchards full of fragrant fruits and buds,
Come nothing short of the Corcyran woods.



THE NEW BURGH HALL OF CROSSHILL, GLASGOW.

And blushing roses grow into thy fields,
In no less plenty than sweet Paestum yields.

—Thee, O Glasgow, we may justly deem
That all the gods who have been in esteem
Which in the earth and ocean are,
Have joined to build with a propitious star.

We wish we could place beside these
flowing numbers the full texts of the

amusing ballad entitled "John Highlandman's Remarks on Glasgow;" but all we can do is to give a few lines as a specimen, with a hope that the intelligent reader may get a glimmering, at least, of their meaning. John Highlandman goes from his wild northern home to visit this (to him) great city, and is no doubt as much struck with it as the

dwellers in the Alpine districts of Italy were with ancient Rome. Here are some lines of his story:—

Her nainsel into Glasgow went,
An erran there to see 't;
And she ne'er pe saw a ponier town,
Was stan'ing on her feet.

For a' the houses that be there
Pe theikit [thatched] wi' plue stanes,
And a stane ladder to gang up,
No fa' to prack her banes.

She'll gang upon a staney road,
A street they do him ca',
And when me seek the shapman's house,
Her name be on the wa'.

And so this worthy goes on to tell of all the wonders he saw, and is now overawed by the sign of a clockmaker's shop, in which a curious figure was represented as striking the hours, and again he is somewhat frightened as he goes down to the Broomielaw, and sees a man throwing ropes, to be told that they are

“to hang the Highlandmans
For stealing o' their meat.”

John evidently at last goes home with a feeling that the glories of the great city are too much for him, and that for him, in his humble way, there is more comfort to be had in the company of “Shanet” and “Donald's wife” in his own Highland hut. But we must turn aside from these quaint delights of other days, and set ourselves to tell the reader something more substantial concerning this great industrial city of the West, which presents no mean claim to be regarded as the “second city in the kingdom.”

A word as to its geography. Glasgow lies on the banks of the Clyde, in the north-west of Lanarkshire, and just on the borders of Renfrewshire and Dumbartonshire, into which its suburbs have made considerable inroads. To the north and north-west of it lies the

range of the Kilpatrick and Campsie hills; and to the south of it lies the river, on the other side of which are the busy suburbs of Gorbals, Hutchesontown, etc. These suburban districts may now simply be reckoned as part of Glasgow itself. Glasgow is a little over forty-seven miles from Edinburgh, from which it is reached in about an hour by express.

The town, as it now is, is comparatively modern, but the germinal place from which it has been developed is of very ancient date. As to the name, great difference of opinion has been expressed, some thinking that it is derived from words signifying “grey smith,” while others think that it means literally “dark glen,” the reference being to the deep valley to the east of the cathedral. But there is a general consent of opinion that the name is of Celtic origin. When you wish to get at the founding of a city, you are generally expected to go back to the time of the Romans at least; and there is a tradition that the Romans, during their occupancy of Britain, had a station here about the spot where the cathedral is now. It may have been so, but there is little historical foundation for the idea; and the earliest date at which we reach anything like firm historical ground is the year 560, when St. Kentigern, or St. Mungo, is believed to have founded the See of Glasgow. Kentigern is said to have been grandson to King Loth, one of the Pictish sovereigns, and to have been born about the year 516.

He was trained under Servanus, bishop of Orkney, who used to address him familiarly as “Mongah” (in Norse, “dear friend”), and hence, says ancient story, his name *Mungo*. The story of Kentigern's coming to Glasgow is thus related by Mr. Mac-George in his recently published and beautiful book on “Old Glasgow”:—“After leaving Servanus, Kentigern went to lodge in the house of a

saintly man named Fergus, at Kearnach, who had been told that he should not die till he had seen Kentigern. Immediately after Kentigern entered his house he expired, and Kentigern, having placed the body on a car to which were yoked two wild bulls, he commanded them to carry it to the place ordained of the Lord. This they meekly did, and, followed by the saint and a great multitude, carried the body to Glasgow, then called Cathures, where they rested beneath certain ancient trees near a forsaken cemetery, which has been hallowed by St. Ninian of Galloway. Here the remains of the good Fergus were committed to the earth, and over what was supposed, no doubt, to be the very spot of his interment, the south transept of the cathedral was founded, and the lower aisle or crypt dedicated to Fergus."

Soon after Kentigern's settlement here, the King of the Strathclyde Britons so persecuted him that he had to flee into Wales, where he founded the church of Llanelwy, which was afterwards dedicated to St. Asaph. Marken, however, having been overthrown in battle, in 573, Rhodri, his conqueror, who was a Christian, invited Kentigern to return to Glasgow, which he did. It would seem that on his way home he tarried at several places in the south of Scotland, and hence the dedication of churches to him at Annandale, at Peebles and Penicuik, and other places. He is said to have died in Glasgow in the year 601, and to have been buried in the cathedral. So much for the history, as legend tells it, of the founder of Glasgow Cathedral and city. Perhaps our readers would be interested in the sketch of his dress which is given by Jocelin, Monk of Furness Abbey, and is a study indeed in the ecclesiastical antique:—"He wore a shirt of roughest haircloth next his skin, and over it a garment made of the skins of goats, and a close hood like that of a fisherman. Above this garment, concealed

by a white alb, he wore over his neck a long stole. He had a pastoral staff, not rounded, or gilt, or gemmed, as is now seen with those in high places, but of plain wood, yet curved back, *tamen reflexum*. He carried in his hand a manual, always ready for the exercise of his ministry whenever necessity or cause demanded. Thus, by the whiteness of his dress, he expressed the piety of the inner man and avoided vain glory." *

A monastic settlement was founded here by this saint, which Mr. MacGeorge believes to have been nothing more than a "rude village of huts, constructed probably of wood and wattles;" and in this little hamlet we may be said to find the nucleus of the city of Glasgow.

After this, history leaves a long gap—extending to about four centuries at least; the next thing recorded regarding Glasgow, indeed, being the appointment of three successive bishops, an entry regarding which is made in the annals of York Minster, in the year 1050, and even of this entry the authenticity is doubted. In 1120, King David, then Prince of Cumberland, re-established the see, and had his chaplain, John Achaius, a very erudite man, inducted as bishop in the year 1129.

The year 1175 was a very important one in the history of the town, for it marks the date at which, by the favour of William the Lion, it became an ecclesiastical burgh (it was not a *royal* burgh till the time of Charles I.) It is noteworthy that all through those early times the history of Glasgow was practically the history of its bishops; it was, in fact as truly as in name, a bishop's burgh; and it seems to have prospered very much according to the gifts and graces of its spiritual father. Thus, in the days of Bishop Jocelin, who held the see when the burgh was incorporated, it enjoyed abundant prosperity; and again during the reign of Bishop Came-

* See MacGeorge's "Old Glasgow," p. 15.

ron, one of the family of Lochiel—in the 15th century—it rose to still greater prominence. “The see, during his incumbency,” says one writer, “was in the zenith of its splendour, and his character has become the subject of unbounded praise and unlimited censure, as different parties have become his historians.”

It does not appear that in those early times Glasgow was much involved in the successive conflicts which agitated Scotland. Mention is made, however, of a conflict which took place on the street of the town between the soldiers of Edward I. and a band of Scotsmen, headed by William Wallace. It occurred in the night, and ended in the complete victory of Wallace and his men. He himself slew Earl Percy, and took possession of the Bishop's Castle. There is mention of a parliament being held in Glasgow in the year 1348; and perhaps the next notable event is one which recalls its ecclesiastical, rather than political, importance in those days—namely, its erection into an archbishopric about a century and a-half after the last-mentioned date.

Let it be understood that all through this time Glasgow was only a very small place. Its population up to the end of the fifteenth century appears to have been not more than fifteen hundred souls; and its increase seems to have dated from about the time when the university was founded (1452-3). “The population,” we are told, “began to creep slowly down the hill upon which the cathedral stands; and having reached the position of the present cross, it branched slightly east and west, forming portions of the streets now called Gallowgate and Trongate, and as the craft of fishermen had sprung up among the people, Saltmarket-street was laid out for the means of easy access to the river.” It is only in comparatively recent times that Glasgow has become populous; and a few statistics of its growth in this respect may perhaps

be deemed interesting at the present stage. In 1560, or, generally speaking, about the time of the Reformation, the population is supposed to have been 4,500; in 1610 it was 7,644; in 1660 it was 14,678; in 1688 it was found to have gone down again to 11,948. In 1708 it was 12,766; in 1712 it was 13,832; in 1740 it had risen to over 17,000, and in 1755 to 23,546; while in 1763 it was 28,300. From this time it rose steadily until, in 1801, it possessed a population of over 77,000, and, in 1831, of 202,426. During the fifty odd years that have elapsed from that time to this, Glasgow has continued to grow and increase marvellously, and is now, in point of population, the second city in the United Kingdom.

We return, however, to our historical sketch. With the Reformation, Glasgow seems to have become more mixed up with affairs than it had previously been. Comparatively quiet and peaceful under Episcopal rule, indeed, there were not a few who dreaded the Reformation lest it should work a change in this regard; and there can be little doubt that the external effect of the change was at the time not pleasant to tranquil, *laissez-faire* sort of people. The last Roman Catholic archbishop was James Beaton, a nephew of the notorious Cardinal of that name, and he came to his see in times which were too hard for him. Fearing lest there should be some trouble, the “canny” prelate made his way into France in 1560, carefully taking with him all the valuables of the cathedral, with its deeds and other documents. Twenty-eight years afterwards, he was reappointed to his see, but he thought evidently that he was on the safer side of the water, and—*remained there*. He died in 1603, leaving all the precious things of the Cathedral to the Scotch College in Paris, and to the Carthusian monastery, to be restored to Glasgow when Glasgow should be restored to their Church. In this case

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NEW BARONY CHURCH, GLASGOW.





they are pretty certain to remain *for some time yet*. The loss of the valuables was, let us say, much more serious than that of the Archbishop.

But there were other respects in which Glasgow was a sufferer in outward things at this time. The crown and nobles marred the glory of the Reformation here as everywhere by seizing Church lands, and, in the case of Glasgow, this meant seizure of property which practically belonged to the people; and the spoliation was carried out in circumstances of peculiar hardship. Moreover, the removal of a great religious body with much wealth meant also a great decrease in "custom," and in this way Glasgow also suffered. But it is to its credit to be said that, while some flinched and winced under a change which, they fancied, boded chiefly ill, the people of Glasgow accepted nobly the faith of the Reformation, and, calmly at the same time going on their way and attending to their business, they achieved material prosperity—in what great measure we know.

It is interesting to know that for a time, in the midst of its troubles, Glasgow was a royal residence, a circumstance which happened in this way. Lord Darnley, the ill-starred husband of Queen Mary, was seized with small-pox in January, 1567, at Stirling Castle, and quietness being necessary to him, he was taken to Glasgow—a change which would scarcely be thought of as one from bustle to quiet in our day.* Queen Mary followed him thither. Of course people rushed to the conclusion that it was no epidemic, but poison, from which he was suffering. It is painful to think that George Buchanan, who had some sense of truth and honour, should have allowed himself to become the mouthpiece of the libel that Mary had administered poison to him herself at Stirling. If proof need to be urged, it is sufficient to appeal to

the fact that, at Darnley's request, she sent her own physician to wait upon him—a physician who had seen herself brought through an attack of the same malady, and who had her entire confidence.

In 1638 an interesting event took place in Glasgow, viz., the meeting of that General Assembly whose decisions were fraught with such important issues both for Church and State in Scotland. At this gathering a decided stand was made. Scotland practically said to Episcopacy that it would have none of it; the Laudian Liturgy was set aside, and the long conflict between Prelatist and Presbyterian was fairly begun.

The month of January, 1652, is memorable as the month of a fearful and calamitous fire. It broke out on the east side of High-street, and in a little while six "alleys" of houses had been destroyed. "While the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were assembled," says one, "for the removal of the goods, and hindering as much as possible the spreading of the flame, the wind blowing from the north-east carried such sparks of the fire in the opposite direction as kindled some houses on the west side of the Salt-market, insomuch that both sides of the street were totally consumed, and in it the most extensive edifices of the town. It is estimated that about a third of the town was destroyed; and the people had to find shelter for awhile in huts in the fields, a thousand families having been made for the time homeless. A hundred thousand pounds was estimated as the extent of the loss. The fire, however, was not without a compensation in one respect. Formerly a great part of the town had been built of wood, and the speed with which it perished in the flames led the people to build anew in stone, much to its improvement in appearance and security."

Yet once more, in 1677, a fire took place, but with less serious consequences.

* Miss Strickland, however, thinks that he was seized with the small-pox at Glasgow.

And if Glasgow was wasted by fire, it had also its share in the calamities which war brings with it; for, in the course of the conflicts between the Royal party and the Covenanters, it was upon one occasion occupied by the former and barricaded, whereupon a serious struggle ensued. But it was elsewhere that the great events of the Covenanted struggle took place, and it seems to have been more by accident than otherwise that Glasgow had any great share in the national events of the time. For Glasgow, let us repeat, has no claim to great historical importance; its two-fold claim upon our notice is in its early prominence as the seat of an ecclesiastical see, and its modern prominence as a centre of world-wide commerce.

Keeping these facts before us, it is time to give some little account of its Cathedral, which may be said to be the embodiment of its earlier history. Fergusson characterises it as one of "the most satisfactory and characteristic buildings to be found in the country," and he gives the following brief and succinct description of it:—

"The bishopric was founded by David I., but it was not till after several destructions by fire that the present building was commenced, probably about the year 1240. The crypt and the whole of the choir belong to the latter part of the thirteenth century, the nave to the fourteenth, and the tower and spire to the fifteenth. The central aisle never having been intended to be vaulted, the architect has been enabled to dispense with all pinnacles, flying buttresses, and such expedients, and thus to give the whole outline a degree of solidity and repose which is extremely beautiful, and accords perfectly with the simple lancet openings which prevail throughout." The whole length of the edifice, measured outside, and exclusive of the western tower, is 300 feet; the breadth is 73; the area about 26,400 feet. It is

thus comparatively small, but—in the words of the writer already quoted—"its situation is so good, and its design and proportions so satisfactory throughout, that it is more imposing than many others of twice its dimensions." The spire is 219 feet high, and gives a noble completeness to the whole structure.

We cannot resist the temptation to set side by side with this matter-of-fact sketch another from a master-hand—the description which occurs in *Rob Roy*:—

"The pile is of a gloomy and massive, rather than of an elegant style of Gothic architecture; but its peculiar character is so strongly preserved, and so well suited with the accompaniments that surround it, that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn in the extreme. . . . Situated in a populous and considerable town, this ancient and massive pile had the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city on one side; on the other, it is bounded by a ravine, at the bottom of which, and invisible to the eye, murmurs a wandering rivulet, adding, by its gentle noise, to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the ravine rises a steep bank, covered with fir-trees closely planted, whose dusky shade extends itself over the cemetery with an appropriate and gloomy effect. The churchyard itself had a peculiar character; for though in reality extensive, it is small in proportion to the number of respectable inhabitants that are interred within it, and whose graves are almost all covered with tombstones. There is therefore no room for the long rank grass, which in most cases partially clothes the surface of those retreats, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. . . .

"The Cathedral itself corresponds in impressive majesty with these accompaniments. We feel that its appearance is heavy, yet that the effect produced would be destroyed were it lighter

or more ornamental. It is the only metropolitan church in Scotland, excepting, as I am informed; the Cathedral of Kirkwall in the Orkneys, which remained uninjured at the Reformation; and Andrew Fairservice, who saw with great pride the effect which it produced upon my mind, thus accounted for its preservation.—‘Ah, it’s a brave kirk—nane o’ yere whigmaleeries an’ curliewurlies and open-steek hems about it—a’ solid, weel-jointed masonwark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it.’ ”

The grandest part of the Cathedral is on all hands allowed to be the Crypt, which our great architectural authority pronounces “unrivalled in Britain, and, indeed, perhaps in Europe.” It belongs to the thirteenth century, and forms a base to the whole choir, under and beyond which it extends. “There is,” says Fergusson, “a solidity in its architecture, a richness in its vaulting, and a variety of perspective in the spacing of its pillars, which make it one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in these islands.” The centre of the Crypt contains the shrine of St. Mungo, in which is the “headless and handless” representation of the old patron saint. And probably of more interest to not a few of us is the fact that Edward Irving, once the “cynosure of all eyes” in London, a strange, comet-like figure, yet now a dear and holy memory, was buried. Nothing could be more fitly suggestive than the fact that in the window above it is the figure of John the Baptist, the stern preacher of righteousness. Dear Edward Irving, whose story, as sketched by loving hands, with all its faultiness, and spite of all, has been to us so full, not of

pathos only, but of help, lifting us out of life’s lower levels, leading us to the mountain-top for high communion; who would not look with tender reverence on his grave? Here is indeed a memory—

“To bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration.”

The Glasgow Cathedral has had some reverses, though, comparatively speaking, it has passed unscathed. Readers of Rob Roy will remember Andrew Fairservice’s account of the plan which was formed against it by “the commons o’ Renfrew, and o’ the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a’ about,” and how they were met in battle by the townsmen who “feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic.” But much fine work in altar and orræment, in sculpture and painted glass, was made away with about that time; and at a much later date—in the year 1820—an official vandalism which had no manner of excuse, cleared away one of the western towers and the consistory-house in order to prepare for improving the Cathedral! But still it stands there, in the heart of Glasgow, yet locally, as well as otherwise, above it, a sanctuary whose beauty makes us feel how poor is our language to express our admiration. It speaks to bustling, hurrying Glasgow of to-day of the old, devout saint who laid its foundations, and commends the quieter graces which in him appear, rising above the corruptions of the time; and high on its hill there it calls the men of the city to loftier aims and holier endeavours.

In all Glasgow you will find nothing so grand as this Cathedral.





GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

“GLASGOW COLLEGE.”



WERE the pious founders of Glasgow College to be brought to gaze upon the handsome new University—not so very new, alas for the passage of time!—they would not recognise their own offspring; and, by our reader's leave, we shall so far sympathise with these ancient worthies as to go back with them to their ancient college, by-and-by coming to Gilmore Hill once more. The old place was in the High-street, and an enthusiastic admirer thus writes of it:—“Situated in a dark and densely-populated street, the University of Glasgow presents something fine and imposing in its proud and massive front. It seems to stand forth in aged dignity, the last and only bulwark of science and literature, among a population by whom science is regarded but as a source of profit, and literature despised. On pass-

ing the outer gate, the visitor enters a small quadrangle which, though undistinguished by any remarkable architectural beauty, yet harmonises well in its air of Gothic antiquity with the general character of the place. This leads to another of larger dimensions, of features not dissimilar; and having crossed this, you stand in a third, designated, from the large building which confronts you, the ‘Museum Square.’ A turn to the left brings the visitor to a fourth, entirely appropriated to the residence of the professors. There is, indeed, something fine and impressive in the sudden transition from the din and bustle of the streets which surround it, to the stillness and the calm which reigns within the time-hallowed precincts of the University. You seem at once to breathe another and purer atmosphere; and if you be of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, you are apt to imagine that here you could cast off the coil of the world and its contemptible realities, and yield up your

spirit to the lore of past ages, where nothing is visible around, to intrude the idea of the present."

We do not know by experience whether Glasgow College had such a wonderful influence on its men. We doubt if it had upon a large number of them; we have never found an old-fashioned seclusion beside a crowded street so quick as the reader fancies in casting off "the coil of the world and its contemptible realities." But we know that many a true and lofty spirit learned to train its wings for flight in that old College of Glasgow.

Originally the College was not here; its germ—the "Schools"—was a house which had been owned by the minister of Luss, and which went by the name of "the auld Pedagogy." This stood in Rotten Row, and it included a residence for the students which was called "Collegium." In 1459, however, a part of the land in High-street was obtained, by grant in favour of "Master Duncan Bunch, principal regent of the faculty of arts in the Studium of Glasgow," a stipulation being that twice a day regents and students should rise and pray for the soul of James, Lord Hamilton, the donor, and Euphemia his wife. The property was considerably augmented by Queen Mary in 1563.

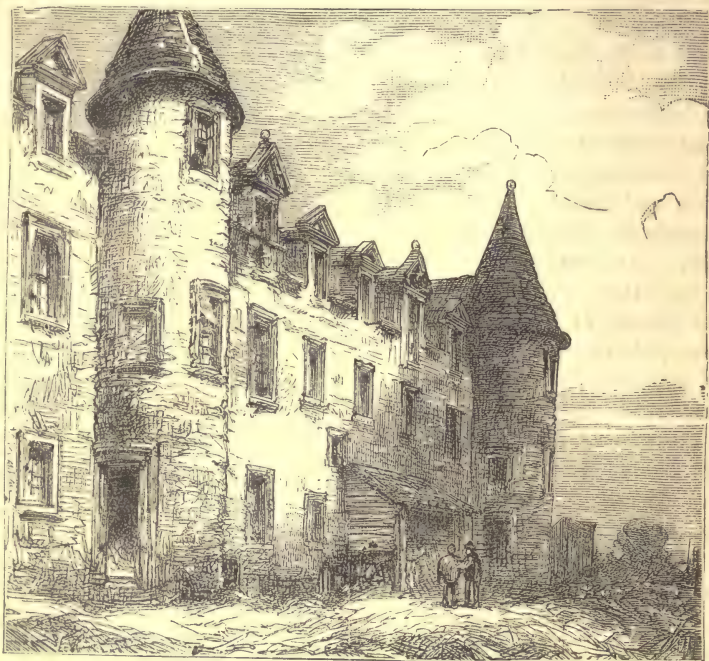
The old building, however, was not begun till 1632, and was not completed till about a quarter of a century later. It seems that in this (then) new college the students resided, having their apartments in the various courts, and dining at one table—at first paying nothing for their lodging, but, after 1712, being assessed at rates varying from four to ten shillings per session—not a very ruinous sum, certainly. A reminiscence of those old days is found in the pages of Dr. Alexander Carlyle's Autobiography, in which he says:—"I had my lodging this session in a college room which I had furnished for the session at a moderate rent. John Donaldson, a col-

lege servant, lighted my fire and made my bed; and a maid from the landlady who furnished the room came once a fortnight with clean linens."

Many memorable names are associated with the College of Glasgow, and many a pleasant page might be written concerning its famous teachers and students. Here, in the middle of the seventeenth century, David Dickson, an eminent ecclesiastic and theologian of his day, who is known by name at least to all who know anything of Scottish history, acted as Professor of Divinity, expounding the Scriptures, training his students in preaching, and, as was the manner of his time, lecturing upon casuistical divinity. Few men of his time so widely influenced the next generation as did David Dickson. Robert Baillie, whose quaint and clever "Letters and Journals" tell us the most that we know of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and form altogether a striking memorial of his time, was many years one of the professors of divinity, and finally became Principal in 1661. And here, in later times, Thomas Campbell the poet, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," received his early training, returning hither in the proud position of Lord Rector to serve his *Alma Mater* for a short while in the heyday of his fame. When attending College, Campbell seems to have been—as he could scarce fail to be—a marked man. Gifted with genius, and full of wit, old students tell how truly he was a centre of attraction to his fellow-students. Gathering around the stove in the Logic class-room, and glad to feel both warmth and joyousness ere they encountered the biting frost of a lecture, perhaps upon the Syllogism, the inquiry would go round, "What has Tom Campbell been saying?" Then some odd inscription—in verse probably—would be found by some one on the wall—"Tom's" work, no doubt—and many a merry laugh would be heard as the lines were read out. Campbell used to say

that this was a stratagem to get his fellows away from the stove and so to get some heat; for he was delicate and much in need of warmth, but could not push his way forward in the little crowd. One very hard December morning, a *jeu d'esprit* of this kind achieved a signal success. The lads—a large contingent of them, as usual, Irishmen—had taken their usual place around the stove, and poor Campbell could not elbow his way. Suddenly the report went round that

charmed circle of the stove. Later we find him wielding among his fellows an influence of an intenser kind: for political enthusiasm had seized him, and, after a brief visit to Edinburgh, where he had witnessed the trial of the "political prisoners" in 1794, we find him scathingly rebuking the manner in which such men were treated, and generally talking *pessimism*. But amid all these side-distinctions of Campbell as a student, he was withal diligent in his



QUADRANGLE, OLD COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

somebody had written a "libel" upon the Emerald Isle on the opposite wall. Off rushed all the Irishmen to see what it was, and found written upon the wall an imitation of a passage which they had had just before in the Latin class:—

"Vos, Hiberni, collocatis
Summum Bonum in—potatoes!"

All owned the sally clever, and meanwhile Campbell had got within the

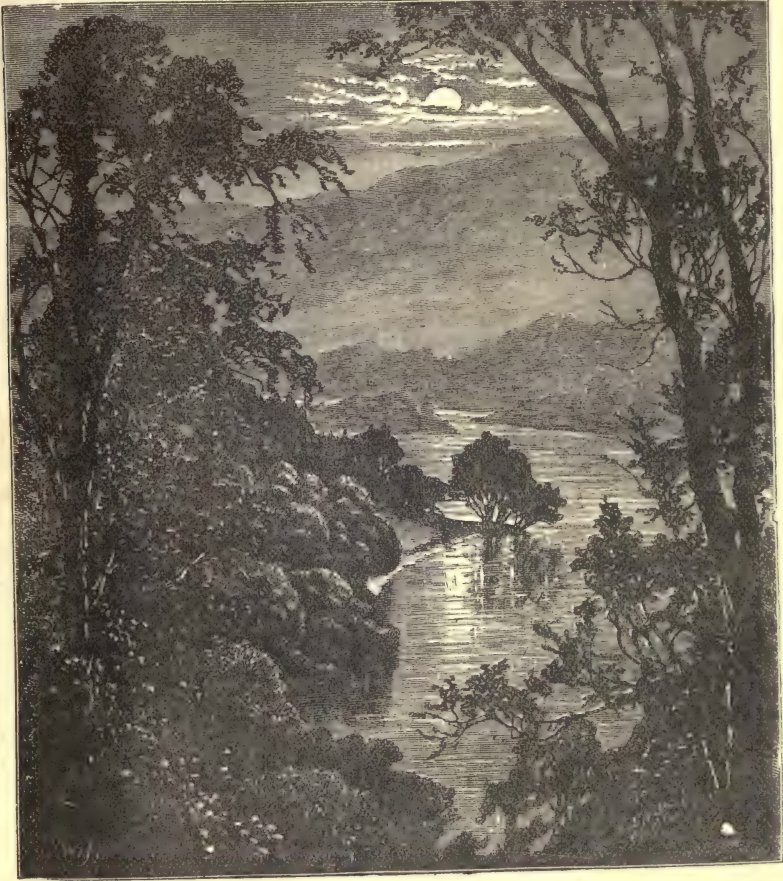
work, and many prizes testified to the fine discipline and balance of a mind so genuinely and highly gifted.

Campbell left college when about twenty years of age. In 1828 he had finished his "*Pleasures of Hope*," which he sold for sixty pounds! It is not our business to follow this *alumnus* of Glasgow College through the story of his growing fame, but we may give one picture—drawn from the genial pages

of George Gilfillan—of his election as Lord Rector, a picture of the College in that day as well as of the man.

"I had scarcely entered College," he writes, "till the grand but short saturnalia of the election of a Lord Rector took place. It was this year that Campbell the poet, after a keen contest with,

opposed to Campbell, seemed excited, in a measure, by the scene; and the students, especially those of us who had voted for him, were in a state of uncontrollable enthusiasm. How I longed to see the poet, whose poems I had read amidst the wilds of my birthplace, and most of which, indeed, I had by heart!



LOCH KATRINE, FROM WHENCE GLASGOW OBTAINS ITS WATER SUPPLY.

I think, Sir Thomas Brisbane, was chosen. Cobbett, I remember, too, was proposed, more in jest than in earnest. Campbell came down in March to be installed and deliver his inaugural address. It was a high day in the College. The grave professors themselves, although some of them were keenly

The Common Hall was crowded to suffocation. We students were fortunate in possessing, in our red gowns, a right of *entrée*. It was Campbell's native city, and he had never, we think, made a public appearance there before. He had left it a poor youth, and now returned in the full blaze of fame, and to be re-

ceived with rapture by the *élite* of its inhabitants. I was lucky enough to get into a position within a yard of the head of the seat which he occupied. I saw the pale, thin, sensitive-faced poet, with those black beaming eyes, rising up to bespeak the breathless assembly. I noticed that tremble in his voice and manner of which his biographer speaks in describing this scene, which left him, however, as he proceeded. . . . The speech was, on the whole, as a composition, slight and hurried, and was compared unfavourably with Lord Brougham's elaborate address, delivered two years before; although I heard poor Tom Atkinson, the bookseller and poet, truly saying in his own shop an hour after, that there were some things in Campbell's speech that Brougham never could have said."

Campbell set himself—to his honour be it spoken!—to do something, during his Rectorship, for the improvement of his loved University, and thus marked his term of office as one of the most brilliant which that University—whose Rectors have always been "picked" men—has known.

Of the old College, as a whole, it seems to us that a broad, wholesome, genial humanity was a chief characteristic. Aberdeen was more scholarly, but more stolid; Edinburgh more philosophical, but more priggish; St. Andrew's more refined perhaps, but weaker. But Glasgow, so far as our superficial knowledge of it goes, went more to the making of big, broad human natures, strong, thoughtful, enthusiastic, lacking in the finer touches of culture more than in aught else. And thus of its *alumni* it has had much reason to be proud, less for their scholarly distinction than for their strong manhood. We mention two names as typical—names taken from the roll of famous men of our own time, and familiar to us all—David Livingstone and Norman M'Leod.

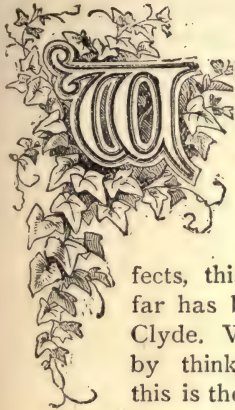
The new University stands almost outside the circle of Glasgow smoke, on Gilmore Hill, a height on the north side of the Kelvin. It was built according to the plans of Sir Gilbert Scott, the style being Early English, with a dash of a later fashion. The centre tower was to be three hundred feet high, while the floor-space extends to about six acres. "Exclusive of library and museum, there are ninety-eight appropriated apartments, and each Chair has a distinct class-room, with its retiring-room, and, whenever necessary, all the suitable laboratories and apparatus-rooms. A very large and commodious reading-room for the students is in close proximity to the library. The Common Hall—called the 'Bute Hall'—has been erected by the Marquis of Bute, at an expense of about £40,000 and a bequest of £60,000 by Charles Randolph, an eminent marine engineer, is, among other purposes, to be devoted to finishing the great tower."

The University possesses a very fine library, one special feature in its wealth being the possession of the library of the eminent philosopher of a former day, Sir William Hamilton; and the Hunterian Library has a fine collection of early printed books, and pictures.

It only remains to be said that the University of Glasgow possesses amongst its present staff of professors not a few men of great eminence. The eloquent Dr. Caird is Principal, and his scarcely less eminent brother, Mr. Edward Caird, is Professor of Moral Philosophy; Mr. Nichol, whose own contributions to our literature are of high order, is Professor of English Literature; the occupant of the Chair of Logic is favourably known as the biographer of Sir William Hamilton; few men with any pretensions of a knowledge of contemporary literature or science can fail to know the names of Professor Jebb, of the Greek Chair; and Sir William Thomson, the Professor of Natural Philosophy.

THE CLYDE.

A TRIP TO ARDRISHAIG.



WE know that the critical eye which scans this book—if any critical eye unhappily should scan it—will detect, amidst many defects, this, that too little by far has been said about the Clyde. We console ourselves by thinking that, perhaps, this is the less blameworthy, since of all the rivers of Scotland, perhaps none is so well known; but we still feel that we should make this portion of our book sadly defective did we not say something of it here. Perhaps we shall do the best we can do, now that space is very limited, by telling our readers something of its beauties by describing one of the finest excursions that can be made in or about Scotland—the trip to Ardrishaig.

We start in early morning from Glasgow, and make our way out of the smoky city by way of Partick, at which point the great river is joined by the Kelvin. Amongst the places of interest which we pass in the earlier part of our journey are Elderslie, the birthplace of William Wallace, and Blythswood, close by which the little stream, the Cart, to use Burns's phrase, "rins rowing to the sea." But it is when the river opens out about Dumbarton that it wears again the glory which it possessed in its upper reaches before it was contaminated by the trade of the great town. From this point onwards it presents a scene, alike in itself, and by means of the beauty of many spots upon its either bank, which it is not easy to describe in terms too enthusiastic. Of

Dumbarton itself, with its grand rock, we have spoken already; and now a little further on to your right is the sweet little village of Cardross, one of the many sunny villages with which the river is lined, and known throughout Scotland at least through the accident of its having given its name to a certain *cause célèbre* in ecclesiastical law, which every Scottish churchman knows. A little further forward, on the same side, is Helensburgh, a gay little town much frequented in summer by the rich merchants of Glasgow, and situated picturesquely just at the opening of the Gareloch, on whose shores lie the well-known villages of Roseneath and Row.

On the opposite side from Helensburgh, and forming the chief halting-place of our steamer, is Greenock, "populous with ships," and famous, not for its shipping only, but for its sugar-refineries, ironworks, cotton and woollen manufactures, etc. Here James Watt, the engineer, was born; but no trace remains of his home save in the "Watt Tavern," which has been built upon its site. A better memorial of him is the Watt Monument, built by the younger Watt, to house a library which he had presented to the town. The tourist, upon pleasure bent, will probably resist the temptation—perhaps will not feel it—to halt at Greenock. Like most places of bustling trade, it gives but little quarter to the loungeur or the traveller. Steaming away again, therefore, you soon forget the sugar-refining and the cotton-spinning, and rejoice to find yourself fairly launched upon the broad estuary of the Clyde. Now you are amidst the glories of Scottish scenery, and realise to yourself the poet's description of it as



GLASGOW BRIDGE.

the "land of the mountain and the flood." "You pass the point of Gourrock," says Alexander Smith, "and you are in the Highlands. From the opposite coast

Loch Long stretches up into yon dark world of mountains. Yonder is Holy Loch, smallest and loveliest of them all. A league of sea is glittering like frosted

silver between you and Dunoon. The mighty city, twenty miles away, loud with traffic, dingy with smoke, is the working Glasgow; here, nestling at the

foot of mountains, stretching along the sunny crests of bays, clothing beaked promontories with romantic villas, is another Glasgow, keeping holiday the whole summer long. These villages are the pure wheat; the great city, with its strife and toil, its harass and heart-break, the chaff and husks from which it is winnowed. The city is the soil, this region the bright consummate flower."

A more beautiful description of this scene could not be found; and, we should add also, perhaps no more truthful account could be given; only that to us uncommercial folk, envious perhaps somewhat of the very-well-to-do, the "consummate" beauty of the "flower" is painfully mingled in thought with the "consummate"—well, lack of beauty, let us say, of the Glasgow tongue as spoken by one's side perchance by some portly Glasgow merchant, who has a country house down hereabout, and a good balance at his banker's.

But we are forgetting to note the various places as we pass them. Here is Dunoon, now, along with Kirn, forming nothing less than a little town; and a few miles further on is Innellan, a sweet little village, its pretty row of villas stretching far along the shore, their windows seeming to smile a bright answer to the sun as you pass. Soon we are at Rothesay, the capital of the island of Bute, where we might well spend a whole holiday had we time. For Bute has been well described as "fairest of all the islands of the Clyde." "From its sheltered position," writes a somewhat extreme admirer, "it has an atmosphere soft as that of Italy, and is one huge hospital now. You turn out in the dog-days, your head surmounted with a straw hat ample enough to throw a shadow round you; your nether man encased in linen ducks, and see invalids sitting everywhere in the sunniest spots, like autumn flies, or wandering feebly about, wrapped in greatcoats,

their chalk faces shawled to the nose. You are half broiled, they shiver as if in an icy wind."

Now, having the while passed Colintraive, we are in the Kyles of Bute, and the scenery grows wilder and grander than before. You are sailing for the time in a very narrow strip of deep water, locked in on either side by steep heights, and these appear to meet so close in front of you, that it seems almost as if you were coming to an end of your journey—at least, so far as its steamer part is concerned. But soon the boat turns to the left, and the glorious open expanse of Loch Ridden spreads out before you. "Here we have glen and mountain, loch and stream, with, if it be calm, the reflection of the hills in the bright green water, so that every turn we make discloses new and more exciting beauties." Just at the entrance to this loch is a small island called *Eilan Greg*, with one single tree upon it—a spot notable from the fact that here a fort was built by the Earl of Argyle in 1685, upon the occasion of his unfortunate attempt.

About this point on the shore of Bute are two curious rocks called the "Maids of Bute," so named from their appearance, which is thought to represent two maidens sitting side-by-side; and a little further on we stop at that not very *spellable*—and not particularly *pronounceable*—but very beautiful place, Tighnabruaich, or "The House of the Brae," a favourite resort of town-tired people, who like the quiet, and glory in the vision of sea and mountain which it affords. Alas, with them the quietude begins to disappear, and now the lone spot, once marked only by a solitary house, and that not long ago, is beginning to be dotted with villas, which seem somewhat "far frae hame" in this wild corner of the world. Passing Ardnamont Point, you are soon in the glorious expanse of Loch Fyne, which stretches away up to, and beyond, In-

verary, the capital of the Western Highlands. Famed, far and near, for its herrings, which are supposed to be superior to all other herrings in the sea, it is none the less worthy to be reckoned famous for the grandeur of its scenery, which its more material renown has somewhat served to obscure, at least in the idea of those who have never seen it. In a little while you touch at Tarbert, a thriving little village, the emporium of the Loch Fyne herrings, and, moreover, beautifully situated on its own little loch. One is much tempted to break one's journey here, and some delightful days might be spent in exploring the scenery around. Tarbert, we may add, boasts its Castle, which was wont to be the great fortress of Cantyre, and formed the residence for a time in old days of the Bruce, and still later of James II.

To the left of us, as we move onward, is the ridge called *Sliabh Gail*, the supposed scene of the death of Diarmid, celebrated in the song of Ossian. And just while we are dreaming ourselves away into the strange, wild world which the name of Ossian calls up, we find ourselves at our journey's end, Loch Gilp, in the harbour of the fair little village of Ardrishaig, which to the tourist becomes again the starting-point for still grander excursions into the wild Highlands, where, having been already, alas, we cannot follow him.

We are ashamed that our words are so poor in attempting to describe a scene so magnificent as that which is continu-

ously before the eye, from the time, at least, when you pass Helensburgh till you reach Ardrishaig. Many a "travelled" man will confess that he has seen nothing grander, aye, even though he has sailed up the Rhine, and made himself acquainted with the Lurlei and the sweet town of Bingen. It is scenery which, given good weather—more scarce here than in some other parts—never palls upon you, and those who are happy enough to live within easy reach of it will probably be the readiest to assert that, take this excursion every year, and several times a year, it always retains its charm, and its loveliness will never seem to wear out. There is something about it all, too, which is very exhilarating. Much of the country through which we have travelled in the course of our survey of Scotland, while grand, has been somewhat painfully impressive; wild Ben Nevis frowns upon you when you draw near to his feet; the "melancholy main" about Skye is too overwhelming for some of us; but the reach of the Clyde ever enriches the mind with fresh joys, and fills the soul with gladness. The broad expanse of blue waters, bright in the summer sunshine, and gay with many a thronged steamer and many a dainty yacht, speak shame to your dullness; the kindly western breeze wafts new health into heart and limb; and, while yon remote mountains, even in their massive glory, speak peace to the people, the little hills rejoice on every side.





HOUSE IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE WAS BORN.

THE HOME OF LIVINGSTONE.



LT must not be forgotten that Livingstone was a Scotchman, and the great traveller carried with him to the end many characteristics of his early days. And as we have visited the homes and haunts of various great sons of Caledonia, we must not leave the neighbourhood of Glasgow without taking a trip down to Blantyre to see the home of Livingstone. You make your way down from the smoky city through miles of

smoke, where "tall chimneys supply the place of trees," and, after a journey of some eight miles, you find yourself at Blantyre, a busy little place, where Livingstone's early days were spent. He sprang on the mother's side from a Covenanting family; and of his great-grandfather, Gavin Hunter, Dr. Blaikie says that "he might have sat for the portrait of David Deans." His own parents, Neil and Agnes Livingstone, were of the class described as "honest poor," a lady and gentleman in truth; and here let it be said to the honour of Scotland, that perhaps nowhere will you find amongst the same class more

of what constitutes true dignity, or suggests a true idea of the gentle life, than among the pious poor of Scotland. In that little home of Blantyre, there were quiet influences at work which went to the making of this man what he was, and it is impossible to guess how much of the true greatness of his life

had no crust to penetrate, but came beaming out freely like the light of the sun. Her son loved her, and in many ways followed her. It was the genial, gentle influences that had moved him under his mother's training that enabled him to move the savages of Africa."

How she lived in his memory we can



HUT IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE DIED.

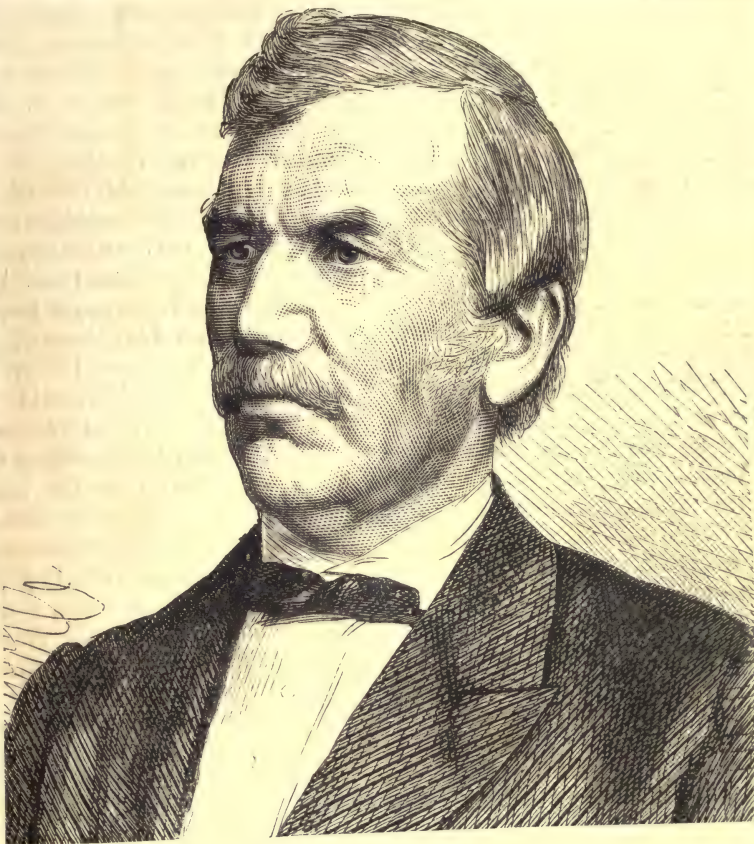
was learned at his mother's knee. "Mrs. Livingstone's family," says Dr. Blaikie, "spoke and speak of her as a very loving mother, one who contributed to their home a remarkable element of brightness and serenity. . . . She was most careful of household duties, and attentive to her children. Her love

easily see; and one sees the tear standing in the eye as one reads how, when he came home again from his long travels in 1864, he wrote, "Mother told me stories of her youth; they seem to come back to her in her eighty-second year very vividly." We dream how proud this fine old woman must have

seen of her great son; aye, and how proud, too, that son must have been of his mother.

This was, indeed, enough—this home-life of his in Blantyre—to make him love his own class as he did; enough to make

through and through. And when, in later years, he used to come down from Glasgow, he was the same David, nowise puffed up with what he had seen and experienced in the big "toon," but full of talk about all that had been happening



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

him careless about the knighthoods so eagerly coveted, they say, by civic officials and the like.

David was a favourite child in the home, happy and transparent in his character—a member of his household

to him. Yet with this geniality there was no softness, and Dr. Blaikie relates an incident which shows his readiness to endure some hardship even in those early days. Neil Livingstone used to lock his door at the "dark'nin'," and every one

was expected by that time to be home. One evening David was late, and when he reached the house, the door was fast. He was equal to the situation; he got a bit of bread, off which he made his supper, and sat down quietly on the doorstep to pass the night; and when his mother, a little later, looked out to see if she could see any trace of him, there was the patient little lad resting quietly on the threshold of his home. It is out of such men that God often makes His heroes; boys that make little noise, and do not show aught of the bully; apt and early scholars in the school of patient discipline; and we think it is worth our going down to the unromantic little town of Blantyre just to get this fine hint of a text in the old Book,—“the meek shall inherit the earth.”

When he was ten years old he went to work here in Blantyre as a “piecer,” and after a few years he became a “spinner.” The first half-crown he earned was laid in his mother’s lap. By-and-by he was able to spend a little money upon his own purposes, and it is suggestive to find that one of his first luxuries was Ruddiman’s “Latin Rudiments,” over which he used to pore, night by night—aye, and on into the morning, if his mother did not come and take the book from his hands. So his days and nights were spent, the one in toil, the other in study, until just when he was coming of age, the Inner Light began to lighten him, and, gentle and upright before, his life was touched with a new enthusiasm. He became a Christian in heart and soul. With this new development came a desire for missionary labour, and at twenty-one he went to begin his studies in Glasgow.

David Livingstone found his mission far away from his simple home at Blantyre, and his lowly lodging in Glasgow, and made for himself a name which reflects glory, not only on the little cottage of Neil and Agnes Livingstone, but on Scotland and its people. We cannot

leave his first home without looking at his last alongside of it, and thinking the thoughts which come as we look now on the “house in which Livingstone was born,” and now on the “hut in which Livingstone died.” It is not, as so often, in the case of men who have become great; we do not mark the difference between the plainness of the birthplace and the grandeur of the last earthly dwelling. Livingstone’s last home was poorer far than his first—a shed—a hut; and yet few grander lives than his have been lived during these years. Nay, might we not say that his life was all the grander for this ending in a tent of straw and not in a palace, for it tells of a life with no coarse ambitions, ambitions only to fulfil its purpose, ready to go anywhere save where its mission could not be accomplished. David Livingstone knew nothing of “resting on his laurels,” and the laurels were kept until they could be laid on his honoured grave in “our holy and beautiful house” at Westminster.

What a story lay between those two homes—the first and the last! With burning zeal for human souls, you see him pursuing those preparatory studies which we have just left, impressing his fellows, we may not doubt, with his holy ardour and enthusiasm. Anon we see him ordained and sent forth; and yonder he is now among far-off heathen men, telling them that marvellous story which opened new and immortal springs in his being years ago. A kind and patient, as well as powerful, man is this missionary; and you cannot but feel that, even from the first, the men to whom he went must have felt—somewhat unconsciously it may be—that no ordinary soul was among them. There is a curious and even playful suggestion about the story which they tell of some chief whom he met, and who wondered that he should so patiently and humbly try to persuade his listeners to accept Christianity. “I would soon make them take my religion,” said the chief; “I would beat

them until they did." But Livingstone's manner of working had been learned in another school. All through he was the same patient boy whom we have seen waiting on the door-step at Blantyre.

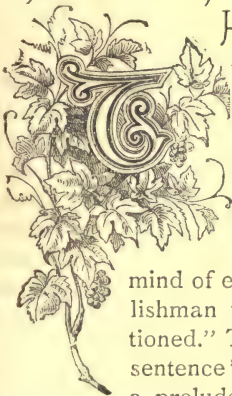
By-and-by Livingstone felt a new enthusiasm within him. His missionary zeal began to run in a new channel. He felt a desire to wander further into the interior of Africa than his ordinary work would allow him to penetrate, and thenceforward he came to be known as a traveller and a discoverer. But no man can say that he was less a missionary than before, or that the continuity of his life was in any sense broken, for his deepest wish was that by opening a highway, as it were, into those unexplored regions whither he turned his face, he might make it possible for those who came after him to carry thither that holy religion which lay so near to his heart. The story of his explorations has been told again and again, and it is no part of our work to tell it here. How

news came home again and again that he had reached further and further into the interior; how anxiously more intelligence was waited for; how he came home, and England scarce knew how to show her pride in him, who was not Scotland's only, but Britain's son; how in later days, when, as it seemed, nothing would tempt him away from his holy pilgrimage, he went so far "ben" that nothing was to be heard of him, and we grew afraid and sent explorers to discover *him* in vain; how at last a dashing scion of our "kinsfolk beyond the sea," H. M. Stanley, found him in the wilds, and brought us news of him; and then, all too soon after, as it seemed to us, how we heard of his last illness, and that mournful journey of our brave wanderer; last of all, how we laid him to rest in the old Abbey:—all these things are matters of history.

We proudly go back to Blantyre and muse how, amid its quiet, the tender sapling was reared which grew into such a mighty tree.

IONA.

"ONCE THE LUMINARY OF THE CALEDONIAN REGIONS."—THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ST. COLUMBA.



HE late Dean Stanley, in his eloquent lectures on the Church of Scotland, speaks of the "immortal sentence that springs to the mind of every educated Englishman when Iona is mentioned." This same "immortal sentence" may well serve as a prelude to our article on

Iona. "We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the

luminary of the *Caledonian* regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us,

indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." It would indeed be "foolish to abstract the mind from all local emotion." Iona has little else to recommend it. This small island, three miles long and one mile broad, with some hills in it, may indeed obtain from the surrounding sea and sky many fine shades of light and colour; but in itself

munication easy, if communication were desirable, and it had sufficient fertility to enable the little community to live by their own labour. There are the remains of several ecclesiastical edifices on the island; but these, it is well to remember, have nothing to do with Columba. "One of them," says the Duke of Argyle, "the least and most inconspicuous, but the most venerable of them all, may possibly be the same which Queen Margaret of Scotland is known to have erected in memory of the Saint, and dedicated to one of the most famous of his companions. But



"OLD IONA'S HOLY FANE."

it has nothing of the grandeur of Staffa, or parts of Skye, or the Shetland Islands. It is profoundly interesting for its memories, not for its natural scenery. It is the Holy Isle consecrated by the labours of Columba; it is the home of Scottish Christianity; it is the sepulchre where lie the ashes of her early kings. It is just such an island as we might choose for a monastic retreat. It is so far separated from the shore as to be beyond the reach of intrusion or disturbance. It is near enough to the larger island of Mull, and, through that to the mainland, to make com-

Queen Margaret died in 1092, that is, 500 years after Columba's death, an interval of time as great as that between us and Edward III." At the time of Columba the only edifices upon it were wooden huts, and these must very soon have disappeared. According to some, there was here in very early times a sacred place of the Druids, but this is a mere supposition.

St. Columba, Bede tells us, came to North Britain to preach the Gospel therein 565. He settled himself here, and formed an order of missionary monks, who

spread themselves over the mainland and the adjacent islands, converting the natives, and performing the simple rites of the Culdee Church. After thirty years of labour Columba died. The circumstances of his life and death are minutely related by Andaman, his biographer, who also favours us with an account of the miracles he worked, and which are chiefly remarkable for their almost childish simplicity. Thus an account is given of the recovery of a staff, which, through some mischance, had been left behind. A prayer being offered up, the staff moved into the sea and swiftly floated away to its owner. As the end drew near a vision appeared to the saint and imparted the glad tidings of his speedy release from earthly cares. The brethren were informed, and were moved to despair, but he comforted them, and bade them be of good cheer. Even the animal creation participated in the grief caused by the coming sorrow. The old white horse which was kept at the monastery approached him one day, and laying its head down in his lap as he rested by the path, wept tears of sorrow. It is said that Columba ascended a slight eminence, which can yet be traced, and uttered this prediction, which has been rendered as follows:—

“O sacred dome, and my beloved abode,
Whose walls now echo to the praise of God;
The time shall come when lauding monks shall
cease,
And lowing herds shall occupy their place.
But better ages shall hereafter come,
And praise re-echo in this sacred dome.”

When he had said this he returned to his cell and occupied himself, ill and weak as he was, with the pious labour of transcribing the Holy Scriptures. He came to the words, “There is no want to them that fear Him,” and then he felt his strength utterly fail him, and “Here,” he said, “I must stop.” Lying in his bed he now dictated his last message to his faithful followers. “It was in substance the old message which men like Columba

give when the storms of life are over, and when charity and peace are seen to be the great needs of earth.” During the night Columba lay in that stupor which falls on men when hardly sufficient strength remains in them to draw the few last breaths of earthly air. At the dark hour before the dawn, when even the energies of men in health are at their lowest, there fell on his ears the sound of the matin bell calling the brethren to devotion. The sound seemed to give the dying man fresh energy. He rose, and “running before all others, entered the church alone,” and there on the altar, whilst the “earliest pipe of half-awakened birds” sounded strangely loud in the stillness, the brethren found him speechless and motionless. He had been some little time alone, for a light purer than that of an earthly dawn had gleamed within the chapel with an awful radiance that for a moment stayed the feet of the brethren. It faded, and the place was again dark. They pressed in, ashamed of the delay, and raised up the old man. He made some motion with his hand, as if to give them the sign of blessing, and then all was over. It was nearly the middle of June, and soon the morning light filled the building, but he had another morn than theirs. So, praying and working, lived and died Columba, the Apostle of the Scots, one of those men who make history. In him the religious history of Scotland began: a history which, as expressed in a variety of different forms and creeds — Culdee, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Latitudinarian — and full as it is of crimes and errors and blunders, and marred as it is by hypocrisy and fanaticism, yet, after every deduction, still remains the field on which has been exhibited everything that is best and highest, and deepest and noblest in Scotch nature. In Columba himself it may be truly said that all the best elements of that religion were combined. Even the superstitious

stories with which his life is surrounded have nothing unpleasing about them. There is a child-like simplicity in them; they are the evident productions of an age of ignorance it is true, but of the happy ignorance that is refined by simple and pure faith. They have the first feeling of a nation's dawn in them, and have the innocence of the tales of childhood. Columba was a genuine product of the Celtic nature in its highest form. Poorly as that nature acquits itself amidst the commonplace toil of a humdrum existence, such as it must always be the lot of the majority of men to lead, it is yet capable of an intensity of spiritual devotion, of a perfection of purity and divine self-abnegation such as the gross and stolid Saxon is hardly capable of conceiving, far less of attaining. This absolute devotion to a great unselfish end is seen in every act of Columba's life, and this gives the whole a beautiful connection and harmony.

Scotland was not unmindful of her Apostle. The soil of Iona became holy ground, and in this sacred spot the Scottish rulers of many generations were laid. It was thought that Iona was specially favoured of Heaven, and a Gaelic prophecy of dubious antiquity was quoted to show that in the time of the last convulsion it should be protected from the fate that was destined to overtake the neighbouring shores.

Seven years before that awful day
When Time shall be no more,
A dreadful deluge shall o'ersweep
Hibernia's mossy shore.
The green-clad Isla, too, shall sink,
While with the great and good,
Columba's happy isle shall rear
Her towers above the flood.

It is the spot which Shakspeare mentions as assigned for the tomb of the murdered Duncan. He was to be

"Carried to Colm's-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his ancestors,
And guardian of their bones."

Malcolm Canmore, the last of the specially Celtic kings, was interred at Dunfermline instead of here, and this marked, in a striking and impressive manner, the end of the old order of things in Scotland—the change from a purely Celtic to a Saxon, or at any rate a mixed rule.

Iona was the burial-place of others besides Scottish monarchs. From great distances were here brought the remains of kings of Ireland, France, and Norway. Many of the Lords of the Isles were buried here, and the tombs are still shown of these, and of Abbots Mackinnon and Kenneth, of St. Oran, and of St. Columba himself—though it is supposed that the ashes of this saint were removed to Dunkeld—and of the chiefs of the lines of Maclean, Macleod, and Macdonald, and many others. The island had by no means that quiet history which its reputation deserved. At no distant date after Columba's death, the Norsemen, who proved so troublesome to the west coast of Scotland, attacked it, slew many of the monks, and drove the rest away. The piety of a future generation reared nobler buildings on the sacred isle. Yet it was still exposed to visits, if not attacks, from the rude Norsemen. At the entrance to St. Oran's chapel—still remaining entire among the ruins—Magnus, King of Norway, struck by some sudden terror, drew hastily back and departed, without harming the island, in 1098. And so, in some sort of fashion, the religious life of the place went on till the Reformation, when the remaining foundations were summarily suppressed. The island was gifted to the Argyle family, and in this it was so far fortunate. It was meet that a great historic family, whose name is so entwined with the great events of Scottish history, should have the keeping of a spot of ground so important in that history. The present representative of that family has shown, by the interesting and scho-

larly account which he has given of Iona, that its sacred soil is in reverent and worthy keeping.

Iona was not merely the seat of Scottish religion, but of Scottish learning. In its monastery were preserved "the most ancient Scottish records, and its library is said to have contained some valuable treasures of literature." The most remarkable of these treasures were the lost books of Livy. The famous Æneas Sylvius, who afterwards as Pius II. filled the Papal chair, visited Scotland on an ecclesiastical mission in 1436. He intended to have gone to Iona and made a careful examination, but the murder of James I. prevented him. But there is no evidence to show that these books were really there. Indeed, "the lost books of Livy" were, like Prester John and the philosopher's stone, one of the curious myths of the middle ages, and the search for them about as vague and hopeless as that for the fountain of eternal youth. We have already said a few words about St. Oran's Chapel, evidently the oldest of the many ruins upon the island. We shall now quote the following description of what still remains to be seen there. It is some years old, but it is pleasing to reflect that for these past years everything has been done for the interesting island which the most reverent student of the past could desire.

"Of the venerable remains of antiquity in this island, the real dates are involved in obscurity. The Cathedral is said to have been rebuilt by Queen Margaret about the latter end of the eleventh century. It is constructed of fine sienite, in the form of a cross, and dedicated to St. Mary. The length of the Cathedral, or Abbey Church, from east to west, is 160 feet, the breadth 24, and the length of the transept 70. Over the centre rises a handsome square tower, about 70 feet high, divided into three stories, and supported by four arches; these arches rest on pillars about ten feet high, and eight

and a-half in circumference, on the capitals of which are sculptured several grotesque figures and devices in bas-relief. The tower is lighted above by two windows, one of them circular, and of peculiar construction. In this Cathedral, various styles of architecture are observed; the large east window is a beautiful specimen of Gothic workmanship. In the court of the Cathedral are two crosses; that called St. Martin's Cross is very elegant, and formed of one piece of red granite, fourteen feet high; the other, called St. John's Cross, is much broken.

The high altar of white marble, which stood at the head of the chancel, has been removed piecemeal, from a superstitious notion that a fragment of it was a protection against shipwrecks and other calamities; but the font is in perfect preservation. Near to the place where the altar stood, on the north side of the choir, is a tombstone of black marble; on it is a fine figure of the Abbot M'Fingon, or Mackinnon, in his sacred robes, with the crosier in his hand, and with four lions at the angles. The stone is supported by four pedestals, about a foot high, and round the margin is this inscription:—*'Hic jacet Johannes Mac-Fingon, abbas de Ji, qui obiit anno M.D. cujus animo propicietur altissimus. Amen.'* Opposite to this is a similar monument, executed in freestone, to the memory of the Abbot Kenneth, but it is much defaced; and on the floor is the figure of an armed knight.

Contiguous to the Cathedral are the remains of the cloisters, and also of the College, containing stone seats in niches for the disputants. At a short distance is shown a spot where lie concealed the sacred black stones upon which the Highland chieftains used to swear to an observance of contracts and alliances. On the north of the Cathedral are the remains of the bishop's house, with his grounds and garden still enclosed, and near to it is a cell said

to be the burial-place of Saint Columba.

To the northward of the nunnery chapel are the remains of a causeway leading to the Cathedral, called the Main Street. It is joined by two others, one of them called the Royal Street, and the other Martyr Street, leading to the Bay of Martyrs, where it is said the illustrious dead were landed for interment.

On the west side of Martyr Street is an elegant cross called M'Lean's Cross, being one of a great number standing at the time of the Reformation, but ordered to be demolished, by a decree of the Synod of Argyll, about the year 1560."

The nunnery chapel referred to in the above account was erected about the end of the twelfth century. It is in very good preservation, and within is the tomb of the Prioress Anna, of date 1511. The nuns, "who followed the rule of St. Augustine," were the last ecclesiastical order who inhabited the island. During the turmoil of the Reformation they were quite forgotten, and it was only when things were settling down again that this secluded "nest of Popery"—as the thorough-going ecclesiastics who then ruled over things spiritual in Scotland would have called it—was remembered, and the poor ladies were driven from their quiet retreat. The change was inevitable, and was one of those things that must happen in every great revolution; but it is impossible to refrain from lamenting so sad a fate. The nuns fell because others had sinned.

Although, as stated, a number of the crosses have been destroyed, yet a number still remain; and these are very curious and interesting specimens of Celtic art. "In the tracery on these stones we are often at a loss whether most to admire the elegance and intricacy of the design, or the perseverance

that overcame the refractory nature of the material in which they have been executed. Swords, ships, and armorial bearings, with roughly-executed bas-reliefs of warriors, form the chief objects of representation."

We shall conclude our account of Iona with those two fine sonnets which Wordsworth wrote after visiting the place:—

On to Iona!—what can she afford
To us save matter for a thoughtful sigh
Heaved over ruin, with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the Word
(Thy paramount, mighty Nature! and time's Lord)
Her temples rose 'mid pagan gloom; but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, these far-famed piles
Shall disappear from both the sister isles,
Iona's saints, forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
While Heaven's vast sea of voices chants their
praise.

How sad a welcome! to each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is yon neat, trim church a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud philosopher!
Fallen though she be, this glory of the west,
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine,
And hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than
thine;
A grace by thee unsought and unpossest,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.

Readers of "The Lord of the Isles" will remember several references to Iona. As, for instance—

They paused not at Columba's isle,
Though pealed the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toll:
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.

Well! we have been more dutiful than the voyagers.



VIEW OF FINGAL'S CAVE.

THE ISLAND OF STAFFA.

FINGAL'S CAVE.

REFERENCE has been made several times in this work to Dr. Johnson's journey to the Western Islands—perhaps one of the most interesting works ever written. The good English commonsense of the illustrious Doctor causes us to receive with attention the remarks which he makes on the manners and social conditions of the islands, and which are those of a shrewd and unprejudiced observer, or rather of a keen but kindly critic. No doubt the work

is full of errors of commission, and still more of omission; and the most remarkable of these errors is caused by the author's almost total insensibility to the beauty of the scenery through which he is passing—of this there is one signal and crowning instance. Staffa is not *once* mentioned in the course of the volume. It would, we confess, be unfair to blame Dr. Johnson for this. He was but the echo of the voice of his time. Amongst the thousands of books in the British Museum there is not one of any age entirely devoted to this grand island and its natural wonders. It is that striking change in popular taste, of which we have again and again had

occasion to speak, which has brought Fingal's Cave and the other treasures of Staffa into note. Men, wearied of the tame comforts of a luxurious civilisation, find a delight in gazing on these grander aspects of nature—aspects from which it would seem to be the disposition of the men that live among them to recoil with horror. One is inclined to begin a discussion as to where the proper standard in judging scenery is situated—Is it in the mind of the observer or in the object observed? is it mutable or constant? But this is not a treatise on *Æsthetics* or *Metaphysics*, so to ship! to ship! Standing on Iona we can see Staffa, which is but seven miles away. The island is of an oblong shape, and is very small, being only one mile long and half a mile broad. It is covered with grass, which affords a scanty pasture for a few sheep. "It forms an uneven table-land, partly declining to a rocky shore, but chiefly resting on mural columnar cliffs, pierced with caves." One reason of the comparatively late notice of Staffa is that its beauties are not seen from a distance; one must be very close, within a quarter of a mile, indeed, before the remarkable caves, which are its great attraction, come into the view. Little more than a hundred years ago, Sir Joseph Banks, going to Iceland, came on it almost by chance. He contributed an account to Pennant's "*Tour to the Hebrides*." This excited interest, and from that time it steadily grew in public notice, till now every year thousands of strangers from all parts of the world crowd to see it; and it seems, even to a writer like the Duke of Argyle, to be quite natural that it should be to the great majority a place of much greater interest than Iona.

The first cave we shall visit is the Clamshell or Scallop Cave, so called because one of the sides is scooped out in regular ribbed lines like a clam shell. On the other side the columns are as if

cut straight, through vertically, and consequently the wall of the cave has the appearance of a honeycomb. The cave is thirty feet in length, gradually contracting as we go inland. Separated from the island by a narrow channel, through which the tide rushes rapidly, is a pile of columns forming a cone. These rest on some others, which are, however, only partially visible even at low water. It is called Booshala, or the Herdsman, probably from some supposed resemblance to a herd. But human limbs are hardly joined together with such mathematical regularity, nor do they exist in such colossal proportions. We may now sail along the colonnade of basaltic pillars. From out of the broken ends of pillars at the base of the island, which are in a great measure covered by the sea, there shoot up a great number of pillars in regular forms, which support a vast overhanging weight of rock, over which, in its turn, the verdure of the turf is spread. Some of these pillars are exceedingly regular; others are not so, unless in the older guide-books, where man has improved on nature by so correcting the measurements, that all the caves and pillars look as if drawn with line and compass, and without a spot to break this wonderful regularity. The irregularity of Nature, however, is never a defect; and if we see this here by a broad sunlight, the very irregularities, by adding contrasts of light and shade to the picture, add greatly to the effect, and the exquisite purity of the water gives clear passage to the sunbeam that trembles in its depths. "As the general surface is undulating and uneven, great masses of light and shadow are thus produced. These breadths are further varied by secondary shadows and reflections, arising from smaller irregularities; while the partial clustering of the columns produces a number of subsidiary groups, which are not only highly beautiful both in themselves and as they combine with and

melt into the larger masses, but which entirely remove that dryness and formality which are produced by the incessant repetition of vertical lines and equal members." But the great attraction of Staffa is Fingal's or the Great Cave. The very name shows that though Staffa "was only known to the rude islanders," still it must have had some effect on them. This remarkable opening has been fitly compared to the nave of a cathedral, of which the sea is the floor, and the ever-varying voice of wind and wave the organ and choir. On each side rise a vast number of columns. These support the arch of "that species of Gothic work which has been termed the contracted." The columns that support the sides are very regular; but not so absolutely regular as to produce a monotonous effect. They are accurately arranged in different groups, which adds wonderfully to the general effect. The arch of the roof has a more varied appearance than the columns. It is deeply channeled in the middle by a fissure parallel to the sides, and prolonged from the point of the exterior arch to the end. The rising and falling of the waves at the base of the columns, and the various shades of reflected light which they produce, are among the most striking impressions which a visit to this cave leaves in the mind. Of measurement we may give the following: From top of cliff to arch, 30 feet; from arch to average water level, 60 feet. Breadth at entrance, and for a good way in, 42 feet; whole length of cave, 227 feet. Perhaps the most striking view is from the inside, looking back. The light is then more available. The great extent of the cave lies before us, with the ocean forming a majestic background, and away in the distance we easily catch a glimpse of the old grey tower of sacred Iona.

Although these are the chief sights of the island, it must not be forgotten that

there are several other caves which might have been distinguished in a less famed spot. Thus there is the Cormorants' or McKinnon's Cave, of which the entrance is noted for its great size. "The broad, black shadow," says Chambers, "produced by the great size of the aperture, gives a very powerful effect to all these views of the point of the island, into which it enters; and is no less effective at land by relieving the minute ornaments of the columns which cover it." The cave is noted for the almost perfect regularity of its structure. The same may also be said of the Boat Cave, a long narrow opening into the land. The interior is somewhat gloomy, as the entrance is so overhung as to prevent the free access of light. MacCulloch notes a strange effect which the heaving of the sea produced in one of the caves. "As I sat on one of the columns," he says, "the long swell raised the water, at intervals, up to my feet, and then subsiding again, left me suspended high above it; while the silence of these movements, and the apparently undisturbed surface of the sea, caused the whole of the cave to feel like a ship heaving in a sea-way."

The situation of Staffa and Iona, within sight of each other, is a very striking one. They are both deeply interesting, and yet their interest is of an entirely different kind. In one case it is historical, in the other natural, and probably something as to the disposition of a man might, with tolerable certainty, be inferred from the manner in which he viewed these two remarkable islands. We conclude with a few lines from Scott, in whose verse there is a fine, free, vigorous dash, so that we have the very rush of the waves and whistle of the sea-breeze.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark

On a breeze from the northward free.

So shoots through the morning sky the lark,

Or the swan through the summer sea.

The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,

And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
 And all the group of islets gay
 That guard famed Staffa round.
 Then all unknown its columns rose,
 Where dark and undisturb'd repose
 The cormorant had found,
 And the shy seal had quiet home,
 And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
 Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
 By skill of earthly architect,
 Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
 A Minster to her Maker's praise !
 Not for a meaner use ascend

Her columns, or her arches bend ;
 Nor of a theme less solemn tells
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
 And still, between each awful pause,
 From the high vault an answer draws,
 In varied tone prolong'd and high,
 That mocks the organ's melody.
 Nor doth its entrance front in vain
 To old Iona's holy fane,
 That Nature's voice might seem to say,
 " Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay !
 Thy humble powers that stately shrine
 Task'd high and hard—but witness mine ! "

TWO DAYS IN ARRAN.



HERE is a place called High Corrie on a ridge of Goat Fell in Arran. We cannot say that it is very remarkable in any way, and it is only fixed in our recollection by the fact that we stayed there when on a brief visit to the island. This is indeed the thing that fixes most places in the memory of most people. There is by no means a perfect fitness in such matters. We have not always the deepest memories connected with the best scenery and most important places. Even poets are not consistent in their choices, or, being divinely mad, cannot rule their inspiration.

What's Yarrow but a river bare
 That glides the dark hills under ?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder.

No doubt, save that every rock and tree and burn has been sung so sweetly, that the vale has a greater interest for men than far grander scenes. We do not mean at all to say that High Corrie is not a very fine place, even though "there are a thousand such elsewhere." It

consists of two or three huts on a hillside. We sailed over in the steamer from Ardrossan to Brodick, respectfully admired the new hotel, which we (somewhat rashly, for we were a set of poverty-stricken students) entered, were well entertained and well charged, and then set off in a boat, and rowed round, in the evening, under the shadow of the mountains, to Corrie, and thence climbed up to High Corrie. Living there gives one the notion of being perched—not quite securely—somewhere between the sky and the sea, and a severe gale of wind, or perhaps a touch of an earthquake, would apparently have plunged us down hopelessly, or shaken us off like ripe apples from an overladen tree. This was absurd, for the huts had stood many rough winters, and we suppose still stand them, but so it appeared to us. The whole hillside was full of burns, and they kept sounding through the silent night—when not silenced by the louder voice of the wind—making a sort of background to our dreams. Pleasant was the morning plunge in the deep cold water of those Highland burns; pleasant the climb up Goat Fell, and the far-stretching panorama that spread itself out before us from the top; pleasant, too, the wander through Glen Rosa

which always seemed full of painters; pleasant indeed to look back upon, as summer pictures of ease and health and sunshine always look when we are suffering under winter's fogs, and the frets and worries of our commonplace city life.

Arran ! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue,
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or wingéd Hippogriff,
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull monster and her sooty crew,
And as a god light on thy topmost cliff?
Impotent wish ! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition forms and heart humiliaties.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

But we are getting rather high up, and unless we want to be surrounded by mist (which, by the way, used sometimes to lap us in of a morning at High Corrie, till we seemed to live in Cloud-land), we had better set about a more prosaic description of the island. Arran belongs to the county of Bute. Its breadth is eleven, its length twenty miles. The name means sharp-peaked. There are various remains in the island, which tell us that it must have been occupied from a very early period; but what its history then was can only be guessed. The principal after historical events are the half-mythical adventures of King Robert Bruce, and these we shall have occasion to refer to in connection with some of the localities. The island also holds some dim tradition of the great Fingal. About the mythical nature of *his* wanderings there is no doubt at all. The mention of Arran naturally recalls that member of the great ducal house of Hamilton who was Regent of Scotland in Queen Mary's time—almost the whole of the island is now part of the vast possessions of that family. The great thing about Arran is its hills. We have already quoted Smith's say-

ing—"The ridges of Arran haunt Ayrshire." But they are prominent objects over a much wider area of ground. These give to the island a "lofty serrated outline," from the sea and the adjacent land, whilst they contain many lochs and glens, alike of quiet beauty and wild grandeur.

Arran is still, in many respects, a somewhat primitive place. This to the stranger is one of its chief charms; but at the beginning of the present century things were a good deal more primitive than they are at the present day, when Arran has steamship and telegraphic communication with the mainland. In 1807 one Headrick inspected those parts, and his report has been thus condensed: "Roads for wheeled vehicles had only begun to exist. Sledges, and baskets slung over the backs of horses, or on those of women, supplied the place of carts. The natives spoke the Gaelic language, drank home-made whisky, and frequently wore untanned shoes of their own cobbling. The cosy ancestral hut, with chimney in the centre of the apartment, whose window was the smoke-hole in the roof, still prevailed. Farms were held by communities; the runrig system (rig about, hence common risk from fire and sword) yet in use; fields were unenclosed; uncultivated lands common—all parties having grounds adjoining them being free to send to them as many animals as they possessed."

The parts in Arran usually visited first are, Goat Fell, Glen Sannax, to the north of it, and Glen Rosa, to the south. Goat Fell is *not* the mountain of the goat, but the windy mountain. The "goat" is a corruption of the first part of Gaoth-bheim, the Celtic name. The ascent presents no great difficulty, though the way is somewhat steep. As you go up, the various peaks seem to disentangle themselves from the mass, and stand out clear and bold. The summit is bare rock, without vegetation

of any kind. On a *very* clear day the mountains of Man (100 miles away!) are said to be visible. But the climber may think himself exceptionally fortunate if he catch a glimpse of the mountains of Mull, and to the east, still further off, those of Morvern, Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond, and Ben Ledi, with Ben Lawers rising behind these last. On the west a considerable portion of the Irish coast is also visible. The view from a lower point, the head of the Whitewater Glen, though much more limited, is yet preferred by some, who "consider it an illustration of the rule, that in Alpine districts the finest views are not obtained from the summits of the mountains, but from some one or other of the lower peaks. Here huge grey rocks tower far aloft on either side, great savage mountains so high and yet so near are all around, the yawning depths of Sannax beneath; wild desolation everywhere, while the hush of perfect stillness is only broken by the hoarse gurgling murmurs of the far-distant running waters."

Walking along the coast north from Corrie, we soon come to the huge rock-ing-stone—thirty tons in weight—that adorns the entrance to Sannax. The view at the beginning is very fine, it then falls off somewhat, but as one penetrates further into the deeper recesses, we have one of the most remarkable views to be obtained in Scotland. According to MacCulloch, "It is the sublime of magnitude, and simplicity, and obscurity and silence." If one can endure the fatigue, it is desirable to cross the shoulder of the intervening mountain, and descend Glen Rosa, where the scenery is of a somewhat softer, but not less pleasing character. Behind Glen Rosa is Ben Noosk, which contains the highest precipice in the island. It is a favourite haunt of the ravens. Descending the other side of this mountain we reach Glen Torsa, which lies between Ben Noosk and Gille Chamigil. Various

streams fall into the river that runs through this glen, and if we follow these upwards we find that they almost invariably take their rise in some high-lying and secluded loch, situated amidst a scene of wild beauty. If we follow the river to the coast, a distance of four or five miles, we again strike the high road, which runs right round the island. To the north of the island is a narrow but beautiful opening on the coast, known as Loch Ranza.

Brodict Castle is on the other side of the island. This, which Barbour describes as a "stith castell of stane," is still standing. Most of it has again and again been rebuilt, but some parts of the more ancient edifice yet remain, and there is a table in it round which "the royal exile and his trusty friends were wont to sit and quaff their wine, drinking revenge to Scotland's foes." The authority given for this extraordinary story is "local tradition." It was from the wall of this castle that Bruce looked eagerly, for the sign which was to summon him to the mainland. There is a very palpable imitation of the old ballad, which, notwithstanding, is very good ringing verse, just, we suppose, as some Wardour-street Vandykes and Rubenses are very good paintings, and which thus narrates the incident:—

When day gaed down ower Goatfell grim,
And darkness mantled a',
A kingly form strode to and fro
On Brodict's castle wa'.

And aye he gazed ayont the Firth,
Whose blasts were roaring snell,
And oft he leaned upon his sword,
Sad, muttering to himsel'!

"In vain, in vain," at length he cried,
And hung his head in woe,
When streaming far through storm and gloom
He saw the beacon flow.

Whereupon, as Barbour says, he

With his flote and a few menzie,
Three hundred, I trow they might be,
Went to the sea out of Arran.

As the reader knows, no doubt, the sign was a deceptive one, but Bruce determined to take his chance, now that he was on the mainland. It was in Arran that the well-known spider incident occurred. On the west coast is the King's Cave, where his majesty "put up" when he could do no better, and the place where he embarked for the mainland is marked by a standing stone, of which, by the way, there are a good number in the island. Brodick, though the most famous, is not the only castle in the island. To the south, on a "precipitous cliff of trap," fronting the island of Plada, is a ruined square tower of four stories, called the Castle of Kildonan. It is quite in the style of the old period. It is picturesque enough, both in situation and plan, but must have been abominably uncomfortable to live in. Far better the prosaic comforts of Lamlash Hotel, than the faded glories of Kildonan Castle. Alas! "the age of chivalry" is gone, and men prefer the comfortable to the picturesque. After all, men were of the same opinion then—in fact, it is not probable that they had even the notion of the picturesque to console them; but they could not help themselves. Loch Ranza and Lamlash also boast remains of castles, which we shall content ourselves with thus mentioning.

The remains of ecclesiastical struc-

tures in Arran, though not imposing, are ancient and curious.

North-west of Lamlash is the old church of Kilbride. It is roofless, and "its massive, unchiselled walls, with their small arched doors and windows, and the general features of the building, indicate a venerable antiquity." In the adjoining burial-ground there are many quaintly sculptured stones; but the designs are wellnigh illegible from exposure and neglect. The remains of chapels at Glenasdale, Kilmorie, Shiskin, and the traditions of others now quite destroyed, are a proof of the abundance of provision at an early period for the spiritual needs of the inhabitants. The ruins of the chapel in the margin of Loch Ranza remind us of the scene in "The Lord of the Isles," when Bruce seeks his sister, which is supposed to have happened here. Arran has long been a happy hunting-ground. Fingal roamed over its hills with his dogs, the Scottish kings retired here to pursue the deer, and at the present day it is used for this purpose chiefly by the owner. Were it in the hands of a number of proprietors, it would soon be opened up, be the seat of flourishing watering-places and busy trading. Whether this would be for good or ill is a question which will be answered differently according to the different tastes of those who discuss the matter.



AILSA CRAIG AND THE BASS.



WE do not mean to affirm that these rocks have very much in common, save that they are rocks, rising abruptly from the sea, and that they are both much favoured of the solan geese. They are on opposite sides of Scotland, and whilst Ailsa Craig is the more remarkable, from the point of view of scenic effect, the Bass has certainly got a more impressive history. Like Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle, and the churchyard of old Greyfriars, it is one of the "sacred spots" of Scottish history.

Ailsa Craig—to take it first—lies off the coast of Ayrshire; it was thus natural that it should occur as a simile to Burns. As it towered out of the sea it suggested to his mind obduracy and obstinacy. Hence "Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig." According to MacCulloch, "owing to the beauty of the local colour, the mild tones of grey interspersed with greens of every description, the columnar ranges of Ailsa produce an effect superior to those of Staffa, of the Shiant Islands, and of Skye—the uniform dark hues of these, without variety or contrast, often confounding the whole in indiscriminate gloom." And Keats speaks of it in not less estimation in verse:—

Hearken, thou craggy Ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is 't since the mighty power bid
Thee leave the airy sleep from fathom dreams?
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid?
Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep!
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;

First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
Drowned wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

Let us give a few words of more prosaic description. The height of the rock from the water is 1,000 feet, and it is two miles in circumference. Its upper part is cone-shaped, like a sugar-loaf. Its lower part is partly precipitous, partly columnar. A cave penetrates a great way into the interior, and the top is covered with the richest and most various vegetation, which is fed upon by a large number of goats and rabbits. These are but a part of the living inhabitants of the craig, which gives a home to great masses of sea-birds, amongst which solan geese, gannets, and puffins may be specially mentioned. It is only possible to ascend the rock from the side towards Ayr county, from which it is fifteen miles distant. Moreover, to ascend to the top is rather a stiff pull. The path is obstructed by loose stones, which often roll from beneath you when you put your foot on them, and the rank vegetation grows over the road. There are some buildings on the rock, but what they were meant for is not quite certain; probably there was an intention, at one time, to fortify the island, or to hold it as a point of observation. Of a chapel said once to exist here, there is now no trace. The rock gives his title to a British peer, the Marquis of Ailsa. We have already come across the family under another name, as the reader may perhaps remember, when we quote the various honours now held by the house—Baron Kennedy, 1452; Earl of Cassilis, 1509—Scottish honours; Baron Ailsa in the peerage of the United Kingdom, 1806, and Marquis of Ailsa, 1831.

So much for Ailsa. We pass now right across Scotland, to say a word or two about another rock-island, which, though far off from Ailsa geographically, takes a place beside it in our minds, the "Bass Rock," a huge mound of basalt, 400 feet high, which stands off the coast of East Lothian. Here dwelt St. Baldred, East Lothian's Apostle, they say, in the days of the past, so long ago as the sixth century. And long after those days, though, as it seems to us, at a very ancient time, James I. of Scotland, the poet-king, spent some time waiting till a ship was got ready to convey him to France. In after-Reformation times, Charles II. bought it as a state-prison, and unwittingly honoured it by making it the place of confinement of some brave Covenanters. Now it may be said that the tenants of the Bass are the *solan* geese, large white birds, which are supposed to derive their name from the solitary egg which each lays. Seen from a distance, the face of the Bass is perfectly white from the abundance of these birds. The poets have been attracted, as one might well expect, by this remarkable rock standing out to sea—an object which strikes you from every point of view, whether you are close by it, or gazing upon it perhaps from far-off Arthur's Seat. Home, who, in his "manse" at Athelstaneford, was not far

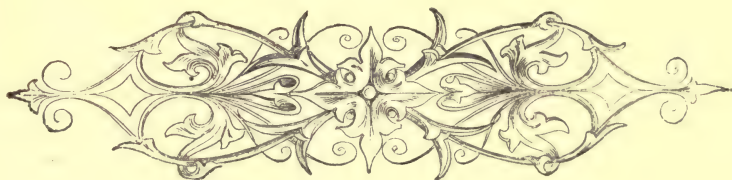
distant, thus refers to it in the tragedy of "Douglas":—

The fierce Dane
Upon the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,
Amazing Bass looks o'er a fertile land.

And Scott, in "Marmion," thus celebrates it and the twin height of North Berwick Law, which rises from behind the town which gives it a name:—

And now when close at hand they saw
North Berwick's town and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause awhile
Before a venerable pile,
Whose turrets viewed afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace or war.

To enable the reader to picture this huge rock to his mind's eye, nothing could be better than the description given by Hugh Miller:—"The sloping acclivity of the Bass consists of three great steps or terraces, with steep belts of precipice rising between; of these the lowest is occupied by the fortress, and furnishes, where it sinks slopingly to the sea, on the south-east, the two landing-places to the island. The middle terrace, situated exactly over a great cave perforated by the sea, has furnished a site for the ancient chapel, while the upper and largest terrace, lying but a single step below the summit of the rock, we find laid out in a levelled enclosure, once a garden."





OLD BRIDGE, DALMALLY, NEAR LOCH AWE.

IN THE LAND OF LORNE.

LOCH AWE—A HIGHLAND HESPERIDES—KILCHURN CASTLE.



LET us, without careful consideration of routes, and with no more preparation than is implied in getting on our wishing carpet, proceed at once to the heart of Argyleshire, and of the land of Lorne, and set ourselves down over against Awe's

Isle-studded lake,
Whose heathery mountains high their summits rear
With precipices sheer
Begirt, from whose high peaks the antlered deer
Look down, and eagles the far echoes wake.

Loch Awe is thirty miles long, and

from one to two miles broad. It is hemmed in with mountains, the highest of which is Ben Cruachan, which rises to an elevation of 3,667 feet. There are more than twenty islands in the Loch, and some of these are adorned with the ruins of fortresses and of religious foundations. One or two of these shall be noticed in their place. We have already described several of the Highland lochs, and shall not attempt to go minutely into the characteristics of this beautiful sheet of water. No two lochs in the Highlands are exactly alike, nay, not two are even approximately alike, but then Nature has unbounded command over unlimited resources. She has shades of colour that no word was ever

invented to express, and grandeurs which human speech cannot imitate, so it may well happen that our descriptions are feeble and halting, and difficult to be distinguished from one another, when the things may be various enough. The reader can perhaps imagine the long sheet of water winding in and out between the heather-clad hills, even if he has not seen it. Probably the reader has been there, for it is no difficult task to get to Loch Awe nowadays. This was not always so. Long ago, when a Campbell was threatened, he would reply with his defiant war-cry, "It's a far cry to Loch Awe," by which he meant that the foes of the clan would find it no very easy matter to get to this far-off country of Loch Awe, where the Campbells' home was, and that even when they had got there they might not be inclined to felicitate themselves upon the achievement. It is quite easy now for friends and foes to get to Loch Awe; but as the Campbells do not expect to be attacked in the old fashion, this does not, perhaps, matter. It is still, we presume, as difficult to get the better of them as ever it was, so "It is still a far cry to Loch Awe." There was a time, says the old tradition, when Loch Awe did not exist. In its place there was a deep valley, and in the valley a spring. At this period a race of giants inhabited the land, and they had for their dwelling the lofty heights of Ben Cruachan. The vale was filled with their flocks, and they passed their time in hunting over the hills. One sacred duty they were bound to perform. This was to guard the fatal fountain which was mysteriously connected with the destinies of their race. The last ray of the sun at evening, the first gleam in the morning must not be suffered to touch the water. To prevent this a large stone was laid over the fountain every evening before sunset, and removed next morning immediately after sunrise. This was duly performed for ages; but at last a time

came when there was but one representative of the race, the giantess Bera, who was so mighty that she could step from the summit of one mountain to that of another at a single stride. Her favourite occupation was hunting, and it came about that once in the heat of summer, after a fatiguing day's chase, she sat down to rest for a little. The sun was still high in the heavens, and there seemed plenty of time to lay the stone correctly, but she fell into a deep sleep, and did not waken till next morning, when the sun was shining high in the sky. She looked around her, but hardly knew where she was, so changed was the scene. A vast sheet of water now filled the valley. Many of the lesser hills were changed into islands. The flocks which pastured on their sides were all washed away. As she looked in dismay on the ruin which her carelessness had caused, she felt the strength ebbing away from her, and she recognised her doom. Her life was bound up with the life of the spring; as it had changed, so had she, and soon she lay down to die on the hillside. Her race ended with her, and Loch Awe is their only memorial.

Of the numerous islands in the Loch some are worthy of something more than a passing notice. The beautiful island of Inishail was the home of a congregation of Cisterian nuns. Hay, Abbot of Inchaffry, had changed with the times, embraced the new faith and the life of a layman, and was rewarded with the revenues of this little foundation. Till 1736 the building on it was used as a parish church, but now a few stones are all that remain. On this sacred spot has been laid the dust of many generations of the surrounding inhabitants. A sweet spot to rest in after life's fitful fever! "The island is all one blue field of flowers, as if the sky had fallen; it is always so in spring; in summer it is covered with green fern; and in autumn, when the fern dies, it reddens the whole island." "Was it not well,"

goes on Mr. Hamerton, in his charming "Painter's Camp in the Highlands," "in barbarous mountaineers, to bury their dead in lovely isles, where the fort of the marauder trampled not the grass on the grave, and where the living came not save in sorrow and reverently? The mainland was for the living to fight upon, but this green isle was the silent land, the island of the blest.' Hither the chieftains came, generation after generation, borne solemnly across the waters from their castellated isles; hither they came to this defenceless one, where they still sleep securely, when their strongholds are roofless ruins, and their claymores dissolved in rust."

Another island quite close is Frooch. There are the ruins of an old keep on it, but the boatman may tell you a story of a time long before the first stone of the keep was laid. Even now Frooch is beautiful, but its beauty was once something more than earthly, for it held an enchanted garden, and he who sailed past could catch a gleam of the golden apples that bloomed ever fair on the trees, and perhaps get a glimpse of the dragon "horrible and stern," that watched over them—could see him flap the air lazily with his huge tail, or open his enormous mouth in a very threatening and significant manner, if the careless sailor approached too near. Now at this period there lived on the slope of Ben Cruachan, just where the base is washed by the swift rushing flow of the Awe, a fair maiden called Mego. Mego had everything a reasonable maiden could wish for, and yet (or, perhaps, therefore) was not happy. And nothing would serve her but to have one of the golden apples. So she ordered the brave Frooch, her lover, to get one for her, and he, foolish youth, swore to do so, dragon or no dragon. So he swam to the island, and he and the dragon fell to with right good will, and fairly belaboured the life out of one another. Mego, after the most approved fashion

of the heroines of romance, pined away and died; the golden apples and the magic garden vanished with the dragon, and Frooch Eilan became as other islands. All this happened long before the castle was built, and yet *it* is old enough too. Alexander III. gifted it in the royal way that kings had in those days to Gilbert Macnaughton, chief of his clan, on condition that when the King of Scotland should go by Loch Awe the said Gilbert, his heirs and successors, should entertain him. We are unable to say whether any King of Scotland ever did pass that way, but in the '45, it was supposed that Prince Charles Stewart might possibly do so, and the then possessor, who was a staunch Jacobite, made every preparation to give him a suitable reception.

"Tangled shrubs and old writhing trees" now overrun the whole island. An ash-tree grows over the hearth-stone of the Castle, whilst the whole of the ruin is full of the nests of wild birds, which come up from the sea, and build here as on the other islands of Loch Awe, reminding one of the Scriptural sign of desolation—"Both the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, the owl and the raven shall dwell in it."

Inishconnel and Inisherath also hold ruins of castles and religious foundations, but the chief ruin on the lake is that of Kilchurn Castle, which lies at the north of it, on the east side. It is built on a rock, which tradition and geology alike tell us was once an island. Still enough remains of the walls to give us an idea of the stately nature of the fortress, which, according to the best critics, is seen to most advantage when the wind is driving the white-capped waves across the loch, and the dark clouds across the sky. The grim old ruin then fits in with the wild scene much better than it does with the placid beauty of a summer evening. Wordsworth has written some fine poetry about Kilchurn, but it has this disadvantage, that it is so vague that it

might apply to any castle on any loch, The prose account in the Journal is brief but graphic:—"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view—a ruined castle on an island (for an island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a cone of the mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us—appearing to rise out of the water—mists rested upon the mountain-side with spots of sunshine; there was a wild desolation in

though this is not to give it very high praise. It was then called the White House of Eilanevilan, why, does not appear. It was afterwards possessed by the Macgregors, and from them passed to the Campbells. Sir Duncan Campbell, twelfth Knight of Lochawe, gave it to his second son, Sir Colin Campbell, Knight of Rhodes. Whilst he was in the Holy Land doing battle against the Turks, his wife employed her leisure in superintending the building of considerable additions to the Castle, so that when her husband returned home he was both



KILCHURN CASTLE—BEN CRUACHAN IN THE DISTANCE.

the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains; and the castle was wild yet stately—not dismantled of turrets, nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin." The castle is a very old one. It has been possessed for centuries by the family who now hold it; but it was first held by an extinct family whose English name was Paterson—though whether this, in the present case, meant anything more than saying that they were the sons of their fathers we shall not pretend to say. Our etymology is not more ridiculous than many others,

surprised and delighted to see the lofty pile which his wife's care had reared in his absence. He was the founder of the noble family of Breadalbane, of whom we have already spoken in touching on Taymouth Castle. It was occupied by troops so late as 1745, and would still have been in a very complete condition had not the thoughtless Vandalism of some factor caused it to be dismantled to provide materials for the construction of some farm offices. It was built so solidly that the dismantling process—though it did much harm—could not be

completed, and so it remains. "Time," says Robert Buchanan, in his "Land of Lorne," "has dealt gently with it, merely pencilling the walls with soft lichens and golden moss; and so far as Time is concerned, it may be a ghost in the moonlight for a thousand years to come."

Those who travel by Loch Awe will scarcely leave it without ascending Ben Cruachan, which rises at the north-west corner of the Loch to the height of 3,667 feet. The best side to ascend is the south, where the slope is comparatively easy. On the other side the climb is steeper and more direct. Near the top there are some dangerous precipices, but as the ground there is clear, there is no danger unless there be a mist, or unless the traveller is foolhardy. Lower down, the mountain is richly wooded, the trees extending down to the very edge of the Loch. The summit is double, as the peak breaks into two at some distance from the top. The view from the top is famous even among Highland views. It is thus described by Mr. Hamerton, with the keen insight of the painter, and the fine touch of true literary perception, for the writer is an artist in words as well as in colours:—

"We rest at last on the summit. The effect of the Highlands of Scotland seen from one of their highest peaks resembles nothing so much as the ocean in a gale of wind, fixed for ever in a photograph. It is a sea of mountains, sublime in its variations and in the huge proportions of its granite waves, yet not satisfactory to the artistic sense. It offers a splendid panorama, but not a picture. The sweetest, and even the sublimest pictures are laid in the habitable earth, and we need not go to the snowy summits to seek them. Still, if you would feel the immensity of the world, go to the mountain-tops, and reflect that the vast circumference of your horizon is but a round spot on its mighty sphere.

The great precipices of Ben Cruachan

are capital subjects for study. I think they are the sublimest wastes of barren rock I have ever seen. One of them, on Loch Etiveside, rises grandly between us and the sea. We see nearly the whole length of Loch Awe, the upper end of Loch Etive, and the great calm ocean in the west, dim with heat and vapour, with mountainous islands rising out of it mysteriously. But to the east are the Highland hills clear and sharp in their innumerable multitude of peaks—some brilliant with snow, others pale with inconceivable distance, all various with exquisite changefulness of hue, pale purples and tender greens, and far away the hues of heaven itself, rose and blue of ineffable delicacy.

The great lake spreads out below us, calm like a sea of glass. It stretches far away into the pale haze of the high horizon; and on its whole length, from end to end, not a single breeze dims its exquisite surface. Floating on it, like fallen leaves in a still basin in a garden, lie the green isles. The moors are spotted with miniature lochs, set like shining mirrors in the hot heath. There is a long line of glittering white on the mysterious Atlantic. In half an hour the sun will set."

Loch Awe is fed by the river Urchay. It flows from the little Loch Tulla for about twelve miles through Glenurchay. At first it is extremely rapid, at one place, indeed, it forms a sort of rapid, though the volume of water is not great enough to make this imposing. The fall when it approaches the Loch is gentle, and it almost imperceptibly mingles with the greater volume of water. It does not run through the Loch for any distance, but about four miles from the place where it falls in, it again emerges on the opposite side, running thus *across*, not *along*, the Loch. It is now known as the Awe. Its character is much the same as before, for the most part swift and shallow, with an occasional deep pool under the overhanging

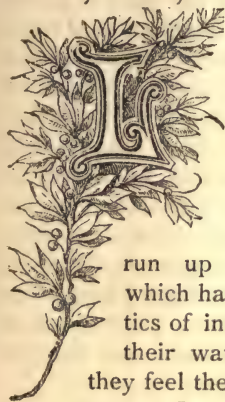
rocks, the favourite resort of the salmon—for both the Urchay and the Awe are excellent streams for the angler.

On the river Awe is the Bridge of Awe, and here the readers of Scott will remember is the scene of the Highland

Widow. At the pass of Brander the descent of Ben Cruachan is so steep that it forms a precipice overhanging the river. A narrow road, constructed with considerable difficulty, allows the traveller to continue his journey.

LOCH ETIVE.

SOME OLD AND NEW, REAL AND MYTHICAL BUILDINGS.



LOCH Etive, into which we have come with the River Awe, is one of those indentations of the sea which, on the west coast of Scotland, run up into the land, and which have all the characteristics of inland lochs, save that their water is salt, and that they feel the influence of the tidal wave. In the far recesses the water is brackish, and the influence of the tide much less strongly felt. Loch Etive is about twenty-two miles long. It is very narrow, and as it is bounded by lofty mountains on both sides, it has a peculiarly wild and desolate appearance. At Connel, where the loch proper may be said to begin, the channel is not more than two hundred yards wide, and the greater portion of this is obstructed by a line of reefs, which are submerged at high water. Both at the ebb and flow of the tide, the water, not finding sufficient passage through the narrow channel, rushes over the ledge of rock, forming a sort of marine cataract. As you advance you come to a broader part of the loch, which is here fully a mile across. The banks are now beautifully wooded, and the slope of the hills

is not specially steep; but above the mouth of the Awe, and when you come to the slopes of Ben Cruachan, the view is so changed that you seem in a different region. The hills close in round the loch, and cast their dark shadows on the water. "The rocks and bays on the shore, which might elsewhere attract attention, are here swallowed up by the enormous dimensions of the surrounding mountains, and the wide and ample expanse of the lake. A solitary house at the top is only visible when at the upper extremity, and if there be a tree, as there are in a few places on the shore, it is unseen, extinguished as if it were a humble mountain flower by the universal magnitude around."

There are one or two places well worth notice on the shores of Loch Etive. First there is Beregonium, situated on the northern side of the entrance to the loch. This, according to "tradition, ignorance, or knavery," as Chambers somewhat roughly says, was the seat of the capital of Fergus, the first king of the Scots, at a period of time a good many centuries before the Christian Era. The only remains that have ever existed to prove the town are—(1) the remains of some vitrified forts; (2) some mounds said to be the remains of a paven causeway; (3) "and the discovery

in the moss of what antiquarians have been pleased to term a piece of a bored wooden pipe for conveying water, but which was, in reality, only the trunk of a rotten tree decayed in the centre." This "wooden pipe," even on the most favourable supposition, proves nothing, as the Picts, whoever they were, and whatever their skill, can hardly have been further advanced in their knowledge of the laws of hydrostatics than the Romans. There are two hills at this place—neither of them high—and called respectively the Hill of the Son of Snachan, and the King's Own Hill. Here lay Beregonium, or Balanree (the King's Own Hill), and here the earliest of the shadowy kings of a shadowy race were fabled to have lived in a style that far outdid the magnificence of later days. So far tradition. Let us now observe how this pleasing legend is disposed of by Mr. Skene in his great work on Celtic Scotland:—"The first of our historians to make use of Ptolemy (the Roman geographer) was Hector Boece, but he placed his names too far north. He puts the Brigantes in Galloway, and the Novantes in Kintyre, and hence their towns are placed in Argyll instead of Wigtown. The Ulm edition of 1486, which is a very inaccurate one, was apparently the edition used by Boece, and in it the name *Reirigonium* is misprinted *Beregonium*. Boece applied the name to the vitrified remains, the correct name of which was *Dunmhuicis-neachan*, the fort of the sons of Uisneach, now corrupted into *Dunmacsniochan*, and thus arose one of the spurious traditions created by Boece's history.

A little more substantial—though with a good deal of mythical history about it likewise—is Dunstaffnage, which is situated at the entrance to Loch Etive, and on the other side from Beregonium. The name means the fortified hill of the two islands. Like so many other of these erections, it is built on a promontory running out into the sea, so that it

would be very difficult to surprise it from the land side. The rock on which it is built is so sloped by nature or art that it seems to form one part with the building itself, and though the land approach is not striking, yet, seen from the sea, when the traveller is sailing towards the entrance of Loch Etive, it presents a very noble appearance. A number of steps, rudely hewn out of the rock, give access to it from the water. Although even tradition does not venture to make Dunstaffnage as old as Beregonium, still it assigns to it a very respectable antiquity. It was built by Evanus first, "about the time of Julius Cæsar." It was for long a royal residence and sacred burying-place of the ancient kings of these parts. Here was kept, as we have already mentioned, the famous Stone of Destiny, till, in 843, it was removed to Scone by Kenneth McAlpine, when that monarch changed the seat of government to the Perthshire town. We know, by the structure of the present building, that it cannot have been in existence at that time; but it is not at all improbable that there was another previous structure on the site.

We find it at the time of the Scottish Wars of Independence in the possession of the Lords of Lorne. In 1305 it was besieged and taken by Robert Bruce, between whom and the then Lords of Lorne there was deadly enmity. Dunstaffnage has a rather memorable history in the records of rebellions. It was here that Donald, Lord of the Isles, collected his forces to war against James II., and it was here that, in a later age, the Earl of Argyll landed to begin that unfortunate attempt in favour of the Duke of Monmouth which was to end by bringing him to the block. For centuries before this time it had passed into the hands of the powerful Campbell family, who hold it to this day. It was garrisoned by them on various occasions, especially in the '15 and the '45, as a protection to their surrounding territories. Nominally

the Crown is still the proprietor, the Duke of Argyll being only the hereditary keeper. The following account of its present condition is interesting:—“The real right, however, is in the depute keeper, Sir Donald Campbell, Bart., to whose family it was assigned as an appanage at an early period. The original part of the building was consumed by fire in 1715, but what remains bears marks of extreme antiquity. It is square in form, with round towers at three of the angles, and is situated upon a lofty precipice, carefully scarped upon all sides to render it perpendicular. The entrance is by a staircase, which conducts to a wooden landing in front of the portal. This landing could formerly be raised at pleasure, on the plan of a drawbridge. When thus raised the only access was under an arch, with a low vault (the porter's lodge) on the right hand, flanked by loopholes, through which any visitor could be fired upon. This arch gives admission to the inner court, which is about eighty feet square, and contains two mean-looking modern buildings. There is a splendid prospect from the battlements.”

Near to this ruin there is another ruin, of more sacred, if of less general interest. It is that of a little chapel. The adjoining ground is still used as a graveyard by the people of the neighbourhood, and it must be one of the very oldest in Scotland, for here, at a very early period, many of the Scottish kings were buried. A strange piece of vandalism used to be perpetrated here, which, we are glad to say, is now quite a thing of the past. When the inhabitants wished to erect a gravestone over a dead relative, they used to go to Iona, and take one of the beautifully sculptured stones from there, bring it back, and stick it over the grave of their late friend. This habit of making “auld gravestones look amaisht as weel as knew” (if we may slightly alter Burns) was by no means confined to this district of Scotland. We

remember to have seen in the churchyard of a little Lowland town (where probably it still stands) a peculiarly ludicrous instance of this. It was a tombstone originally intended for a gardener, and was as remarkable a specimen of “eighteenth century work”—if it was not a little later—as could well be conceived. It was covered with rude representations of the implements of gardening, and with still ruder representations of beings—whether terrestrial or celestial, gardeners or cherubs, it was impossible to tell. Had this work of art been left to Nature, it would have had a gentle veil of delicacy thrown over its more obtrusive features, have lost its original vulgarity, and even have had a certain quaint interest. But in this case it had come into the hands of some frugal mourner, who had erected it anew, after a grand restoration with paint and chisel, and a new inscription to the memory of the deceased, who (to add an additional touch of unfitness) was not a gardener at all. Thus those who depleted Iona in this remarkable manner were no worse than their neighbours. It might even, indeed, be argued that their intentions were laudable, and that their veneration for the old sculptures was thus most strikingly exhibited. Whether this be so or no, it is evident that the real parties to blame in such matters are the better educated and more wealthy inhabitants of the district. It is not to be expected that those whose whole lives are spent in a hard fight against poverty should be profoundly interested in archæological pursuits, or generally in the preservation of ancient monuments. Yet we need hardly say that it is of the utmost importance that these should be preserved. Not only are they interesting in themselves, but they often throw a most valuable light on the history of a country. We ought surely to look to those who, often deriving a large revenue from the district in which these are situated, at the same time are

the most fitted by education and a cultivated leisure to appreciate them. When such vestiges of antiquity are destroyed their sins of omission are not less than their poorer neighbours' sins of commission.

As we, in the happy-go-lucky style of our peregrinations, find ourselves just a little out of our way, we shall go one step further and visit Oban before we get back to Loch Etive, and on to Glen-coe. Our stay at this place will not be a long one. Oban is not a very old town, but it is a very flourishing one. A hundred years ago it was a wretched village, but there were great capabilities in the situation, and it only required the development of the surrounding country to develop these. About 1777 an enterprising family of the name of Stevenson fixed their abode here, and did much to make it a trading centre. The neighbouring proprietors wisely encouraged building, and when people began to appreciate the Highlands the fortunes of Oban caught the tide that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Oban is built on the edge of a semicircular bay of the same name. There is a marine parade on the sea-shore, and behind this runs the principal thoroughfare, called George-street, from a little east of the railway station northward to the Dunolly Gate, from which the roads to Dunolly and Dunstaffnage Castles break off. The heights above the town are covered with charming villas, behind which, again, there is a succession of wooded slopes, beautiful in themselves, and commanding a fine sea view. If Oban is not a city of palaces, it is at least a city of hotels. They are large, "replete with every comfort," as the advertisements respecting them quite truthfully assure you, and attended by hosts of waiters, who are all that waiters should be; and how much that is perhaps only those sorely-tried functionaries know; but (alas! no human thing is perfect) they are terribly expensive. Not by the green banks of

the Rhine, nor under the shadow of the Jungfrau, is the traveller so rapidly deprived of his superfluous cash. We suppose hotel-keepers never travel any great distance, at least we should hope not, for if those of Switzerland, or France, or Germany once took a tour in the Highlands, they would feel, as Lord Clive says he did when he remembered the unlimited amount of "loot" which he might have seized, but did not, in the treasure stores of the Indian princes, and "be astonished at their own moderation," and returning to their native soil vow henceforth to cast modesty and moderation (qualities with which the world had not hitherto credited them) to the winds, and follow the noble example set them in the land of Fingal and Rob Roy. It is here the Lowlander and the Cockney begins his Highland journey. Often have we stood on the pier, or strolled by the railway station, and viewed hosts of freshmen from distant London land on this *terra incognita*. They are wonderfully clad in suits of a pattern that they fondly imagine to be the orthodox tartan of some of the aboriginal clans. Their speech is soft and smooth, and in a few cases (do not let us be unjust to the Cockney, and say in more than a few cases) the *h*'s and *r*'s are displaced with mathematical regularity. They are small, and somewhat stunted of stature, and show unfavourably as compared with the stalwart seamen and porters who hover round them, but they are good-humoured and easy-going, disposed to be generous or reckless as only English and American people are generous or reckless, and so they are received with open arms. Here they learn many wonderful things, as, for instance, that London is one of the cheap places of the world, and that the comforts and luxuries of the modern *restaurant* are to be obtained just as readily by the side of a Highland loch as in the *cafés* of the Strand or Regent-street. Well, well,

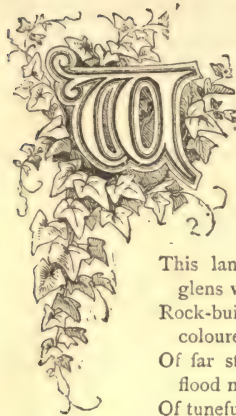
we suppose, as we have already, we think, remarked, that the hotel-keeper must make hay whilst the sun shines, that he must "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," and charge him well; in short, that he must shear the Cockney lamb of his golden fleece whenever he gets the chance, or he will make no headway in his calling. Enough of him and of his ways. If one is not prepared to pay well, one must not expect to travel comfortably in the Highlands!

Apart from all such considerations, we confess that, although we admire the appearance and the bustling life of Oban, we do not think it a desirable place to live in. It is a spot to make one a believer in the truth of the ancient doctrine that all things are in a perpetual flux. It is neither one thing nor another; neither London nor the Highlands; neither town nor country. The man setting out on his travels does not feel that he has shaken the dust of his every-day existence off his feet till he is out of its borders. He who returns feels an uneasy consciousness here that his holiday is over, the coming months of

toil lie now before him, and he begins to brace himself for work again. It is not a place either to work or holiday in, but if you catch the spirit that animates it, rather to run all day in a distracted and meaningless manner between the steamer and the train, and the train and the steamer. Life here is like an idiot's tale, it is "full of sound and fury," and unless you are yourself a traveller, it "signifies nothing." It has neither the full, even flow of the London street, in which there is much that is grand and majestic, if you only have eyes to see it; nor has it the peaceful silence of an ordinary village, or even the steady jog-trot of a town of the same size elsewhere. Some aver that out of the season, when the hotels are as vacant as the halls of Selma, and the population are idle, and the weather unsettled, ah, then, then is the time to live at Oban. This is as much as to say that Oban is at its best when the Highlands are at their worst, which may be, but then Oban exists for and by means of the Highlands, and it is but a poor compliment to pay to it to say that it is at its best when it is not fulfilling the end of its being!



GLENCOE AND ITS MEMORIES.



We have left Oban and town life behind us for sometime again, and are once more in the valley of Loch Etive.

This land of rainbows, spanning
glens whose walls,
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-
coloured mists
Of far stretched meres, whose salt
flood never rests,
Of tuneful caves and playing water-
falls,

Of mountains varying momentarily their crests.

At the head of Loch Etive is the mouth of the Etive water, which runs from Kingshouse to the Loch, a distance of about sixteen miles. It is, like most of the streams about here, a fine salmon river. As to the scenery, Mr. Hamerton says of it:—"It is, in my opinion, one of the very grandest Highland glens I have ever seen. That noble granite stream, the Etive, is to me full of interest, for it abounds in admirable pictures. I have never seen finer water-sculpture anywhere than on the rose-coloured rocks of the Etive, nor more picturesque Scotch firs than those which in some places shade it with their dark foliage. There are terribly black pools too, one especially where the deep water winds in a narrow channel that a stag would leap over, between two precipitous banks of massive granite.

The mountain scenery is throughout magnificent, and grandly terminated, when you reach Loch Etive, by a far-distant view of Ben Cruachan. There is a noble domed tower of rock seven or eight miles from Kingshouse, which is a tower and not a buttress; and a few miles nearer the sea the outlines, as you look up the glen, have a wonderful vigour

and energy, one great festooned line especially as graceful as a loose chain suspended unequally from its two ends."

At Kingshouse there is nothing to detain us, so we pass on, and are soon in Glencoe, perhaps the most famous of all the Highland glens. It is remarkable for its scenery; it is, perhaps, still more remarkable as the theatre of one of those bloody tragedies which disfigure the page of Scottish history. The glen is not a very long one—less, indeed, than ten miles in extent, but the scenery is of a peculiar as well as a striking character. In most of the Highland glens there is a certain order, method, and regularity observable. The processes of Nature have been slow and gradual, and the peaks and precipices stand out clear, distinct, and well-defined. In Glencoe, on the other hand, there is a sort of wild chaos. Mountains and rocks of stupendous size are heaped confusedly together in vast masses. Through this, in process of time, the stream has cut a bed for itself, and by this there is a narrow strip of ground. This "vast, capacious, and lengthened gully" is never very broad, and is often so narrow as to be rarely, if ever, visited by the full light of the sun, for the hills rise on either side to the height of two thousand feet. A striking feature of the glen is the very large number of streams which fall rather than rush from the rocks. Many of the hills hang over the road, and the traveller may be excused if he feels a certain dread lest they should fall and crush the daring mortal who has protruded into their territory. There is a small lake in the valley called Treatchan, and from this the Coe or Cona issues. The lake is small, but deep and sullen. Its waters, stained by the soil through which they have previously run, take a still

deeper shade from the surrounding shadows. Not the least of the effects of this gloomy spot is produced by the almost total absence of signs of human habitation. A solitary farm-house or two may indeed be seen, but that is all. The road through it is not a frequented one, and the traveller is left, through many of the miles of the rugged way, to the companionship of his thoughts, which are likely to reflect the melancholy character of the scenery, and the still sadder character of the historical memories which must be present to the mind of every one who treads Glencoe.

Glencoe is, of course, the glen of the Coe, and the Coe is the Cona, with which all those who read Ossian are familiar. Here he was born, and this stream he refers to again and again in those sounding passages of his in which, genuine or not, competent critics have recognised the very sound of the stream over its rocky bed, and the rush of the wind down the glen. Here are a few of them from his various poems—*Fingal*, *Carthon*, the *Song of Selma*, etc.:—"Their sound was like a thousand streams that meet in Cona's vale, when, after a stormy night, they turn their dark eddies beneath the pale light of morning." Again, "The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell, like the boom of the roaring Cona. If he overcome, I will rush in my strength like the roaring stream of Cona." Again, "Sleeps the sweet voice of Cona in the midst of his rustling hall? Sleeps Ossian in his hall and his friends without their fame?" Again, "The chiefs gathered from all their hills and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona, the first among a thousand bards, but age is now on my tongue, and my soul has failed." Again, "So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard." "Where is the son of car-borne Fingal? The

tear will be on his cheek. Then come thou, O Malvina, with all thy music come; lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha, let his tomb rise in the lonely field." And yet again, "Why bends the bard of Cona over his secret stream? Is this a time for sorrow, father of low-laid Oscar?"

But it is not on account of its scenery, nor on account of the songs of Ossian, that Glencoe is most famous. When we think of this lonely glen, we may think, indeed, of those things, but first of all we remember the massacre of Glencoe. Like so many other remarkable events, it got but scant notice at the time; it gradually grew into public notice, and is more famous or infamous in the nineteenth century than it was in the century in which it occurred. Macaulay has noted this point almost as if it took away some of the special atrocity which future times have believed to be attached to this business; but it must be judged by considerations wider than those of a particular age. The unprejudiced verdict of mankind is the only one that can determine such an issue, and it has determined to rank the massacre of Glencoe with the blackest deeds in British history. It is this method of judging events by the standard of the time when they happened that has produced many of the curious results at which some of our great modern historians have arrived. It is the method pursued, for instance, by Mr. Froude in his vindication of the character of Henry the Eighth, and it is a method which has a good deal to be said for it. It would be grossly unfair to judge a savage by the same tests as those we apply to the inhabitants of a highly-civilised country; and when we are discussing the actions of men in another age, we must allow something for the manners of that age. But, again, the judgment of contemporaries is often erroneous, for several reasons. They very rarely have all the facts before them, and when they

have, they are rarely able to see them in their true relation, even when, as is rarely the case, they earnestly desire to do so, and are honestly anxious, without prejudice, to get at the real truth of the matter. "The tribunal of history," with one or two obvious disadvantages, is before contemporary judgment in the possession of important information and of honesty of purpose. Besides its judgment is never a mob judgment, because the mob do not read history deeply, far less write it. With these reflections, which may serve as a preface to our account of several events in Scottish history, besides this, we proceed to give a description of the Glencoe massacre, following generally Mr. Burton's account of the matter.

When the revolution of 1688 was accomplished, it was seen that the Highlands—the very place where it had been longest resisted, and where, indeed, the only real stand for King James had been made in Great Britain—was the very place whence the first attempt to overthrow it would come. The risings of the '15 and the '45 amply justified this fear. It was determined to attempt to bring over the chiefs to the side of the government, so a sum of about £20,000 was placed in the Earl of Breadalbane's hands, to be by him expended in this work. The sum for the time and the country was enormous, and the bait was, after a little toying with it, eagerly swallowed. The chiefs came flocking in to swear the oath to the new government—an oath to which it is scarcely conceivable that any of them attached much importance—and receive their share of the spoil. The time fixed was the 1st January, 1692, and, as was natural, those who had not sworn by that time were threatened with the extreme vengeance of the law—with letters of "fire and sword" in short, such as we have seen were issued against the Macgregors. It would appear that Sir John Dalrymple.

Secretary of State for Scotland, was much disappointed when he found that the chiefs had submitted. He seems to have thought that this would be a favourable opportunity for rooting out some of them, and now it was likely that all would escape. He then learned that Macdonald of Glencoe, a chief of a small clan, or division of a clan, and a man who had served with distinction under Dundee, and who was besides a Papist and an individual who had troubled his Lowland neighbours a good deal by his raids upon them, had not submitted. This was the very opportunity for which he had been desirous, and he was about to set the machinery of the law into force when he discovered, to his chagrin, that the information had been wrong, and that Macdonald had sworn; but then again he learned that there had been a flaw in the proceedings. It had been caused thus. The Macdonalds of Glencoe, there seems to be no doubt, lived by plunder. Indeed, situated as they were, they had no other means of support. The account we have given of the glen sufficiently explains this. Its solitariness and grandeur are alike connected with its sterility. Its grandeur is akin to that of the ocean and the desert. At the present day it can scarcely support a couple of families, and it could just as little do so then. Its very wildness, perhaps, was an inducement to a body of Highland freebooters to inhabit it, for there they were likely to be safe, and, in fact, they had been safe up till now. The more fertile parts of what we call the county of Argyle were their favourite hunting grounds. There was thus bitter hostility between them and the Campbells, and no doubt the chief of the Campbells, connected as he and his clan were with the revolution, and possessing an hereditary jurisdiction, which made him absolutely supreme within his own territories, was identified by them with the government. Hence, then, the chief of the Macdonalds

did not think, at first, of taking the oath till he saw that all the other chieftains were doing so, and that he would soon be left alone. It then must have occurred to him that this would give his foes the very opportunity which they desired, and that they would thus have a very plausible pretext for obtaining and turning against him and his people the full vengeance of the law. The more he reflected on this, the more he was convinced of the mistake he was making, and at last, when it was almost too late, he determined to submit like the rest. He unfortunately set out for the wrong place. Instead of going to the Sheriff of Argyle at Inverary—a journey which would have been a comparatively easy one—he set out for Fort William, and presented himself to Colonel Hill, the commanding officer at that fort, as ready to make the submission required by law. It was then he was told that he must go to Inverary after all. The commandant had nothing to do with the matter, but he was so convinced of Macdonald's eagerness, that he furnished him with a letter to the Sheriff, urging him to receive the oath, though the bearer should arrive a little late. All this impressed Macdonald still more with the seriousness of the business. He set off for Inverary as fast as ever he could. The reader will understand, from what we have said of the scenery of these parts, how difficult such a journey must have been in the height of winter, over the rough tracks that served for roads at that period. Yet the journey was made, and that with extraordinary speed. Though the return route brought him within the vicinity of his own house—his son says within half-a-mile—yet he went on without stopping. When he came to Inverary he found that his haste had been in vain. The day was already past, and the Sheriff was away from home. There was nothing to be done but to wait till he returned. When he did so he was at

first inclined to refuse the oath, which he was legally entitled to do, but the return had not yet been made, there was a plausible and indeed sufficient reason for the delay, and the government might be supposed anxious to receive a submission so much in accordance with their desires, even if it came somewhat late, so that the Sheriff received the oath, and Macdonald, with a mind immensely relieved, returned to Glencoe, thinking that everything was now right. When the returns were transmitted to Edinburgh there was some discussion as to what should be done; finally those who had the management of the business determined that advantage should be taken of the flaw in the proceedings, that these therefore should be annulled, and that the settlement in Glencoe should be rooted out.

The plan was of itself fiendish in conception, but the mode in which it was to be carried out was, if possible, still worse. The soldiers of the regular army would never have been cruel enough to do the work properly, so the Campbells, the bitter foes of the Macdonalds, were employed in the congenial task. The leader was Campbell of Glenlyon, who was connected by marriage with the chief of Glencoe, and therefore likely to be looked on with less suspicion. The attack was to be made with the utmost possible secrecy and despatch, and in the coldest of weather, so that as few of the hated sept as possible could escape, and there were also significant remarks made about "not troubling the government with prisoners," "seeing that the old fox and his cubs did not escape," "preventing flight to the mountains," and so on; finally, and worst of all, the whole business was to be a deliberately planned act of treachery.

It was necessary that if the matter was to be kept secret, it should above all things, be quickly carried through, and certainly no time was lost.

Macdonald swore the oath on the 6th January, 1692, and on the 14th February, little more than a month after, the massacre took place. It was in the first days of February when the party reached the glen. When the Macdonalds sent to inquire their intention, they said "they were part of a regiment which the Duke of Argyle had raised among his friends and clan, and sent to quarter there because the new fortress at Fort William could not accommodate them." They were received with the utmost cordiality. No doubt the Macdonalds supposed themselves to be reconciled to the powers that ruled in Scotland. The arrival of the strangers produced a pleasing change in the monotony of life in that savage spot; they were feasted by the whole population, and, as was natural, special attention in the chief's house was paid to the officers. The very night before the massacre was spent by Campbell and some of his friends in a game at cards, at the house of one of the victims. All was not perfectly smooth, however. Some change in the disposition of the soldiers, some mutterings that had been heard, probably something in the manner and looks of the guests, for we cannot believe that they were such accomplished hypocrites as to play their part absolutely to the life, aroused the suspicions of the two sons of the chief, and they communicated these suspicions to their father, who seems to have considered them as absolutely unfounded. Early on the following morning he was roused from his bed by an unexpected visit from his guests. As he was hastily dressing to receive them, they burst into his room, attacked and killed him in presence of his wife, who was cruelly treated and died the next day. The Laird of Achtrichatain was at this time on a visit to Glencoe. He had sworn the oath long before the last day appointed, and had with him the government certificate, but the Campbells

thought it no time to make nice distinctions, and he likewise was put to death.

There were about 200 men capable of bearing arms in the valley, and it had been intended to make an end of all these; but the plan had not been completely laid. The detachments failed to surround the houses effectually, and to block up the modes of escape from the pass, so that as many as one hundred and sixty of the two hundred escaped. The women and children "were turned out naked at the dead of night, a keen, freezing night, into a waste covered with snow at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place." The two sons of the chief were among those who escaped. Campbell had seen the alarm of one of them, and had taken some pains to quiet his fears. How, he said, could he suspect anything from a kinsman? But the young man was uneasy and suspicious. When the attack was begun he at once saw that his worst fears were about to be realised; he fled instantly, and so escaped. His brother was roused by a faithful clansman, who passionately called to him, "Is it a time to be sleeping when they are killing your brother at the door?" He too at once saw how things were, and likewise fled in the same hasty fashion as had been adopted by his brother.

The affair was seen to be a huge mistake when the facts were realised. As was said of another event, it was not only a crime but a blunder; it was a scandal to the people of England, accustomed for centuries to the regular administration of justice, and who, when they suffered injustice, at least only suffered it by regular process of law. It was seized by the Jacobites abroad, as well it might be, and made the most of as the deed of a government whose only *raison d'être* was that it had overthrown the illegal and unconstitutional rule of the second James. For these and other reasons, among which surely the feeling

of outraged humanity had, even in savage Scotland, something to do, the matter created a very great deal of discussion at the time, and yet all that was ever done was to censure Sir John Dalrymple and the Earl of Breadalbane, and even this censure did not proceed from the central government, but was contained in a memorial of the Estates to the king, of date 15th July, 1695. This was the work of the political opponents of these statesmen; still, it is difficult to see why King William did not pay more attention to it. It is possible to clear his memory from the charge of having consented to the original plan; but he was, at least, an accessory after the fact.

The remainder of the clan were still treated as half criminals; they were suffered, indeed, to return to Glencoe, but with a fine irony were required to find caution for their future good behaviour. It would seem that after this they were no longer able to pursue their former modes of life,—it cannot be denied that, so far, the massacre was successful; though other measures equally successful, and less infamous, might have been taken. The remnant gradually decreased. Either the men went to other parts of the country, or, as is the case with some races that Nature has doomed, they gradually died out, and Glencoe became the solitary spot that it now is, and is likely to remain.

SOME THINGS WORTH A WORD IN ARGYLE.



T sometimes happens to us in the course of our peregrinations that in moving here and there through a county or district, we come upon some things worth a word or two, and yet such as we cannot give a whole article to describe.

Without much regard to the conditions of space and time, we are forced to lump these together into one article, and to pass, by swift and unexpected transitions, from one to the other. This is what we are doing here; and first, then, as to the Scylla and Charybdis of this northern sphere—Ardnamurchan Point and Corryvechan. The world somehow has a great interest in whirlpools. There seems something in the dangerous swirl and wash of the wave that fascinates the imagination. They

belong to the same category as the mermaid and the sea-serpent—something dangerous, and yet with a certain terrible beauty. It is here, from of old, that the sirens have taken up their abode, and in dulcet strains wooed the mariner to his own destruction. The mermaids and sirens have long departed even from the imagination of the vulgar, and though whirlpools do still remain, yet they are shorn of their former glory, and are but the ghosts of their former selves. Who ever reads about the famous *Lurlei* rock and its eddy on the Rhine, without being told that it is hardly dangerous even to small craft, whilst vessels of any size may despise it? As for Scylla and Charybdis, we now know that all about them is a mere fable, whilst the great maelstrom off the coast of Scandinavia, and of which those who have read Poe's deliciously horrible story in the well known "Tales of Mystery," must have such a vivid re-

collection, is now confessed to be greatly exaggerated, and our own Corryvechan has been also unduly minished of his glories. We say unduly because in the description of it we are told that it is not dangerous except in certain states of the weather. But surely in judging whirlpools it is only fair to take them at their best (or perhaps worst, for such is the best of a whirlpool!) It may be true, as McCulloch remarks, that "this passage is seldom used by boats, and never by vessels; it has received, in addition to the exaggeration, the further ill character that attends all untried dangers. Had it been as necessary a channel as the Kyle Rock or Hoy Mouth, we should have heard far less of its horrors. Like those of the *mælstrom*, they shrink before the boldness of a fair examination," and yet there may be, and is, we maintain, something in Corryvechan after all. At any rate, since it is the only decently-sized whirlpool in Britain, let us make the most of it we can.

Between Scraba and Jura there is a passage a mile in length and very narrow; through this the tide flows into the Sound of Jura. The average depth is about a hundred fathoms, so that there is a great body of water in the narrow passage. A great rock springs from the bottom in the middle of the passage, and rises nearly to the top. Thus the tidal flow is interrupted and bent round in a particular direction, and another current flowing from the Scraba shore adds to the force of this, and gives the whole a swinging, whirlpool motion. Sometimes the wind is opposed to the swell and tide: then the whole gulf is one seething mass of waters produced by currents which, being caused by opposite forces, run in different directions, and meet and break against each other with frightful violence. The inhabitants of the district do not at all underrate the dangers of such a gulf; they carefully refrain from using it except at such times as it is perfectly safe, and thus

the paucity of accidents is to be accounted for. On one occasion a foreign vessel strayed into the gulf, and was caught in the whirlpool. She was turned about like a feather, and her crew were so terrified that they were quite unable to do anything; fortunately she got into some side eddy which took her out of the most dangerous part, and whirled her swiftly along the Jura shore, till the crew took courage and proceeded to recover command of her again. Those who listen to "Corryvechan's roar" may rest assured that it can bite as well as bark.

But why is it called by this high-sounding name? We trust the reader will be glad to know that there is a story connected with it. In a distant age there dwelt in Scandinavia a gallant young prince, "dark and true, and tender," as a northern fairy prince ought to be. As he increased in years and became a man, he got restless, and wished to go on his travels and see the world. So off he set in a beaked galley with a band of gallant followers, and had many wonderful adventures, which may be read in their proper place. Now in the course of his travels he came to the Western Islands, where the Lords of the Isles ruled, and was entertained right royally at their court. Now the then Lord of the Isles had a daughter of surpassing beauty, and with this fair Princess of Thule the Prince fell desperately in love. She returned his passion with equal ardour; but as they were a proper and well-behaved couple, they confessed their affection to the old Lord, and asked his consent to their union. But this the old gentleman was unwilling to give, for he had already promised her to somebody else, and he was afraid that his territory of the isles would be quite swallowed up in the great kingdom of Scandinavia, and the prospect did not please him, so he would have liked to have sent the Prince about his business, but this he dared not do,

for the Prince he knew could collect a sufficient body of fighting men to make an end at once of his puny rule, and besides he thought it impolitic to offend the Prince's father. So he put off a little to gain time, but the Prince was young and impetuous, and would brook no delay. So at last he said he would consent on one condition, to which the young man agreed before he knew what it was, and then the wily old monarch told him that just to show his love, he must anchor his bark for three days and three nights in the whirlpool, which as yet had no name. Both the Prince and Princess were very much discouraged at this, and they thought it would have been much better if at first they had got into the beaked galley and sailed away without taking the trouble of asking permission; but the Prince was determined not to break his promise. So at last he remembered a very wise man in his old kingdom, and with many tears and vows the lovers took leave of one another, and he set off for his far northern home to consult the wise man as to what was best to be done. He accomplished his journey in safety, and on his arrival took counsel of the seer. He told him that the thing was difficult but not impossible.

He must provide himself with three strong ropes, one to be of hemp, one of wool, and one of woman's hair. There would not be much difficulty in getting the first two, but the third was to be taken from the heads of such women only as had led pure lives—for a cable entirely formed of such material could not be torn asunder either by force of nature or by magic. When what was wanted was known in the kingdom, a great many young women made an offer of their hair, for the Prince was very popular, so there was plenty of this material also. The selection was carefully made, and, with one exception, all was right; but one lady who had sinned in secret, thought to secure herself

against all question by offering her hair, and some of it was unfortunately taken. The Prince had now got what he wanted, so he set off again to the Isles. He at once proceeded to put his plan into execution. He fearlessly rowed his skiff to the whirlpool, and anchored right in the middle of the gulf. The first day the water was unusually quiet, though there was one big swell during which the hempen rope broke short. The second day it was a little wilder, and the woollen cable broke. The third day there was such a storm as had never been seen before. The waves dashed against each other, and eddied madly round, and foamed against the rocks as if they had been incarnate fiends, and the wind howled and roared as if it had been a wild beast, and the rain poured down from the skies as if it too wished to take its share in the destruction of the unhappy bark. With anxious eyes the Princess watched from the shore. Still the bark held fast by its charmed cable till the storm gathered itself, as if for one gigantic effort, and wind and sea rushed together on the vessel. So dark was it that the Princess could see nothing for a few moments, but it seemed to her that even in the midst of the howling of the storm she heard a wild shriek as if some human being was in the extreme agony of the death-struggle. And then the wind fell, and the evening sun, emerging from behind a cloud, poured forth its rays on the troubled waters—but the bark was gone! the faithless cable had parted in the hour of trial, and the gulf had swallowed up both the Prince and his vessel. Another being beside the Princess had watched throughout the three days, with as devoted, if not as intelligent a care. This was the favourite dog of Brechan—so they called the unfortunate lover—and now, when the lady was borne senseless home, it still remained on the watch, and when the sea was calm again, it swam in and brought forth the body

of its master. On the shore of Jura, overlooking the whirlpool, is a little cairn where lie the remains of Brechan, with his faithful dog resting at his feet, and after him the gulf gets its name, which, being a little changed, is the Corryvechan as we now know it.

Ardnamurchan Point, as the most westerly point of the mainland of Britain, may well be thought deserving of a passing word. A line drawn from it forms a sort of division line between the Western Isles, which are called Northern or Southern, according as they lie in relation to it. It is a wild headland, consisting of a mass of naked rock, against which the waves dash with fearful vehemence. It has been the scene of many shipwrecks. Such bodies as are from time to time recovered from the sea are buried in a graveyard in a little creek on the furthest part of the headland. The dash of the waves, even in the calmest weather, is always heard by those who stand here, and it seems to form a fitting dirge for the departed. Ardnarmurchan forms a parish, which Loch Sunart on one side, and Loch Shiel on the other, make a peninsula. Its name is said to mean the promontory or height of the great seas, and, indeed, the name may be applied not only to the point, but to the whole district, which is a mass of tangled rock and torrent, with a good deal of mountain, wood, and a profusion of lochs and caves. A curious superstition is connected with one of these last near the headland. There is a sort of natural basin formed in the rock, and this—which was always found filled with water—was drunk dry by sick people as a sovereign cure for troubles of all kinds. "A few years ago," says a narrator, referring, however, to a period at least half a century ago, "some pins, needles, metal buttons, and an old halfpenny, might be seen there, the last tribute to expiring superstition." The real reason of the wonderful supply of water was that it filtered

through the porous rock, though it was believed that the basin had been filled by supernatural powers.

The traditions of Ardnarmurchan are very numerous. Most of them relate to some deed of violence, and its violent expiation. One may be thought worth the telling. It is curious, even ludicrous, and grossly improbable. The district here was once possessed by a Norwegian prince, who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Muchdragon Mac Ri Lochlunn. He was a licentious rascal, and was accustomed to make love to all the pretty women in his dominions, married or unmarried. His vassals accordingly regarded the visits of this Lord with considerable suspicion. One Evan Cleiveach was possessed of a very pretty wife, and when he heard of Muchdragon's approaching visit, he was in despair. He, however, fell on what the chronicler terms "a singularly bold and ingenious expedient." He armed himself with his "Tughairm," or battle-axe, and clothed himself in a long robe composed of parts very loosely sewn together. He went out to meet the chief, who was advancing, attended by a retinue, and watching a favourable opportunity when the other was off his guard, he killed him with one blow of the axe. Of course he was hotly pursued, but when the fleetest of foot reached the flying Evan and laid hold of the skirts of his mantle, and tugged lustily at it in order to stop him, the piece gave way, and he fell headlong down the hillside. The same thing happened to the second and third pursuer. Evan escaped to the place where he had concealed a boat, in which his wife and family were already embarked. With them he set sail for Islay, where he was out of reach of hostile pursuit. The chief spots of this remarkable history are still commemorated by the special name of "Muchdragon's Cairn," where that individual was buried, and so on.

Leaving Ardnarmurchan, we next

come into the district of Morvern, which forms a peninsula between Loch Sunart and Loch Linnhe. Morvern, or Morven, has a sort of poetical significance, for just as Lowland song is connected with Yarrow vale and river, so these hills are connected with Gaelic poetry, so often are they mentioned and sung in it, "As a hundred winds on Morven, as the streams of a hundred hills, . . . Fingal rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Tremnor, when in a whirlwind he comes to Morven to see the children of his pride," and so on unceasingly. Morven probably meant a much wider district than this Argyleshire parish; but this may be taken as representing it. The scenery of this parish is rather uninteresting—at least when compared with that of some of the adjacent parts of the county. There are several old castles in it—Argyle is indeed, specially rich in such. Chief of these in Morven is the Castle of Arintosh.

Of the *districts* of Argyle we have as yet said nothing. We shall here only note the most prominent—*Cantire*, that long peninsula which runs out so far into the North Channel as to be within thirteen miles of Ireland. It is about forty miles long, and from five to twelve miles broad. A chain of hills of a moderate elevation runs through it. Near the southern extremity is Campbeltown, a thriving fishing station. It is justly celebrated at the present day for its whisky, which is manufactured here on a great scale. In a distant age it possessed a less dubious honour, as it was *then* renowned for its saints. Of two of these, Couslan and Cowin, history makes honourable mention. In those days the inhabitants of Campbeltown, which then had another name, were, in one respect, a specially perverse generation. They jilted each other as sweethearts, and they were, it was whispered, by no means so well-behaved in the holy state of matrimony as they ought to have

been. Things were settled in a rough-and-ready fashion then, for there was no such thing as damages for breach of promise to marry, nor was there a divorce court. Many scandals and continual quarrels and violence were the consequence, and the saints were much exercised as to how to put a stop to it all. The plans they adopted were different, yet both pointed to the same end.

Couslan gave support to the old pagan custom, which we have already come across in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Near the church there was a pillar with a hole in it through which sweethearts were accustomed to join hands as a sign of betrothal. Couslan added the sanction of the Church to this, and denounced the wrath of Heaven against those who were proved faithless to this simple engagement. Cowin's plan was very different. It had at least the merit of boldness and ingenuity. On a given day every year, all married people who were discontented with their partners assembled in the church. They were then blindfolded, and made to run round the building as fast as they could. When they re-assembled, the priest pronounced the word *cabhag*, which, it seems, signifies "seize quickly," whereupon each man laid hold of the first woman he touched, and she became his wife for a year; at the expiration of which time he could try his luck again if so disposed. The discontented found that they had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, and determined in future to bear the ills, or rather wives, they had, rather than fly to others they knew not of. The attendance at the annual meeting, at first numerous, gradually fell off, and at last ceased altogether, and this was just as the saint intended; and if he had not been a saint, we might even have supposed that he indulged in a quiet chuckle over the success of his plan.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE GREAT ARGYLE.



THE visitor to the British House of Commons will no doubt have noticed the frescoes in the passage that leads to the House. One of the most striking is that of a man heavily ironed peacefully sleeping his last earthly slumber. Already the messengers are there to lead him to his

doom. It hardly requires the inscription to tell us that this is "the last sleep of Argyle." Just as we said the "fatal stone" that forms part of the coronation chair of the British monarchs speaks to us of the banks of the Tay and the old Celtic monarchy, so this picture naturally leads the mind away from the place and the hour, and causes us to remember the fierce struggle for liberty which Scotland had to endure in bygone days, when she was forced, though with a nobler purpose than that of ancient

Israel, to "make her children pass through the fire." The picture takes us to Edinburgh, and reminds us of one of the many tragedies of which it has been the theatre; and it also reminds us of that part of Scotland that we are now (after our usual perfunctory fashion) discussing. It recalls both the house of Argyle and their ancient seat, and, after having said a word on Inverary, we shall speak of that noble family with whose name there is bound up so many great and glorious, and, alas, some cruel and treacherous deeds.

Inverary is not by any means so ancient as the family that possess it. The Campbells did not remove here till the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the place was only constituted a burgh in 1648. The charter was signed by Charles I. at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. The inhabitants, for the most part, support themselves by the herring fishing, which is vigorously prosecuted in the waters of Loch Fyne. Near the town is Inverary Castle, the seat of the duke. It is described in Black's Guide-Book as a "massive quadrangular building, constructed of chlorite slate, and consists of two stories and a sunk floor, flanked with round overlapping towers, and surmounted in the centre by a square-winged pavilion, which, through its Gothic-shaped casements, admits light to the interior. As restored, after being partially destroyed by fire in 1877, the castle has, instead of the original battlements with flat or platform roof, a sloping roof with dormer windows." It was built in 1744-1761, and succeeded to an earlier and ruder structure erected by the first Earl of Argyle about 1480. Near here formerly stood the wretched huts that constituted the old town of Inverary. These were destroyed to make way for the new erection, and the town was replanted on its present site.

To say that the Campbells are a very old family, is to utter a truism; but when

we ask how old, we at once come upon a difficulty. To arrive at the real original source here is as difficult as to get at the source of the Nile. Notwithstanding the violence of Scottish history, there is no great and decisive break in it, such, for instance, as was the case in England, where the Saxon invasion and the Norman Conquest twice gave distinct changes of development to the annals of the country. It is this which makes the fiction of the hundred kings, if not more plausible, at least less ridiculous than the early fabulous history of England; and this also gives free scope to the family historian of the North, who, losing himself in the mists of the early centuries of our era, can there imagine at his own sweet will, whereas your genealogist in England is pulled up at the Norman Conquest.

About the year A.D. 404, the lordship of Argyle was possessed by the great and powerful family of O'Duin. They had, it was believed, come from Ireland some centuries before. Now one of these, Diarmid O'Duin, lived about the time of Ossian—when that was does not clearly appear, but no doubt these eminent persons, who inhabited the same district, were intimate with one another. Diarmid was chiefly remarkable for the wonderful shape of his mouth, which was "clean cam," in so far as it was very crooked. *Cam*, then, means crooked, and *beul* a mouth, and thus we have Campbell. The worst of this explanation is, that, although one individual might be crooked-mouthed, yet all his descendants could hardly be, and it seems rather a violent proceeding to give up your family name and adopt another one, simply to commemorate an unpleasing physical peculiarity in one of your ancestors!

The more general story is that the name is Campobello, meaning in low Latin the fairfield (*Beauchamp*), and that the name is Norman. One of the knights of this Campobello family married, in the eleventh century, Eva, heiress and

daughter of Paul O'Duin, of Lochow. His son was Sir Colin Campbell, the first knight. He was knighted by Alexander III, in 1280, and was the first known by the name of "the Mac Callum More," though there is considerable doubt as to what that really means. As "more" undoubtedly means great (Malcolm Canmore—Malcolm with the big head), it has been supposed to signify the great son of Callum, though there is no mention of the name Callum in any of the records of the family. Some think that Mac Callum ought to be Mac Allan or Alaine, and this is the Romance word for stranger; and if we take Mac to mean magnus or great (it certainly did not always mean son), Mac Callum More reads the great stranger chief. However, to return to Sir Colin. This gentleman supported Bruce, but got involved with Bruce's opponent, the Lord of Lorne, and was killed in a fight with that chief, and succeeded by Sir Neil Campbell, who, with the fidelity so characteristic of the race, stuck to the fortunes of Bruce through good report and bad report, and finally assisted in the crowning victory of Bannockburn. Of Sir Colin Campbell the third, Sir Archibald Campbell the fourth, and Sir Colin Campbell the fifth knight, there is no need for saying anything, save that in all the good and bad fortunes of the royal family they were loyal to the backbone; and as the royal house always got its own again, they found that honesty here, as elsewhere, was the best policy. Sir Duncan Campbell, the sixth knight, was the first who was raised to the peerage. His third son was the famous Duncan Campbell, ancestor of the Breadalbane line. "Throch his valiant actis and manhud," says the family history, "he was maid knicght in the Isle of Rhodes, quhilk standeth in the Carpathian Sea, near to Caria, and country of Asia the less, and he was three sundrie tymes in Rome." He was the Knight of Rhodes of whom we have

already spoken, and related how his lady occupied herself during his travels in building part of his castle. There is a story relating to his home-coming which seems worth the telling. He was supposed to be dead; at least, no intelligence of him had reached the castle, the fact being that all the letters were intercepted by a certain Baron McCroquodale, who was enamoured in some degree of the supposititious widow, and in a much greater degree of her lands. His attentions were extremely pressing, and perhaps in the end the lady might have yielded, when suddenly Sir Colin appeared on the scene. He, in the distant East, had been troubled with a succession of dreams, and as the interpretation of these by a friar skilled in such matters by no means reassured him, he at once started for his far-off home. As he surmised that plots were laid for his life, he approached the castle in the disguise of a beggar. It was a feast, and the beggar was received with true Highland hospitality. He ate sparingly but drank not at all. The jovial nobles pressed him, but he would not, he said, unless the lady of the house herself filled the goblet for him. She did so; he drained it at a draught, and as he handed her back the empty cup, she saw sparkling at the bottom the ring which she had given him when he had bound the cross on his arm, and departed for the Holy City. She looked up, recognised her husband, and fell with a cry into his arms. We may well believe the McCroquodale was sent about his business, and the Knight of Rhodes enjoyed his own again.

Returning to the direct line, we next come to Colin, Lord Campbell, first Earl of Argyle. He married Isabella Stewart, daughter and heiress of the Lord of Lorne and Innermeath. Owing to this, and to some family arrangements which followed thereon, he became Lord of Lorne, and thus the Argyle family, like some great river, a Mississippi or

Ganges, had its importance swelled by the addition of tributaries almost as great as itself!

It was owing to this addition that "the Lorne galley, with sails furled, oars in action, and flag and pennant flying," was added to the family coat-of-arms. The son and successor of this nobleman died at Flodden in the very thickest of the fight, and was succeeded by Colin, his eldest son.

The third son, Sir John, was married to the heiress of Calder, whose name was Muriel. The Earl of Argyle was her guardian, and when she was but yet a baby he despatched one of his dependent Campbells to bring her to Inverary, that she might be safely brought up there, and married to one of his sons—for the astute nobleman had no intention of letting such a prize slip through his grasp. But her uncles had other views for her, and kept her carefully guarded. Campbell, aware of the difficulty of the task that lay before him, proceeded to Cawdor with his seven sons, and there was successful in capturing the child, whilst she was out with her nurse. The uncles were away from home, but when they returned they collected a force and marched off in desperate haste, and were soon in a fair way to regain possession of the little girl. They were baffled by a most ingenious device. Old Campbell ordered his sons to surround a large camp-kettle turned bottom upward, and to defend it with their lives! Seldom has human blood been spilt in so apparently unromantic a cause. The pursuers came up, and when they saw the vast pot, they believed that it contained the object of their search, thus safely stowed out of harm's way—the pot was inverted, and it was possible that a child might be concealed under it—so they at once attacked the seven champions, and after a hard struggle killed them all. They then turned up the pot and found—nothing! Muriel was far away, and out

of their reach! When the girl was torn from her nurse, that attendant had bit a piece off the end of her finger in order that she might be identified afterwards. There was some need for this, for when somebody expressed a fear on one occasion lest the child should die, her possessor assured him that there was no fear of her death "as long as there was a red-haired lassie to be found on either side of Loch Awe," and probably the biting out operation could easily have been repeated. However, the child lived, and at the early age of twelve was married to Sir John, "and was the ancestress of Lord Cawdor; of the gallant Sir Colin Campbell (the late Lord Clyde), and also of the Campbells of Sonachan." Passing over Colin the third, we come to Archibald, the fourth Earl. He was a staunch supporter of the Reformation, and got John Knox to come and preach before his clan, which he did "for many successive days." What was the effect of the "many successive days" we do not precisely know, save that the clan embraced the Protestant religion as soon as their chief. One cannot help noting in this connection the thorough-going character of clan loyalty. The men were equally ready to abduct heiresses and listen attentively to sermons at the command of Mac Callum More.

Archibald, the fifth Earl, was an attached Protestant; but he was, strange to say, an attached loyalist too, and was present at the Battle of Langside, on the side of the unfortunate Mary. He afterwards used what influence he had in England to mitigate the rigours of her imprisonment. Passing by the sixth, we come to Archibald, the seventh Earl. He was greatly in favour at court till he married a second time, when he curiously deserted the traditions of his family. His wife was a violent Romanist, and she succeeded in converting him. For long the secret was kept; but at last the suspicious and timid king heard

some rumours which gave him a fright, and the Earl was summoned to appear at Edinburgh, against a certain day. He did not do so, and was put under sentence of outlawry, which lasted two years. He went abroad, took service in the army of Philip II., King of Spain, and was an officer under the Duke of Alva during that grandee's cruel repressive measures in the Low Countries—in which measure Argyle took a disgracefully active part. After some obscure continental wanderings he returned to London in 1638, and died there.

The next two bearers of the title both died upon the scaffold, and yet there are no two brighter names on the long and illustrious roll of this great family. The first of these was Archibald, the eighth Earl. He was thoroughly representative of the Scotch nation, and that nation at this time had a most difficult part to play. It was devotedly attached to the representative of its long line of ancient kings; but it was still more strongly attached to the Presbyterian form of religion, which that king was doing his best to destroy. Hence those continual and probably unavoidable changes in its policy at this period. Argyle steadily supported the Covenants, but he fought for the cause of the Stewarts, and indeed was the nobleman who placed the crown on the King's head at Scone. But he had incurred the King's displeasure by the long theological discussions in which he had forced him to engage, and the royalists were not inclined to discuss too minutely the difference between a Roundhead and a Presbyterian, so at the Restoration a charge of treason was trumped up against him, and he was found guilty and beheaded. His son had been only released from prison at the Restoration, for he had been a most devoted loyalist; but he was now put in again, and tried and condemned to death as a traitor! The Government did not go quite so far as to execute him; but he was kept six years in captivity. He was now restored

to favour, and for eighteen years was prosperous and respected by the monarch, when, by the influence of the Duke of York, he was again arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. He escaped and fled to Holland, but took part in Monmouth's premature rising—the Scottish invasion being intrusted to him. The attempt was a complete failure. Argyle was captured, and by the exclamation "Unfortunate Argyle," at the moment of seizure, revealed his rank. He was hurried to Edinburgh, there to meet his doom. It was then thought proper to make bitter in every way the last hours of a man condemned to die. He was led through the streets to the castle of Edinburgh, his hands bound behind his back, whilst the public executioner walked before him. It was not considered necessary to make a new trial. The Earl was condemned on the last sentence. He met death with perfect courage. The incident commemorated in "the last sleep of Argyle" is well known. It was a curious custom then, it may be remarked, to execute the capital sentence at a somewhat advanced period of the day, and it was noted that Argyle died with all his accustomed calm. At the scaffold he embraced the instrument of execution, and in allusion to its popular name, said it was the sweetest maiden he had ever kissed; then laid his head on the block, and in an instant all was over. We have often, as we passed near the place where these and so many other executions took place, paused to look around us. Some of the chief architectural and natural surroundings are still the same. The crowned spire of St. Giles's rises immediately overhead; the old grey castle rock still towers in stern grandeur over the scene. How often have these been the last objects that doomed men have looked on. Strangely sad and solemn they must have appeared to dying eyes, for to us the very memory makes them look sad and solemn.

All the honours of the family were forfeited by the condemnation of the Earl for treason, but his son attached himself to William Prince of Orange, and recovered all that had been lost and a great deal more when that prince ascended the English throne as William the Third. He was the person who administered the coronation oath according to the Scottish form to the new monarch, and he it was who in one auspicious day (23rd June, 1701) was created "Lord Inverary, Mull, Morvern and Tiry, Viscount of Lochow and Glenilla; Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Marquis of Kintyre and Lorne, and Duke of Argyle."

His son John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, was certainly one of the greatest of the name. At the age of seventeen he highly distinguished himself in the wars; he was a statesman who did much to bring about the union, he defended the Hanoverian cause successfully in the rising of the '15, and was repaid with the usual ingratitude of princes. But his haughty spirit could not stoop to

submit itself to the will of the court, and so, in the "cold shade of opposition," he spent the rest of his days. The name of the Duke meets us again and again in the writers of the time. Thomson says that in him Scotland saw

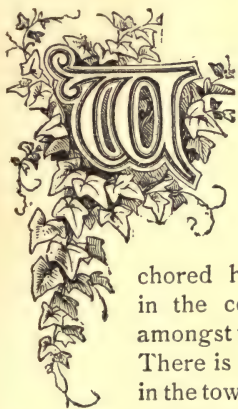
Her every virtue, every grace combined,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and of courage tried,
Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace enwreaths thy brow,
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate.

But Pope's couplet, as it is far shorter, is also far neater.

Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

The references, to this nobleman in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" will be in the remembrance of every reader. The later glories of the house, together with the royal marriage of the present heir, are matters of contemporary history, and as such we leave them.

IN THE ISLAND OF SKYE.



WE find ourselves now in Portree, a town which gets its name—a synonym for Port-Royal—from the fact that James V. of Scotland anchored here for some time in the course of a voyage amongst the Western Islands. There is little to interest one in the town itself: it is, indeed, a dull and uninteresting place, and the people of Portree have always seemed to us rather a dull people. The

houses are of the most commonplace order, and it never seems as if the place had felt the power of the glorious scenery amid which it is placed. The tourist is glad to make his visit to it short; indeed, one is little inclined to do more than make it a sleeping-place while one halts a day or two to make brief excursions in its neighbourhood. Alexander Smith, who loved the island so well, does his best for it when he tells of its noble bay, and speaks of the houses "at a little distance" as "white as shells," and says that "as in summer they are all set in the greenness of

foliage, the effect is strikingly pretty ;” but even he is forced to end with the faint praise which he thus expresses :— “ *If the sense of prettiness departs to a considerable extent on a closer acquaintance,* there is yet enough left to gratify you so long as you remain there, and to make it a pleasant place to think about when you are gone.” And he rightly adds that “in Portree the tourist seldom abides long ;” no more shall we. It will be enough to wander away through the wood behind the little United Presbyterian church, and get a view—and it is a glorious view—of the sea, with the Storr Rock to the north, and the Cuchullin (pronounced *Coollin*) Hills to the south. But if we must linger a day or two, let us make the acquaintance of every hill-top in the neighbourhood, especially of that above the Tweed-mill ; we know few finer prospects than that of sea and mountain and island which is gained from its gentle height.

But we must hasten onward in our tour of pen-and-ink, for our wanderings in Skye must necessarily be brief—limited not by time, but by sheets of paper. So first let us go and visit the Storr Rock, which is seven miles from Portree by a rough road, demanding a walk of somewhere not much short of three hours. This rock is “a black pinnaced cliff,

rising two thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet above the sea,” and presenting from its summit a noble view across the sea. And just in front of it is a tall “needle” of trap-rock, which they call the “Old Man of Storr,” and which rises perpendicularly to a height of one hundred and sixty feet. A striking object is this “Old Man,” from whatever point you see him ; and we know not whether he looks at the same time more grand or more weird than when you see him far off, as you are driving along the post-road between Gligichan and Portree.

It may be possible to combine with a visit to Storr a trip to *Prince Charles's Cave*, “a piece of natural rockwork, moulded outwardly like a cathedral window, and large and lofty in the interior ;” but the best way is to make a little excursion by boat direct to the cave, which is only four miles from Portree. It gets its name from the tradition that in the course of the Prince's flight he passed one night in this lonely spot ; perhaps it is rather the fitness of the place to afford such a shelter than any historical proof at all which lies at the foundation of the legend. But there is something very grand about the place, with its stalactite roof and its altar-like sanctum ; it is a scene once visited, never to be forgotten.



THE QUIRAING.



HE Quirang," says Alexander Smith, "is one of the wonderful sights of Skye, and if you once visit it you will believe ever afterwards the misty and spectral Ossian to be authentic. The Quirang [we use Smith's own spelling here] is a nightmare of Nature; . . . it might be the scene of a Walpurgis night." Smith seems to have been full of the *erie* idea of Skye scenery, and hence more prosaic people than he was must take his description of such a scene as this with some modification. "The Quirang," says he, "is frozen terror and superstition. 'Tis a huge spire or cathedral of rock, some thousand feet in height, with rocky spires or needles sticking out of it. Macbeth's weird sisters stand on the blasted heath, and Quirang stands in a region as wild as itself. The country around is strange and abnormal, rising into rocky ridges here, like the spine of some huge animal, sinking into hollows there, with pools in the hollows—glimmering almost always through drifts of misty rain."

We could not resist the temptation to begin with Alexander Smith, but we must, before saying more of this remarkable place, call a halt, and tell how to get there. Starting from Portree, you make your way by postman's gig or hire to the little village of Uig, the way lying through the grandest mountain scenery; and you pass by the way Kingsburgh, in whose ancient mansion Flora Macdonald entertained Johnson and Boswell in 1773, Johnson occupying the same bed in which Prince Charlie had slept in 1746. At Uig, if you have

not hired already, you can provide yourself with a guide and a pony, and after a not very fatiguing journey along a singularly quiet and even weirdly lonely mountain-road, you reach the base of the Quiraing.

Your heart sinks within you as you look up. Here, there stands before you a "large cylinder of rock, with vertical sides, like a great plum-cake,"—so says your "Murray," very graphically. Timid ladies and ladies' men had better remain below and enjoy the scenery, which even there is grand. But really the ascent, though difficult, is, we think, scarcely so bad as some people say; unless, indeed, it has been a wet season—no rare event in Skye. We cannot claim to be very dauntless in mountain-climbing, and we did not find the Quiraing so very dreadful as we had thought. Certainly, if you were to do such a stiff bit of ascent—say in Switzerland—you would think yourself justified in writing home somewhat self-complacently of your venture; but that is the most that can be said. And, after all, you know the most is made in letters home of what one does in Switzerland.

The mountain is 1,774 feet high, and your way is pretty much "sheer up" the cliff; but your guide—if you have, as we chanced to have, a good one—will go before you, showing you how to zig-zag, and teaching you also a lesson needed for other things besides climbing the Quiraing, this, namely, that the swiftest progress is not always made by being in a hurry. After a steady ascent you come to the *Needle Rock*, a great obelisk rising to the height of a hundred and twenty feet, which is but one of a series of giant-like blocks which rise up straight towards heaven from this part of the hill. Here, in the nook behind

the Needle, we may rest awhile—take our lunch, for which we are by this time, doubtless, quite ready—and survey the scenery. Everywhere about you are pillars of basalt, crags, and precipices. You are now about fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and it is indeed awesome to look down upon its waters, as they beat upon the shore, from your nook among the crags. As your eyes wander away seaward, if the day be very clear, you can discern in the far-off north, perhaps, the Island of Lewis; while yonder to the eastward, and beyond the channel which divides you from the mainland, are the mountains of Ross-shire, grey and grim. Study the scenery well, dear reader, for perchance, if it be clear now, it will be all mist about you when you reach the summit. To our mind there are few grander prospects—if many *kindlier*—than this from the Quiraing; and what is grandest to us in it all is the great and wide sea itself, with the islands, each of them with its mountain-peak, boldly standing up and scattered amid its waters.

You have yet a stiff bit of climbing before you, for though the summit—which is the Quiraing proper—is only something less than three hundred feet from where you now are, you have to descend somewhat first before you can ascend it. Very pleasant, however, is

that bit of descent before you set a “stout heart” once more to the “stey brae.” Having toiled up this last steep, you find yourself upon a circular plateau carpeted with grass of the richest green, reminding you somewhat (in shape only) of the Mount of Transfiguration as represented in a famous picture. Here, upon this verdant level, you will be glad to rest awhile, and take in your surroundings; if, indeed, the mist be not all round you, as it was certainly around us when we reached the top. We could, indeed, see nothing but the nearer view, the mountains more awful than ever thus hemmed in with cloud, and the sea at the foot of the table-land washing the rocks below. Let us hope, however, that you are more fortunate in your visit; if so, there will be a glorious panorama—still grander than that to be seen from the “Needle”—to repay you: blue sea, blue sky, fair islands shining in the sun, grim mountains which the sun seems cheating into a smile, mad torrents rushing from their hilly home, and forced, wild as they are, to sparkle in this sunshine somewhat merrily as they descend. Yes, we have been on the *Rigi-Kulm*; we have stood on the *Görner-Grat* amid scenes of ice and snow; but we know not whether even there Nature looks more beautiful than here.



LOCH CORUISK—"THAT DREAD LAKE."



THE rapidity of our survey of Scotland has by this time often enough necessitated sad gaps in our description of its places of interest and beauty, and here once more we are of necessity compelled to omit many important scenes in Skye. Very sorry are we, for instance, to omit any reference to Dunvegan and Duntulm Castles—the former a grandly grim object, standing, as it were, in defiance of the play of storm and tempest, with three sides of its ancient wall open to the sea, and noteworthy for this, amongst other things, that here Sir Walter Scott composed his "Macrimmon's Lament"; the latter an ancient ruin, the home in other days of the Macdonalds. But we must content ourselves with this mere hint of both, in order to make room for a few words about Coruisk, grimmest and most terribly still of all Scottish lochs.

There are two ways of reaching Loch Coruisk—the one from the sea, by Loch Scavaig; the other from Portree, by way of Sligachan. The former has the advantage of being, on the whole, the easier mode of approach, especially for those who approach Skye from Ströme Ferry. It has, moreover, the added interest of enabling the visitor to land just where tradition makes the Bruce land, as all readers of Scott's "Lord of the Isles" will remember. But if you should chance to have made Portree your port in coming to the island, then make your way by mail coach to Sligachan, and, sleeping there, start the next morning early and walk to the loch. It is a glorious mountain walk of nine miles

(only remember that Skye miles are not always of the shortest), your way lying first along a comparatively good path, then along something more like a sheep-track, until—just when you are nearing the loch—you ascend the shoulder of Druim-na-Rahm, one of the Cuchullin range, and getting your first view of Coruisk. You have to pick your way down the other side of the hill somewhat warily, but, after all, there is no serious danger in the descent. For ourselves we have a loving memory of this rough walk from Sligachan, which we took, now a good many years ago, along with a delightful companion—now, alas, no longer with us—and under the auspices of an excellent guide. You have the advantage by this route of gaining some splendid views of the Cuchullin range, and especially of *Scoor-na-Gilleán*, the grandest of all its peaks, whose summit (3,220 feet) was first reached by that ardent climber, the late Principal Forbes of St. Andrew's, in 1836. But, if you have any ladies with you, dear reader, or if you are yourself somewhat tender-footed, you had better, perhaps, ride from Sligachan, or *wait until you can reach Coruisk* by way of Loch Scavaig.

Arrived at the loch, you will own to yourself that it is one of the most awfully still places you have ever seen. The little lake (for it is only about five miles in circumference), itself so quiet, has its quietness answered in the dread silence of Ben Blaaivin and the whole amphitheatre of mountains encircling it. No sun-glint ever reaches into this recess to make its play upon the waters, and not many days in the year will you, as you stand by its margin, see the sunshine lighting up even the top of yon mountain-peaks. For on most days even of the summer time the mists hang upon the

mountains, and, once down in this awful hollow, you feel that the world's brightness has left the place to loneliness and to you. How welcome to you the while are these little bits of green by the waterside, these stunted bits of bog-myrtle and the like; and how rich seems the growth upon yonder little island in the middle of the loch! How poor we should call such specimens of vegetable life anywhere else; but here they are delightful, and, long years afterward, when you think of them, you will think of them still as wondrously fair! They are like the bright and fresh experiences which relieve the leaden dulness of many a chapter in one's life-history—a kind word spoken, a blessed thought conceived, when over you the peaks are frowning, as it were through the mist, and there seems to be for you no sun at all.

And this is Coruisk. Says Alexander Smith:—"Conceive a large lake filled with dark green water, girt with torn and shattered precipices; the bases of which are strewn with ruin, since an earthquake passed that way, and whose summits jag the sky with grisly splinter and peak. There is no motion here save the white vapour streaming from the abyss. The utter silence weighs like a burden upon you; you feel as an intruder in the place. The hills seem to possess some secret, to brood over some unutterable idea which you can never know. You cannot feel comfortable at Loch Coruisk, and the comfort arises in great degree from the feeling that you are outside of everything; that the thunder-splitten peaks have a life with which you cannot intermeddle. The dumb monsters sadden and perplex. Standing there, you are impressed with the idea that the mountains are silent because they are listening so intently. And the mountains *are* listening, else why do they echo our voices in such a wonderful way? Shout here like an Achilles in the trenches. Listen! The

hill opposite takes up your words, and repeats them one after another, and curiously tries them over with the gravity of a raven. Immediately after you hear a multitude of skyey voices.

'Methinks that there are spirits among the peaks.'

How strangely the clear strong tones are repeated by these granite precipices! Who could conceive that Horror had so sweet a voice! Fainter and more musical they grow; fainter, sweeter, and more remote, until at last they come on your ear as if from the blank of the sky itself."

To Alexander Smith, indeed, Loch Coruisk seems to have been more poetically terrible than it would be to most of us. Few will be so overpowered as to say with him, "I would not spend a day in that solitude for the world: I should go mad before evening." But to most travellers whom surroundings and circumstances impress at all, Coruisk once visited, will ever remain a picture of Nature in her loneliest and most dreadful mood.

Hear now what Scott has to say of it and its surroundings in his "Lord of the Isles":—

"Rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone,
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill;
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen but this can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencoe,
And copse in Cruachan Ben;
But here, above, around, below,
On mountain, or in glen,
No tree nor shrub, nor plant nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye may ken,
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain's side."

ST. KILDA—"THAT FAR ISLAND OF THE WEST."



ST. KILDA is the most western of all the Scottish islands, and it is as primitive a place as one could well imagine. It is far out of the ordinary track, alike of tourists and of traders. It is difficult of access, and there is not very much to be seen when you do get there. There are no famed historic remains as there are in Iona; there are no great natural wonders as there are in Staffa; there is simply a little rock, constituting

That utmost shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds.

This very remoteness has been, in our own time, an attraction, and a good deal of description of this nook has been written within the last ten years. It is well worth our while, then, to give some account of it, and as the last spot of British soil in this direction, it will form a fit and natural termination to our wanderings.

St. Kilda used to be called Hirta, and under this name it is referred to in the "Lord of the Isles," where Morag is represented as addressing Edith—

Daughter, she said, these seas behold,
Round twice a hundred islands rolled.
From Hirt that hears their northern roar,
To the green Hay's fertile shore.

Why and how the name was changed, and who Kilda was, are points on which we have no certain information. There is the usual mass of tradition—one incident of which is worth the narrating. The people of Harris

and Uist had a contention who should possess and inhabit the island. In order to settle it peaceably, they agreed that a boat's crew should be picked from each island, that the skiffs manned by these should start from a definite point at the same time, and they who reached the island first should have it. The race was a long and exciting one, but towards the close the Macdonalds from Uist drew decidedly, though not very far, ahead, and it soon became certain that they would get to land first. Macleod, the chief of the Harris men, seeing this, seized a sword, smote off his left hand, and threw it right over the heads of the other crew on to the island. This act was said to have given them the victory.

There is some need for tradition to fill up gaps in the history of the island, for it is not till the 14th century that we have any mention of it in historical documents. About the end of that century it was given, by special charter granted by the Lord of the Isles with confirmation of Robert II., to his son Reginald. It then passed to the Macdonalds of Sleat, and afterwards to the Macleods, who have possessed it for upwards of three hundred years. If Boswell had followed Dr. Johnson's advice, it might have passed into his hands, as may be seen from the following comical conversation, in which the ponderous pleasantry of the Doctor seems to leave Boswell in doubt as to whether he is being bantered or not. Boswell once told Johnson that he thought of buying it. "Pray do, sir," briskly replied the Doctor. "We will go and pass a winter amid the blasts there (a change from Fleet-street, indeed!) We shall have fine fish, and we will take some dried tongues with us, and some books. We

will have a strong-built vessel, and some Orkney men to navigate her. We must build a tolerable house; but we may carry with us a wooden house ready made, and require nothing but to put up. Consider, sir, by buying St. Kilda, you may keep the people from falling into worse hands. We must give them a clergyman, and he shall be one of Beattie's choosing. He shall be educated at Marischal College. I'll be your chancellor, or what you please."

Boswell. "Are you serious, sir, in advising me to buy St. Kilda? for if you should advise me to go to Japan, I believe I should do it."

Johnson. "Why, yes, sir, I am serious."

Boswell. "Why, then, I'll see what can be done."

If Boswell had bought it, it is not at all likely that he would have been prepared or expected to pay much for it, and yet in 1871 it was sold by one Macleod to another for £3,000, a sum which, in Dr. Johnson's time, would have bought a perfect galaxy of islands in those parts.

St. Kilda is, as will be readily inferred from the above, a very small island. It is about three miles long, and at one part two miles broad. The circumference is seven miles. There are a few smaller islands, or rather rocks rising out of the water, near it. It is almost entirely surrounded by a wall of lofty and rugged rocks, against which the sea beats with impetuous violence. The cliffs are pierced with a great number of caves, which are well known to the islanders, and specified by various names, as *Geo-nan-plaideachan*, which sounding appellation only means the creek of the blankets, since here "the natives lie all night, watching the arrival of the Fulmar, covered with thick blankets to protect them from the ocean's spray." There are many heights in the interior of the island, but between them lies a fairish amount of good pasture land. The landing-place is East-bay, in the south-

east of the island. It is close to the small village where the few inhabitants of this remote island reside.

The population of St. Kilda is under 100, that is, the human population, but the feathered population is so enormous as to be quite incalculable. When sitting they cover vast spaces of rock, and when a shot is fired they rise in such numbers as almost to obscure the sky. Their cries are by no means a mere discordant chatter. Several observers assert that they form a sort of natural orchestra—that the various notes of the various birds combine to make a pleasing and striking harmony. Of the sea-birds the chief kinds are, Great Hawk, Gannet, Fulmar Petrel, Puffin, Stormy Petrel, gulls of various kinds, Kittiwake, etc. Eagles occasionally build their nests there, and the king of birds, with a fine sense of honour, never seizes upon any of the St. Kilda lambs or hens, but imports them from some of the other islands, or from the mainland. Prosaic observers have been inclined to ascribe this to the amount of eggs on the island, which affords ample provision for the wants of the eagles. To catch the sea-birds is the chief occupation of the St. Kilda islanders. To succeed in this it is necessary that they should be able to climb up and down the cliffs in all directions. This is a very difficult and dangerous task, and fatal accidents are of somewhat frequent occurrence.

All reports speak well of the islanders, though it is to be feared that injudicious sojourners may have somewhat spoiled them of late years. That there is much real kindness in their hospitality is proved by the manner in which they receive the shipwrecked crews who from time to time are thrown on their hands by the sea. The language is of course Gaelic. When the people of St. Kilda talk English, we may believe the ancient tongue is indeed doomed! As is natural, the people are unsophisticated, but they are naturally shrewd, and he who en-

deavours to "take in" one of them, will find it a somewhat difficult task. They rarely leave home. When one of them does get to the mainland he is naturally much astonished at many things he sees. Glasgow is to them a sort of fabulous *El Dorado*, and it is recorded of one of them that being there, he, whilst expressing his desire to return to his own country, at the same time could not help giving utterance to a passionate wish that it were "blessed with ale, brandy, tobacco, and iron, as Glasgow was." The people are devoted adherents of the "Free Kirk," and in accordance with the mandates of their spiritual advisers, have given up several of their interesting customs which seemed to smack of heathenish ways. Even the bagpipes are sternly forbidden, and dancing, in which the inhabitants used at one time to indulge, is quite a thing of the past.

The island was formerly famed for the number and excellence of its songs, and for the excellence of the airs to which they were set. Recent investigations have not discovered anything specially valuable in this direction; but the following, which

purports to be a "tolerably literal translation of a St. Kilda song, of a date at least as old as the middle of last century," may be given. The translator, Mr. Alexander Stewart, affirms the air to be "one of the wildest and *eeriest* he ever listened to, the burden or refrain being evidently an imitation, consciously or unconsciously, of the loud discordant clamour of a flock of sea-fowl over a shoal of fish." The song is at any rate a thoroughly local one, though its theme is the "old, old story":—

Over the rocks, steadily, steadily,

Down to the cliffs with a shout and a shove, O.

Warily tend the rope, shifting it readily,

Eagerly, actively, watch from above, O.

.

Pull on the rope, men! pull it up steadily,

There's a storm on the deep: see, the skart claps
his wings, O,

Cunning guide the rope, shifting it readily,

Welcome my true love, and all that he brings, O.

(Chorus.)

Now God be praised, my lover's safe, he's worth a
maiden's love,

And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high
above.



THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM



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